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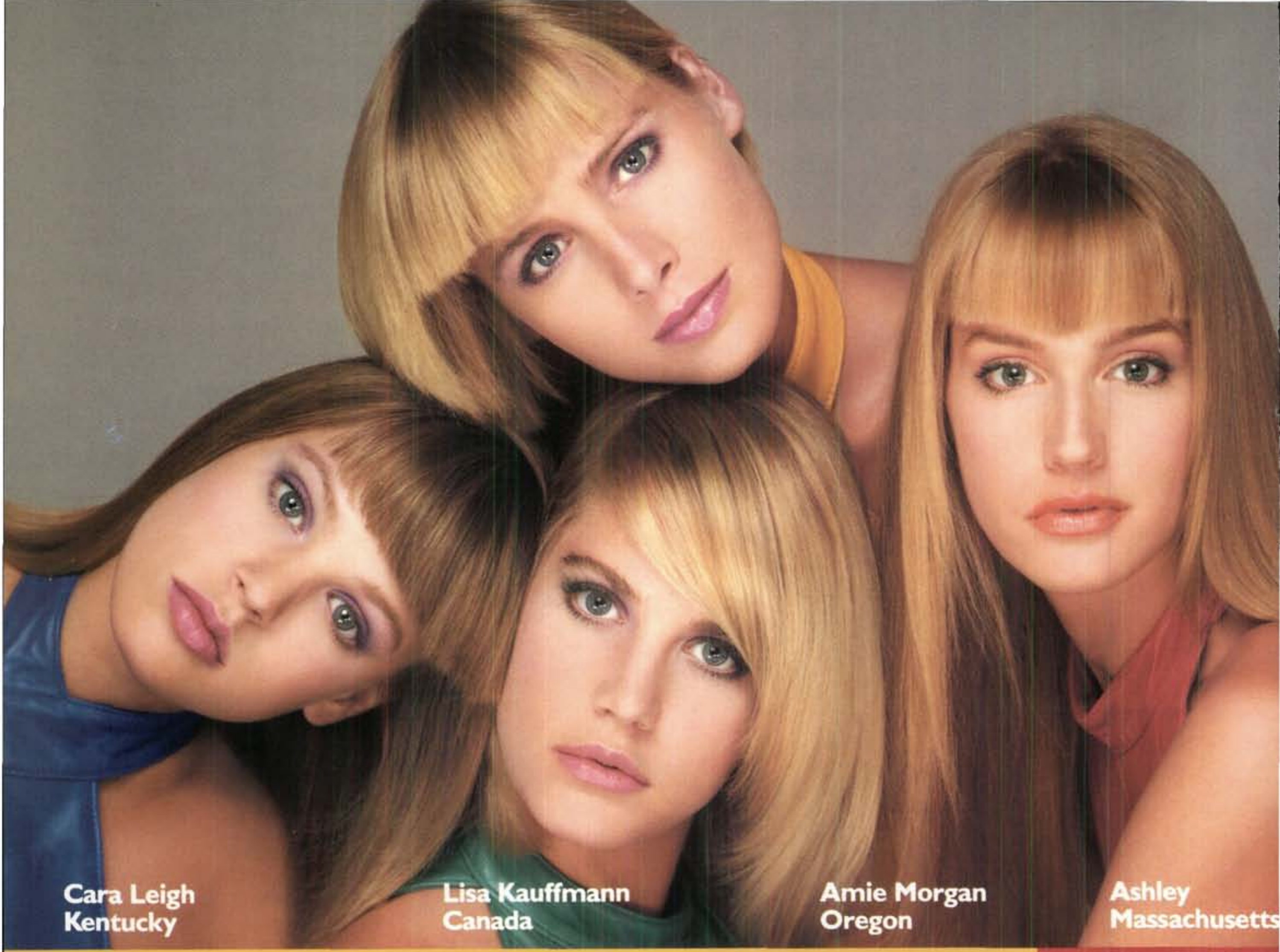
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Abingdon Square**—A play by Maria Irene Fornes. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 25.)

**Bouncers**—John Godber's disagreeable comedy about working-class men and women at a disco in the North of England. Dan Gerrity, Gerrit Graham, Anthony M. LaPaglia, and Adrian Paul constitute the entire cast, and they play any number of roles, male and female. Ron Link was the director. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/5/87.) (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

**Burn This**—A new play by Lanford Wilson, with John Malkovich and Joan Allen. Directed by Marshall W. Mason. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 13. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 14. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Circle Repertory Company**—A play by Rafael Lima, **el salvador**, is the first in this season's series of five productions. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 7. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 8. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Dreamgirls**—A revival of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Driving Miss Daisy**—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—A revival of George M. Cohan's 1920 play **the tavern** is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 18. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**Fences**—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Oct. 11, at 7:30.)

**From the Mississippi Delta**—A play by Endesha Ida Mae Holland. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand Street. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 25. For information about tickets, call 869-3981.)

**Happy Days**—An unsatisfactory production of Beckett's play. Caveat emptor. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 18.)

**Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"**—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**La Mama E.T.C.**—Presenting **ambition,** a comedy by Peter Halasz. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 17.)

**Late Nite Comic**—A musical with music and lyrics by Brian Gari and a book by Allan Knee. Directed by Philip Rose. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 14. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 15. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—A twenty-six member company presenting **give my regards to broadway,** a musical loosely adapted from George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones." (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

**Les Misérables**—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

**Moms**—A celebration of the great black comedienne Moms Mabley, as impersonated by

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . . . . . . . . 35
"A KIND OF DYING" . . . . . . . . . . Marvin Barrett 40
"SZYRK V. VILLAGE OF TATAMOUNT ET AL." . . . William Gaddis 44
"TWO POEMS" . . . . . . . . . . Primo Levi 46
PROFILES (LEROY AND KATHY LOOPER) . . . Bill Barich 51
A REPORTER AT LARGE (IRAQ—PART I) . . . Milton Viorst 92
DANCING . . . . . . . . . . Arlene Croce 115
THE THEATRE . . . . . . . . . . Mimi Kramer 118
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . . . . . . Andrew Porter 122
LETTER FROM EUROPE . . . . . . . . . . Jane Kramer 130
BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) . . . . . . . . . . 145

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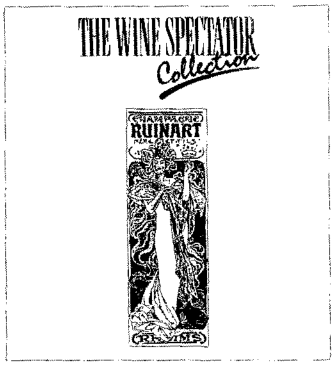
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Clarice Taylor. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays, *except Thursday, Oct.* 15, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

**Mort Sahl on Broadway**—A one-man show. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 10. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 11. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Negro Ensemble Company**—A revival of Trevor Rhone's 1985 farce **two can play**, with Hazel Medina and Sullivan H. Walker. (Theatre Four, 424 *W. 55th St. 246-8545.* Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Wednesday at 2; Saturday at 3; and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 11.)

**The Nerd**—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. *Matinées Wednesdays and* Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Psycho Beach Party**—This romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch—and significantly funnier than Mr. Busch's earlier work—uses the conventions of drag comedy to lampoon the mores and assumptions of heterosexual behavior. The production—which stars Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem—is directed by Kenneth Elliott and includes a dance number that may single-handedly bring back the limbo. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays *through* Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Roza**—A perfectly harmless and pleasantly diverting musical based on Romain Gary's 1975 novel "La Vie Devant Soi." Directed by Harold Prince, with a book and lyrics by Julian More and music by Gilbert Bécaud, it passes the time admirably, and if it leaves you without a single memorable image or impression it has a wonderful star turn by Georgia Brown and is certainly no worse than some of the other musicals that become hits on Broadway. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Sherlock's Last Case**—A relentlessly jokey entry *in the Baker Street files that is more tiresome* than funny. Frank Langella is Holmes, Donal Donnelly is Watson. (8/31/87) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Starlight Express**—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Steel Magnolias**—The setting of this first play by Robert Harling is a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and much of the content is *the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of* the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. A rather pathetic story is told as well. The performances are good, especially those of Betsy Aidem, Rosemary Prinz, and Kate Wilkinson. The impressive setting was designed by Edward T. Gianfrancesco; Pamela Berlin directed. (8/17/87) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Talk Radio**—A strong and funny play by Eric Bogosian, with Larry Pine as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Young Playwrights Festival**—The two winning entries—"Tiny Mommy," by Juliet Garson, and "Sparks in the Park," by Noble Mason Smith, each of the dramatists being eighteen at the time of submission—make this a festive occasion indeed. The first of them is a lively satire, whose point is not quite clear; the second is a charming, accomplished comedy. The performances of both plays are all that any young dramatist could hope for. Amy Saltz and Gary Pearle were the able directors. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 11.)

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| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |

**Long Runs—broadway bound:** In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Directed by Gene Saks. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in *rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over* we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **coastal disturbances:** Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Carole Rothman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 11,424 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **i'm not rappaport:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Judd Hirsch and Cleavon Little. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **me and my girl:** A fifty-year-old British musical, starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. *239-4321. Tuesdays through* Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 7, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Oct. 11, at 7.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

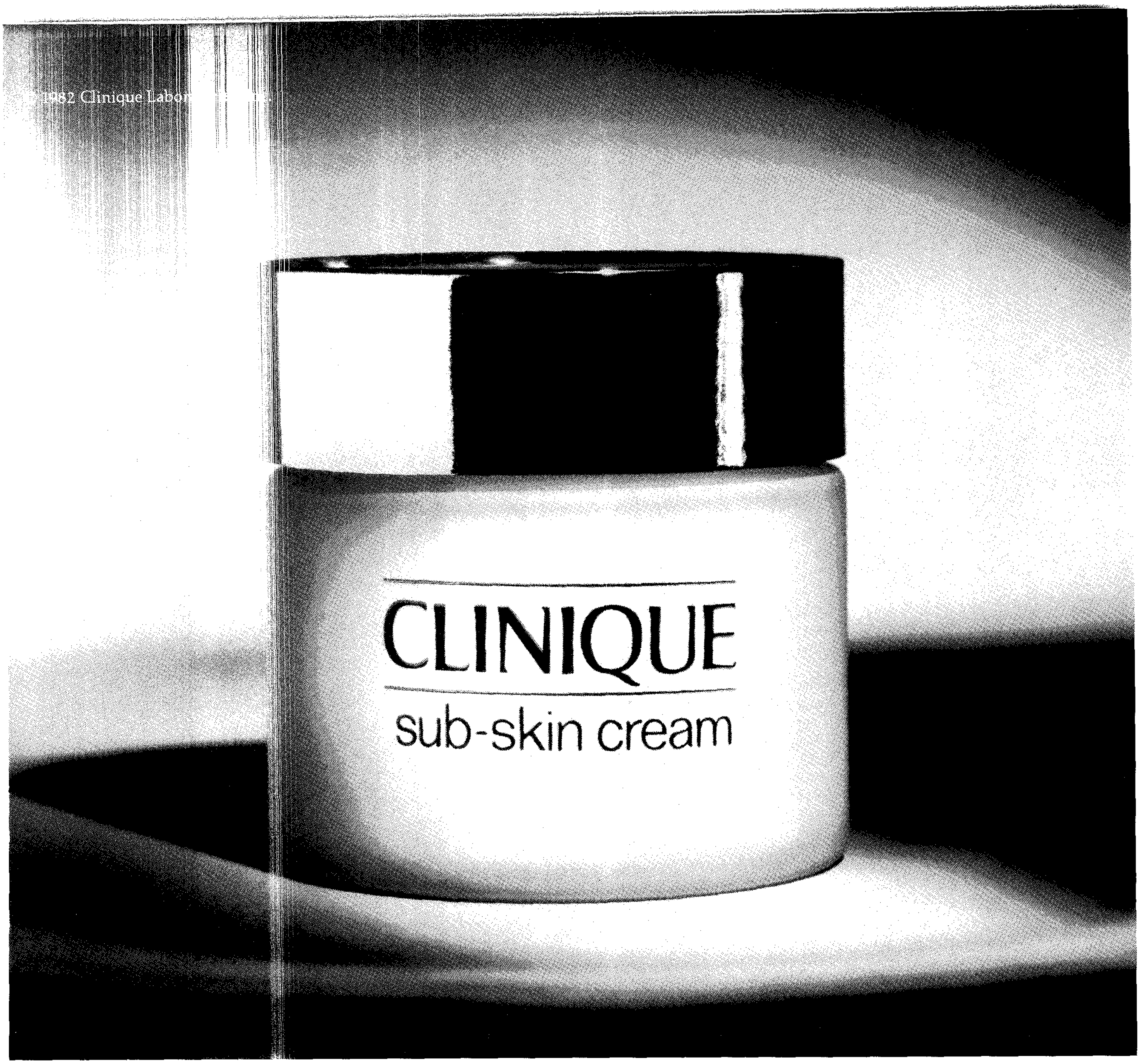
**Next Wave Festival**—An adaptation of "The Mahabharata," the ancient Sanskrit epic, opens this year's extravaganza. Jean-Claude Carrière wrote the original French version, which Peter Brook has translated and staged for a theatre that has been renovated especially for this production. The show lasts nine *hours and consists of three parts, which can* be seen on three separate evenings, in all-day marathon performances, or in one all-night performance, on Halloween. This week's playing dates are Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 13-15, and Saturday, Oct. 17. The schedule is complicated; our best advice is to phone the box office for further information. "The Mahabharata"—and the festival—closes on Jan. 3. (BAM Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave. and a stone's throw from the Academy of Music. 1-718 636-4100.) . . . **note:** Mr. Brook and Mr. Carrière will discuss their collaboration on this work on Thursday, Oct. 8, at the Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St., at 8. For information about tickets, call 360-3503.

**Pulcinella**—A contemporary comedy, by Manlio *Santanelli and Roberto Rossellini, in the* tradition of commedia dell'arte. Presented, in Italian, by the Teatro di Roma; with English supertitles. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3.)

**Il Berretto a Sonagli**—A 1917 play by Pirandello. Presented, in Italian, by the Teatro Stabile di Catania; with English supertitles. (Known in English as "Shake Your Groove Thing.") (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 14-16, at 8.)

## DANCE

**Martha Graham Dance Company**—Wednesday evening, Oct. 7: "Embattled Garden," five solo works, "Canticle for Innocent Comedians," and "Night Journey." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 8: "Appalachian Spring," "Embattled Garden," "Errand Into the Maze," and "Tangled Night." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 9: "Canticle for Innocent Comedians," "Temptations of the Moon," five solo works, and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 10: "Embattled Garden," "Canticle for Innocent Comedians," and "Night Journey." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 10: "Appalachian Spring," "Errand Into the Maze," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Judith." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 11: "Temptations of the Moon," "Errand Into the Maze," "Tangled Night," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 13: "Canticle for Innocent Comedians," an unnamed work (première), and "Judith." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 14: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 15: "Circe," five solo works, "Primitive



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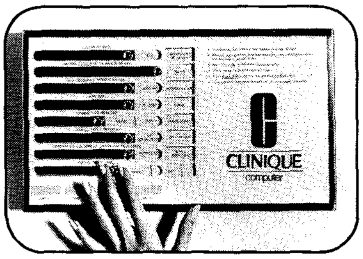

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Mysteries," and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 16: "Embattled Garden," "Celebration," the new work, and "Night Journey." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 17: "Circe," five solo works, "Primitive Mysteries," and "Tangled Night." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 17: "Canticle for Innocent Comedians," the new work, "Celebration," and "Temptations of the Moon." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Oct. 25.)

**Feld Ballet**—Wednesday evening, Oct. 7: "Harbinger," "Medium:Rare," "Theatre," and "Intermezzo No. 2." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 8: "Meadowlark," "Over the Pavement," and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 9: "Harbinger," "Medium: Rare," "Theatre," and "Intermezzo No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 10: "Straw Hearts," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Embraced Waltzes." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 11: "Meadowlark," "Over the Pavement," and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 11: "Aurora II," "Adieu," "A Dance for Two," and "The Consort." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 13: "Harbinger," "Medium:Rare," "Theatre," and "Intermezzo No. 2." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 14: "Straw Hearts," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Embraced Waltzes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 15: "Aurora II," "Adieu," "A Dance for Two," and "The Consort." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 16: "Straw Hearts," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Embraced Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 17: "Meadowlark," "Over the Pavement," and "Skara Brae." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2. Through Saturday, Oct. 31.)

**Ritha Devi**—A program of classical dances of India. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Friday, Oct. 9, and Saturday, Oct. 17, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-7697.)

**Dance at Grand Central**—The Merce Cunningham Dance Company, the Lucinda Childs Dance Company, Stephan Koplowitz and Company, and Paul Thompson & Troop Three in two evenings of free performances inside Grand Central Terminal. The companies will be joined by aerialist Philippe Petit on the first night and juggler Michael Moschen on the second. (Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble**—A program of new and repertory works. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St., between Nassau and Gold Sts. 488-1715. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

**Mario Maya**—In a program of flamenco dances. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Monday, Oct. 12, at 7.)

**Rod Rodgers Dance Company**—A program that includes "Box '71," "Tangents," and "Rhythm Ritual." (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14-15, at 8; Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 17, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Sunday, Oct. 18, at 3.)

**Kei Takei's Moving Earth**—A brief engagement. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 14-17, at 7:30, and Sunday, Oct. 18, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute changes; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Algonquin Hotel**, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of Montgomery, Plant & Stritch, who are singing here, in the candlelit mead hall called the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

**Ballroom**, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **ANITA ELLIS** sings at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays.

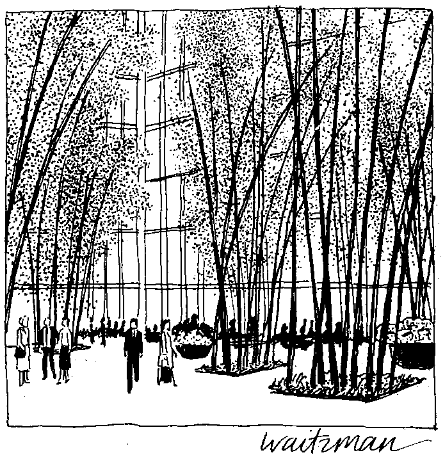
**Blue Note**, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. Everything revolves around trumpet phenom **WYNTON MARSALIS** and his quintet through Sunday, Oct. 11; **SARAH VAUGHAN** arrives on Tuesday, Oct. 13, attended by a trio. Music from nine. Dining.

**Bottom Line**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, folk, jazz, comedy, and combinations thereof in a blue pillared room that seats four hundred. Wednesday, Oct. 7, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Thursday, Oct. 8, California folk-rock singer **CRIS WILLIAMSON** and Liz Story; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, a quintet led by tenor saxophonist **MICHAEL BRECKER** (who also plays a reedlike electronic gizmo known as a Steinerphone); Sunday, Oct. 11, Jonathan Edwards and Schooner Fare; Tuesday, Oct. 13, downtown avant-rock composer **SCOTT JOHNSON** & Musicians and **JOHN ZORN'S** Hsu Feng; Thursday, Oct. 15, the **SURREAL MC COYS**, Waxing Poetics, and the Souvenirs; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, the David Torn quartet. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

**Bradley's**, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the very beautiful concert grand that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. A **RED MITCHELL** festival is in progress. The bassist works with the fleet Canadian pianist **OLIVER JONES** through Saturday, Oct. 10, and with **KENNY BARRON** starting Monday, Oct. 12. On Sundays, Mr. Mitchell leads a trio. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

**Carlos I**, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. Two old pros, tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** and pianist **HANK JONES**, are leading quartets here. The Tates have the floor through Sunday, Oct. 11, and the Joneses start up on Tuesday, Oct. 13. Mondays are set aside for the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI**. Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

**Carlyle Hotel**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BOBBY SHORT** Tuesdays through Saturdays. He and his two sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**, do their stuff at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, Ludwig Bemelmans' long-eared critters gambol on the walls, and **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.



**Fat Tuesday's**, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**ASTRUD GILBERTO** will be in this velvet-and-mirror-walled music box, singing in her soft, low, slippered voice, through Sunday, Oct. 11. Starting Tuesday, Oct. 13, singer-pianist **SHIRLEY HORN'S** trio alternates with pianist **VALERIE CAPERS'** threesome. Mondays are in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL.** Music nightly from eight, except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

**Greene Street**, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant. Pianists practice their art in a little grove of palms, a half mile or so from the bar. Bring your binoculars. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 7-8, and Saturday, Oct. 10, **WALTER NORRIS**; Friday, Oct. 9, Peter Malinverni; and starting Tuesday, Oct. 13, Dennis Moorman. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

**Gregory's**, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark corner bar that has the cobbled-together look—and safe-from-the-ruckus-of-the-world feeling—of a kids' clubhouse. Pianist-singer Marty Phillips and bassist **LONNIE PLAXICO** are on duty Wednesdays through Saturdays; Sundays and Mondays belong to singer Stan Edwards' trio; and Tuesdays are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** threesome. Music from about ten.

**Knickerbocker**, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **DON FRIEDMAN** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** collaborate through Saturday, Oct. 10, and on Tuesday, Oct. 13, **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** and **BOB CRANSHAW** take charge. Sundays and Mondays are reserved for **HARRY CONNICK, JR.**, a young pianist from New Orleans who turns much of what he touches into a flexible and satisfying kind of stride. Music from about nine-thirty.

**Knitting Factory**, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the case of Jello Biafra. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin; they serve wholesome food and don't take too much of your money. A quartet led by **WAYNE HORVITZ** and **JOHN ZORN** plays the music of the obscure bebop pianist Sonny Clark Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 7-11; **DANIEL LENTZ**, a California new-music composer, brings in his group on Monday, Oct. 12; the ROVA Saxophone Quartet performs on Tuesday, Oct. 13; and on Friday, Oct. 16, **MIKEL ROUSE** leads his quintet, **TIREZ TIREZ**, through his neatly layered, glossy rock songs. Check with the club for show times.

**Lone Star Café**, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof; Texans like the reminders of home; and musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Wednesday, Oct. 7, saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE** and his funk-and-reggae band, **JUMP UP**; Friday, Oct. 9, **ROOMFUL OF BLUES**, a jump-blues outfit from Providence, R.I.; Saturday, Oct. 10, Mick Taylor and Tommy Joe White; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14-15, Louisiana bluesman **LONNIE BROOKS**; and Saturday, Oct. 17, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL.** Music after nine. Dining.

**Michael's Pub**, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MEL TORMÉ** is saluting the recently departed eminences Buddy Rich and Fred Astaire. Mr. Tormé, a drummer as well as a light-footed singer, moves on down the line after his shows on Saturday, Oct. 10. Ex-Supreme **MARY WILSON** commences a three-week stand on Tuesday, Oct. 13. Sets at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually turns up with his clarinet to play some blues and spirituals with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's**, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Trio-size helpings of jazz, Latin jazz, and rhythm and blues in a spiffy upper West

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Side café. **RANDY WESTON,** a big, percussive pianist whose influences include Thelonious Monk and the music of North Africa (where he lives much of the time), will be in the house Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10. Music from about ten until two.

**Ritz,** 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—*in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom.* Thursday, Oct. 8, Little Steven; Saturday, Oct. 10, the BoDeans and Mercy Seat, a gospelly spinoff of the Violent Femmes; Thursday, Oct. 15, **NONA HENDRYX;** Friday, Oct. 16, hardboiled country singer **DWIGHT YOAKAM;** and Saturday, Oct. 17, the very loud Minneapolis trio Hüsker Dü. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

**Sounds of Brazil,** 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical-forest décor (including a larger-than-life parrot suspended above the bandstand) and head-swirling music from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and the U.S.A. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 7-8, Jamaican poet-chanter **MUTABARUKA** and Chalice; Friday, Oct. 9, Coupe Cloué; Saturday, Oct. 10, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, Oct. 13, Thiago de Mello; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14-15, **YELLOWMAN** (Winston Foster's nom de reggae); and Friday, Oct. 16, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled night club, crowded with serious jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. **DAVID MURRAY'S OCTET**—*a stirring group, whether it's* playing one of his almost pretty ballads or a rumbling, bass-driven, Mingus-style number full of tempo shifts and cathartic shouting—has the floor through Sunday, Oct. 11. The **ART FARMER–BENNY GOLSON JAZZTET,** a sextet born in the hard-bop fifties and revived (after a twenty-year lapse) in the revivalist eighties, *takes over on* Tuesday, Oct. 13. **GIL EVANS'** electrified orchestra holds forth on Mondays. Music from ten. Dining.

**Sweetwaters,** 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—A sleek, multitiered jazz and soul room. A white grand piano illuminates the bandstand. **MARLENA SHAW,** who sang with the Basie band in the late sixties before repairing to Las Vegas and pop singing, will be here through Saturday, Oct. 10; electric violinist and rhapsodic fusionist **NOEL POINTER** arrives with his followers on Tuesday, Oct. 13. Music from nine. Dining.

**Tramps,** 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple, no-frills blues and rock club attached to an Irish pub. The schedule, in part: Wednesday, Oct. 7, Rude Buddha and others; Thursday, Oct. 8, the **CUCUMBERS,** Of a Mesh, and others; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, deep-voiced rockabilly singer **SLEEPY LABEEF;** Sunday, Oct. 11, Tula Vera and **LAST ROUNDUP,** a drummerless country quartet whose songs include one addressed to a man thinking of running out on "a long-lastin', hard-wearin', cast-iron skillet of a girl;" Tuesday, Oct. 13, Derwyn Frost's More Pagan Music; and Saturday, Oct. 17, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE.** Music after nine-thirty.

**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Peppy salsa bands play for their excitable fans in the gym-size downstairs room on Mondays after nine-thirty. On Oct. 12, **JOSÉ ALBERTO** and Frankie Ruiz's bands will be here, along with jazz singer **URSZULA DUDZIAK,** the guest soloist. Friday, Oct. 9, has been set aside for **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS,** two medium-sized rock-and-roll sharpies whose short, snappy songs tend to have long, waggish titles ("I Will Date the Girl from Venus for Science," "Youth Culture Killed My Dog," "Nothing's Gonna Change My Clothes"). Shows at nine and midnight. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to the piano-bass teams of **NINA SHELDON** and **FRANK TATE** through Sunday, Oct. 11, and **WALTER NORRIS** and **LISLE ATKINSON** starting Tuesday, Oct. 13. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from about ten.

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**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Pianist **STEVE KUHN** works with rhythm aces **RON CARTER** (bass) and **AL FOSTER** (drums) through Sunday, Oct. 11, and on Tuesday, Oct. 13, pianist-vaudevillian **DOROTHY DONEGAN** (last seen in this neighborhood thirty years ago) descends the stairs with her trio. Mondays remain the property of the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music after ten.

**West End,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot *student food, beyond the pinball machines* and jukebox is a room full of jazz. Veteran tenor man **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** leads a band through Sunday, Oct. 11, and on Wednesday, Oct. 14, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** brings in a quartet. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows from nine. Dining.

**Zinno,** 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** work out nightly, except Sundays, when they cool off and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** shoot the breeze. Music from eight weeknights, and from seven on Sundays.

## JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Pink Floyd**—Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8.

**R.E.M.**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8.

**Joan Baez**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8.

**Atlantic Starr**—With LeVert. (Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

**Jay McShann**—With Major Holley, Oliver Jackson, and others. (The New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Oct. 9, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert. . . . ¶ Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

**Anne Murray**—Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, at 8.

**Tribute to Moses Asch**—With Pete Seeger, the New Lost City Ramblers, Serious Bizness, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

**Ray Charles**—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8.

**Hiroshima**—With Najee. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

**African and American Music and Dance**—Traditional forms interpreted by Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers; *Women of the Calabash; the White Eagles;* Forces of Nature; and Karen Watson. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8. For tickets, call 307-7420.)

**All-Night Soul**—A twelve-hour jazz marathon with the Harlem Blues & Jazz Band, Billy Taylor, Daphne Hellman & Hellman's Angels, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Sunday, Oct. 11, beginning at 5.)

**Gamble Rogers**—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 12-13, at 8.

**Eddie Murphy**—With Paul Mooney. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 13-14, at 8.)

**Tom Waits**—Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 13-16, and Sunday, Oct. 18, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 17, at 7 and 10.

**Anita Baker**—Radio City Music Hall. Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 14-18, at 8.

**Mercedes Sosa**—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8.

**10th Anniversary Tribute to Elvis**—With Del Shannon, the Platters, the Marvelettes, the Shirelles, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

**Second Annual Festival of Women Improvisers**—Thursday, Oct. 8, at 7: The Zeena Parkins duo; and the Judy Dunaway trio. . . . Thursday, Oct. 8, at 9: The Jane Ira Bloom duo; and Michelle Kinney. . . . Friday, Oct. 9, at 7: The Alva Rogers quartet; and the Karen Borca trio. . . . Friday, Oct. 9, at 9: The Cinnie Cole trio; and the Jeanne Lee trio. (Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. 219-3055.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 9: Pooh Kaye and Eccentric Motions; Simone Forti; and the Diedre Murray duo. (Kraine, 85 E. 4th St. 254-7706.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 15, at 9: The Juliana Kohl quartet; Marilyn Crispell; and Robin Holcomb. (Roulette, 228 West Broadway. 219-8242.) . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 16, at 7: The Leni Stern band. . . . Friday, Oct. 16, at 9: Lesli Dalaba; and Amy Denio. (Knitting Factory.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 9: Sally Silvers; Kumiko Kimoto; and the LaDonna Smith trio, with Susan Hefner. (Kraine.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 18, at 9: Stephanie Stone; Bernadette Speach; and the Melford-Brandis duo, with Tom Guralnick. (Roulette.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Robert Baribeau / Harris Diamant**—Recent abstract paintings. / Small machinelike steel sculptures. Through Oct. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

**Owen Morrel**—A large-scale metal-and-wood sculpture titled "Sea Saw," plus two smaller pieces. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

**Robert Ohnigian**—A challenging new series of collages centering on headdresses of earlier times. Through Nov. 3. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

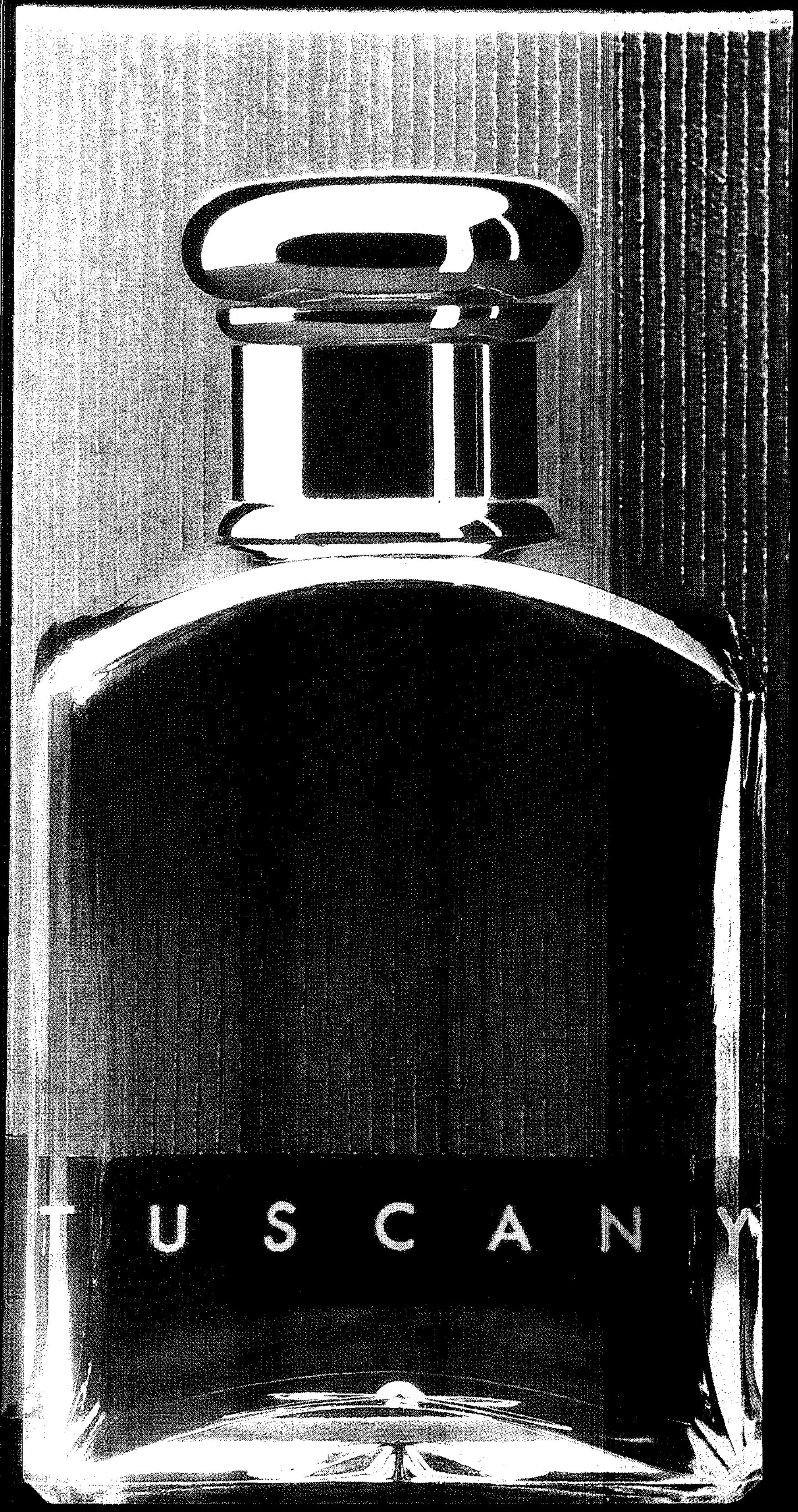
**Susan Roth / Ralph Albert Blakelock** (1847-1919)—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. / More than forty landscape paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

**Moses and Raphael Soyer**—Paintings and drawings from the W.P.A. period. Through Oct. 31. (Radann, 790 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Opens at noon.)

**John Walker**—Stylized abstract paintings, *most from the past year. Through Oct. 31.* (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: Works by fourteen artists, including Willem de Kooning, Dorothea Rockburne, Joan Mitchell, and Walter De Maria, constitute the gallery's final exhibition, which is dedicated to the memory of its founder, Xavier Fourcade. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: In a show of

FROM THE LAND WHERE MAN WAS BORN



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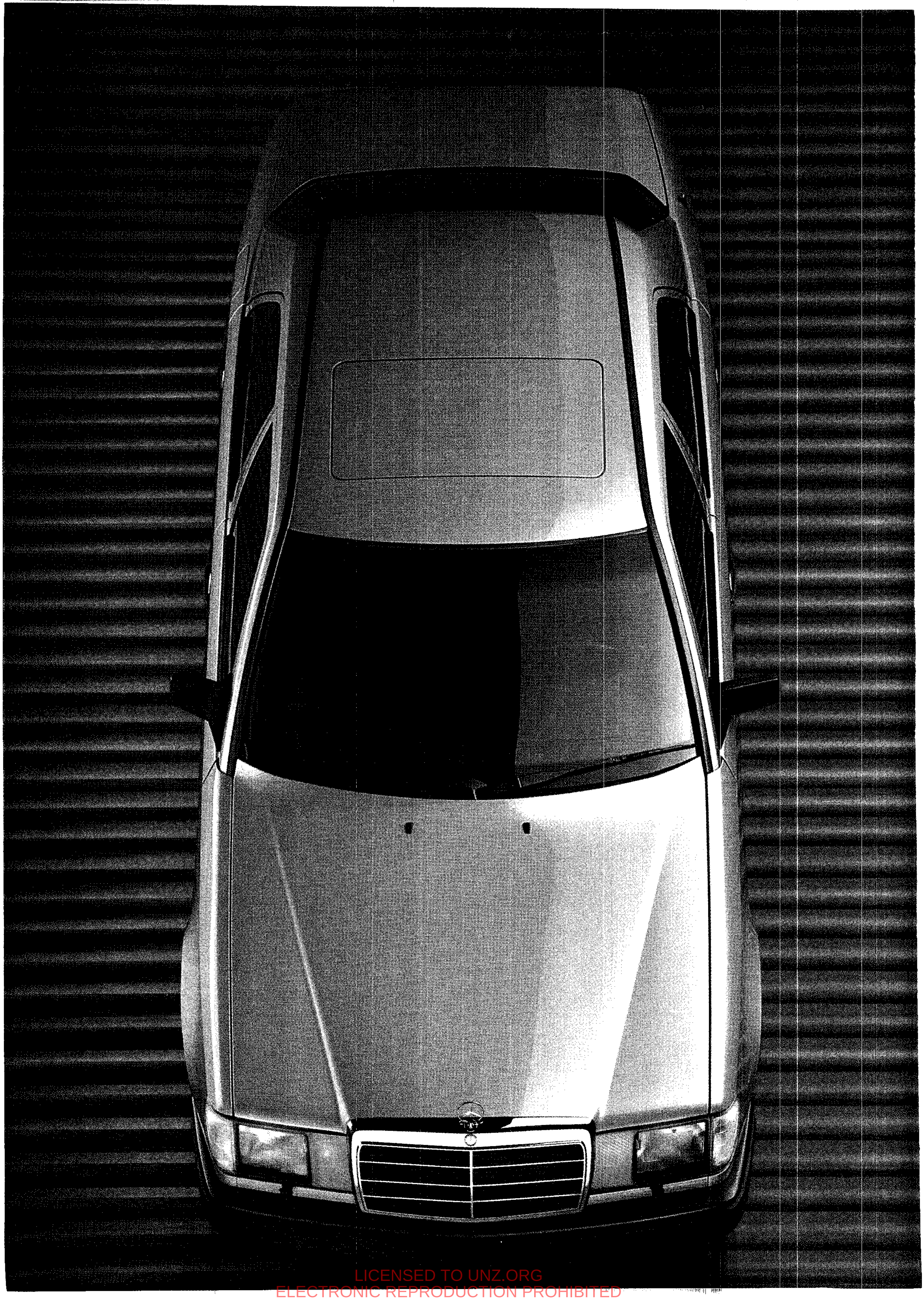

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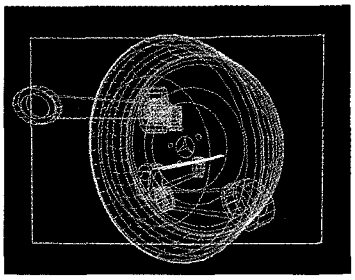

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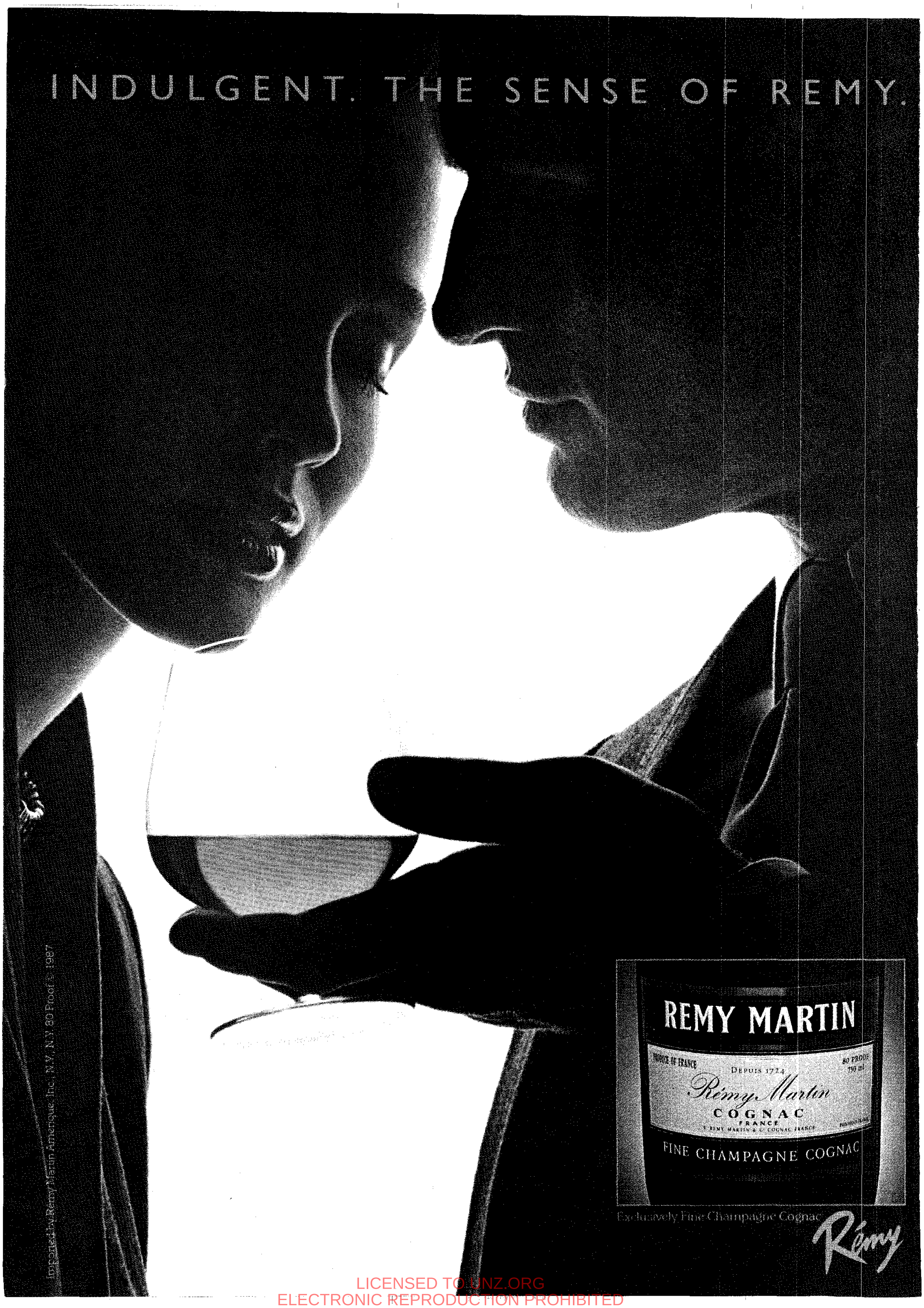
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

American prints stretching from 1736 all the way to 1966 particular attention is paid to colored woodcuts as exemplified in the work of Blanche Lazzell and William Zorach. Through Nov. 7. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Spanish masters from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries. The works are on loan from the Meadows Museum, in Dallas. Admission is two dollars. Through Oct. 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

## GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO** (1887-1964)—Ten lithographs made by the sculptor in the last year of his life. Through Oct. 21. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

**WILL BARNET**—Paintings of figures poised to begin golfing or skating. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

**BEN BERNS**—Plein-air landscapes of North Carolina. Through Oct. 31. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**JOHN BOWMAN**—Didactic paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**CHARLOTTE BROWN AND WERNER PFEIFFER**—Works by two artists with different approaches to using paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Shippee, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**FREDERICK BROWN**—Large portraits of artists (Picasso, Rembrandt, Willem de Kooning) and musicians (Billie Holiday, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington), plus other paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

**LARRY BROWN**—Abstractions painted on several wood panels arranged in slight relief. Through Oct. 31. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

**ENRICO DONATI**—Paintings dating from the fifties to this year. Through Oct. 31. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**JEDD GARET**—New abstract paintings. Through Oct. 24. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

**JOHN HOYLAND**—Abstract paintings and monotypes by a British artist. Through Nov. 28. (Lever-Meyerson, 16 W. 57th St.)

**BEN KAMIHIRA**—Paintings of figures in interiors. Through Nov. 7. (Gallery Urban, 500 Park Ave., at 59th St.)

**ALEX KATZ**—Paintings from the early sixties. Through Oct. 31. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

**CONRAD MARCA-RELLI**—Collages from the past thirty years. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

**RICHARD MAYHEW**—Recent landscape paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**ELIE NADELMAN** (1882-1946)—Sculptures in assorted mediums, including bronze, wood, and papier-mâché, plus drawings. Through Oct. 31. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**IRVING PETLIN**—Paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

**NINA POSNANSKY**—Stylized figures and still-lifes. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Gallery 84, 30 W. 57th St.)

**PAUL RICKERT**—Recent paintings. Through Oct. 24. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**PETER SAUL**—Violent, comic, satiric, kinky, not too flattering self-portraits of the artist as a seething humanoid. Through Oct. 24. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

**DAVID SAUNDERS / MAX ERNST** (1891-1976)—Oil paintings, most of which have a single object (an apple, a rice bowl, a hand) floating on the canvas. / Prints. Through Oct. 31. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**DAVID TRUE / WIN KNOWLTON**—Rich-colored paintings on paper of obscured figures and animals. / Abstract objects cast in concrete, iron, or copper. Through Oct. 31. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

**IDELLE WEBER**—Superrealist paintings of nature which incorporate Formica frames around, on top of, or in the middle of the canvases. Through Oct. 31. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

**JACK YOUNGERMAN**—Abstract paintings and pastels. Through Oct. 24. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

**GROUP SHOW**—American genre paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Homer, Bearden, Rivers, Pearlstein, Freilicher, and others. Through Oct. 24. (ACA, now located at 41 E. 57th St.)

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## GALLERIES—SoHo

**MIQUEL BARCELÓ**—Sand, pieces of fabric, and cigarette butts are among the materials the artist uses to add texture to these abstract paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**SEYMOUR BOARDMAN AND ELAINE KURTZ**—Abstract Expressionist paintings from the seventies. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Shapolsky, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

**DEREK BOSHIER**—Paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Totah, 152 Wooster St.)

**RICHARD BOSMAN**—Large seascapes, each made up of two or three canvas panels. Through Oct. 24. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

**ROGER BROWN**—New paintings, including one entitled "Homesick-Proof Space Station." Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

**SCOTT BURTON**—New sculptures. Through Oct. 24. (Protetch, in a new location, at 560 Broadway.)

**DEBORAH CLEARMAN**— Painted wood cutouts that juxtapose contemporary figures with ancient scenes, such as a violinist in a tuxedo playing while Rome burns. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (First Street Gallery, in a new location, at 560 Broadway.)

**SONIA GECHTOFF**—Abstract works on paper from 1975 to the present. Through Oct. 24. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

**DAVID GEISER**—Heavily textured abstract paintings that use encaustic, tar, and resin. Through Oct. 24. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

**ROBERT GOBER**—Wood sculptures that are takeoffs of playpens and cribs. Through Oct. 28. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

**SHARON GOLD**—Abstract geometric paintings and drawings from 1981. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

**MICHAEL HAFFTKA**—New paintings of distorted figures. Through Oct. 31. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

**CHRISTOPHER HEWAT**—An installation consisting of wood obelisks and pyramids surrounded by wood railings. Through Oct 31. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

**RONALD JONES**—An installation of seven scaled-down versions of tables originally proposed for the 1969 Paris peace talks. Through Oct. 24. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

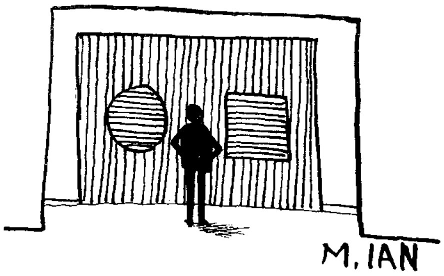
**KOMAR & MELAMID**—New works. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

**MILO LAZAREVIC / JOHN KENNARD**—Abstract sculptures of marble, steel, and wood, along with related paintings. / Black-and-white photographs of baseball parks and several portraits of people who work in them. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

**SHERRIE LEVINE**—Recent paintings and earlier photographic works. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

**STANLEY LEWIS**—Paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 21. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

**MICHAEL LOEW** (1907-85) / **ELLEN WIENER**—Geometric paintings completed in the last ten years of his life. / Abstractions in mixed mediums on paper. Through Oct. 31. (Pearl, in a new location, at 420 West Broadway.)



**JOAN NELSON**—Landscape paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

**BLINKY PALERMO** (1943-77)—A survey of his work from 1966 to 1976. Through Tuesday, Oct. 13. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

**KINGSLEY PARKER**—Fighter planes, tankers, and bank façades appear in these new paintings and in several large sculpture installations. Through Oct. 24. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

**LILA RYAN**—Human figures made with aluminum pipes and ceramic heads, plus other sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

**LUCY SALLICK**—Self-portraits, each composed of up to fifteen images on separate sheets of paper. Through Oct. 31. (Einstein, 591 Broadway.)

**GRETA SCHREYER / TIBOR GERGELY** (1900-78)—Dense pen-and-ink drawings of a stream in Woodstock, Connecticut. / Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits painted by this Hungarian artist before he emigrated here, in 1939. Through Oct. 31. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

**RICHARD SERRA**—A two-gallery exhibit. Three monumental Corten-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Large steel plates and beams balancing against one another or leaning against the gallery walls; also, drawings. Through Oct. 24. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**NANCY SHAVER**—Picture frames within picture frames, and the back of a violin mounted on the wall side-by-side with a well-used eight-inch-wide paintbrush, among other works. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

**KAY WALKINGSTICK**—Diptychs juxtaposing landscapes and abstractions. Through Oct. 31. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **BRANDT,** 568 Broadway: Collaborators Clegg & Guttmann, Art and Language, and Gilbert and George, among others, in an exhibit put together by Saul Ostrow. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. . . . **ESMAN,** 70 Greene St.: Works on paper by Russian Suprematists Malevich, Chashnik, and Suetin. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **GERMANS VAN ECK,** 420 West Broadway: Assemblages by John M. Armleder, Mark di Suvero, Donald Lipski, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. . . . **GLADSTONE,** 99 Greene St.: Wall constructions by Imi Knoebel, an installation by Barry Le Va, and a sculpture by Bruce Nauman. Through Saturday, Oct. 10.

## OTHER GALLERIES

**ROSEMARIE CASTORO**—Welded-steel sculptures and wall reliefs of opera characters the artist sketched during live performances. The sketches are also on view. Through Oct. 25. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**IAN HAMILTON FINLAY**—A freestanding wood sculpture from 1975 entitled "Aircraft Carrier Torso;" a fragmented slab of limestone engraved with a quote from Saint-Just, "The words we have spoken will never be lost on Earth" (1985); and other works. Through Oct. 31. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

**RICHARD PETTIBONE**—Paintings from the sixties and seventies, plus more recent sculptures. Through Oct. 25. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**DAVID WOJNAROWICZ**—Paintings in which the elements are represented with pop imagery. Through Oct. 18. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**SCULPTURE**—Freestanding works and wall reliefs by Eva Hesse, Annette Lemieux, Mary Heilmann, Louise Bourgeois, and Rosemarie Trockel. Through Oct. 18. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON**—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his early prints. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ Herstand, 24 W. 57th St., is ex-

Depart
A Traveler.
Return
A Poet.

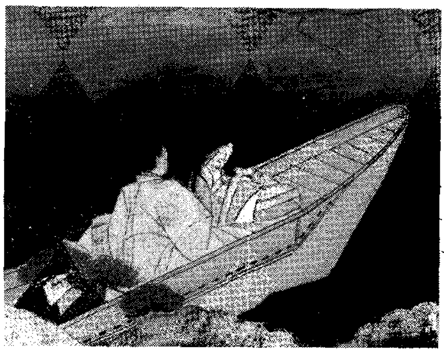


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Photo courtesy of the Seattle Art Museum, Eugene Fuller Memorial Collection.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hibiting paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 17.

**HAROLD EDGERTON**—Prints by the inventor of the electronic flash. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

**RALPH GIBSON / ELLIOT SCHWARTZ**—Prints from the past thirty years. Through Oct. 25. / Photographs of sculpture and machine fragments, death masks, and shrunken heads. Through Nov. 15. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . ¶ Black-and-white photographs taken in Paris by Mr. Gibson are on view at the French Institute/Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (Through Nov. 13.)

**JOHN GOSSAGE**—Large-scale black-and-white prints of Berlin at night. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

**FLORENCE HENRI** (1893-1983)—Photographs from the twenties printed on canvas. Through Oct. 24. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

**HELEN LEVITT**—A retrospective. Through Nov. 7. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

**DAVID ROBBINS**—New works. Through Sunday, Oct. 11. (303 Gallery, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**VICTOR SCHRAGER**—Monochromatic photographs attached to colored Formica that has been cut into shapes of consumer goods. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

**PAUL STRAND** (1890-1976)—Vintage prints of Maine and its inhabitants. Through Nov. 14. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

**EDWARD WESTON** (1889-1958)—Approximately a hundred and twenty prints are at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of more than two hundred objects from the court of Sultan Süleyman I, who, during his forty-six-year reign over the Ottoman Empire, ruled as vigorously over his imperial studios (wooden Koran boxes, painted tiles, embroidered costumes, illuminated manuscripts) as he did over his spectacularly outfitted soldiers (jewel-encrusted helmets and swords, embroidered leather boots). . . . ¶ Eighty-eight paintings by members of the Hudson River School, among them Thomas Cole, Albert Bierstadt, and John F. Kensett. . . . ¶ A retrospective of approximately seventy works by the seventeenth-century Spanish painter Francisco de Zurbarán, including "The Virgin of Las Cuevas" and "St. Hugo of Grenoble Visiting the Refectory." . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** A Weston retrospective that also includes letters, memorabilia, and portraits of the artist. Through Oct. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.—Photographs from the early thirties by Henri Cartier-Bresson, whose work at that time pioneered the use of 35-mm. film for still photography. Through Nov. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of works by Jan Dibbets, a Dutch contemporary known for his abstract compositions combining photographs and drawing. Through Nov. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large-scale exhibition of high-spirited sculptural tableaux by Red Grooms, including "City of Chicago," "Ruckus Manhattan," and "Ruckus Rodeo." Also, paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Oct. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM,** Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of paintings by the black social realist Jacob Lawrence, whose early work included narrative paintings about such figures as Frederick Douglass, Harriet Tubman, and John Brown. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of ancient ivory carvings made by Bering Sea Eskimos, ranging from snow goggles and harpoon fittings to ceremonial figurines. . . . ¶ Depictions of dinosaurs in paintings and models from the past hundred or so years which reveal the attempts of paleontologists and artists to envision the life and look of these extinct creatures. Both exhibits start Friday, Oct. 9. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The Dreyfus Affair is the subject of an exhibit of about six hundred items—including paintings, sculptures, posters, books, letters, and films—that document (a) the French political and cultural climate of the period, (b) the role of the press in dividing public opinion and exploiting the issues for financial gain, and (c) the heated positions of artists and writers, from pro-Dreyfus Pissarro and, of course, Zola, to anti-Dreyfus Cézanne and Degas. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursdays, Oct. 8 and 15. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY,** 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings by Raphael (including a study for an apostle in the great altarpiece "Transfiguration") and of drawings by some of his studio assistants. Starts Friday, Oct. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**THE NEW MUSEUM,** 583 Broadway—A retrospective of drawings by the conceptual sculptor Bruce Nauman. Through Nov. 8. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Off the Berg Collection's bookshelves has come a display of a hundred works containing often-quoted first lines, including "In the beginning was the Word," from an American-Indian translation of the New Testament published in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1661; and "April is the cruellest month," from the original typescript of T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land." (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Monday, Oct. 12, from 10 to 6.)

### ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

**FRANKLIN FURNACE,** 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Performance: Johanna Went, Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:30; and David Marquis, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, at 8:30.

**THE KITCHEN,** 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Eiko & Koma in their dance "By the River," Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 7-10, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 4. . . . ¶ New British videos, Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8.

**P. S. 122,** 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Kumiko Kimoto (dance and music), Friday through Sunday, Oct. 9-11, at 9. . . . ¶ Blue Palm (performance duo), Fridays and Saturdays, Oct. 9-10 and 16-17, at 11.

**NOTE**—"Spectaccalo," a video-and-music performance by Kit Fitzgerald, Peter Gordon, and Blue Gene Tyranny, Wednesdays through Sundays, at 7:30 (through Sunday, Oct. 18), at La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710.

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Otello," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Jean Kraft,

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Placido Domingo, and Justino Díaz; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Sona Ghazarian, Dawn Upshaw, Carlo Bergonzi, and Brian Schexnayder; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 9, at 8: A new production of Wagner's "Das Rheingold." With Mari-Anne Häggander, Waltraud Meier, Siegfried Jerusalem, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Vinson Cole, Gino Quilico, and Richard Van Allan; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Kathleen Battle, Gail Gilmore, and James King; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Das Rheingold," with Mari-Anne Häggander, Waltraud Meier, Siegfried Jerusalem, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Sona Ghazarian, Dawn Upshaw, Dano Raffanti, and Brian Schexnayder; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and James King; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Das Rheingold," with Mari-Anne Häggander, Gail Gilmore, Siegfried Jerusalem, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, and Italo Tajo; Christian Badea. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 2: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Sona Ghazarian, Dawn Upshaw, Dano Raffanti, and Brian Schexnayder; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and James King; James Levine.

**New York City Opera**—Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Faith Esham, Rachel Rosales, Jon Garrison, and Stephen Dickson; conducted by Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 9, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Elizabeth Holleque, Cynthia Rose, Robert Grayson, and Rodger Hugh Wangerin; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2: "La Bohème," with Ruth Golden, Margaret Cusack, Richard Leech, and Frederick Burchinal; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Michael Cousins, and Theodore Baerg; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 11, at 1: "Turandot," with Gail Tremitiere, Edith Davis, Vyacheslav M. Polozov, and Herbert Perry; Elio Boncompagni. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 11, at 7: "The Rake's Progress," with Elizabeth Hynes, Joyce Castle, Jon Garrison, and Stanley Wexler; Jorge Mester. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Faust," with Elizabeth Knighton, Susanne Marsee, Richard Leech, John Cheek, and Ben Holt; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Faith Esham, Rachel Rosales, Jon Garrison, and Stephen Dickson; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Michael Cousins, and Theodore Baerg; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Catherine Lamy, Susanne Marsee, John Absalom, and Rodger Hugh Wangerin; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 2: "Turandot," with Gail Tremitiere, Edith Davis, Vyacheslav M. Polozov, and Herbert Perry; Elio Boncompagni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Kathryn Bouleyn, Stefano Algieri, and Stanley Wexler; and "Pagliacci," with Margaret Cusack, Jon Fredric West, Pablo Elvira, and William Parcher. Sergiu Comissiona conducting both. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

**American Chamber Opera Company**—Two fully staged contemporary one-act operas: Peter Westergaard's "Mr. and Mrs. Discobbolos," and John Harbison's "A Full Moon in March." Conducted by Douglas Anderson. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 781-0857.)

## ORCHESTRAS

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8; Friday, Oct. 9, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8: Kurt Sanderling conducting a Prokofiev-Shostakovich program, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 14-17, at 8, and Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 7:30: Felix Kruglikov conducting a Brahms-Shostakovich program, with Miriam Fried, violin.

**Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**—André Previn conducting an all-Brahms program, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

**Brooklyn Philharmonic**—Lukas Foss conducting, with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2.)

**Central Philharmonic Orchestra of China**—The first orchestra from the People's Republic of China to visit the United States. Zuohuang Chen conducting works by Chen-Yi, Ravel, and Shostakovich; with Li Jian, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3.)

**Juilliard Orchestra**—Sergiu Comissiona conducting a program of music by Rimsky-Korsakov, Shostakovich, and Rachmaninoff; with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

**Sofia Chamber Orchestra**—Emil Tabakov conducting, with Mincho Minchev, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

**Manhattan Philharmonia**—Paul Dunkel conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**New York Chamber Symphony**—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Nathan Milstein, violin. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3.)

## RECITALS

**New Music Consort**—A program of chamber music which includes Julius Hemphill, soprano and alto saxophone, performing his "Crosscurrents/Float," and a piece by Dean Drummond for brass and zoomoozophone, a twenty-five-foot-long percussion instrument. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

**Beaux Arts Trio**—In a Haydn-Beethoven-Mendelssohn program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, at 8.)

**New York Philharmonic Ensembles**—The first in a series of six chamber-music concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3.)

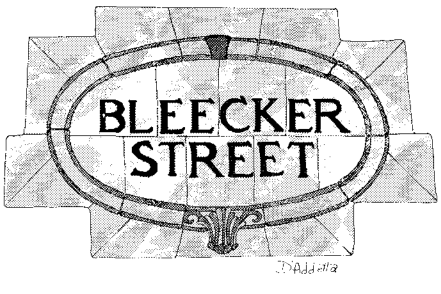
**North/South Consonance Ensemble**—German Caceras conducting a program of contemporary Latin-American and American music, including his own 1982 "Concerto." (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

**William Bolcom**—Two piano pieces by this composer, one played by him, the other by Marc-André Hamelin. Also, two other works for the piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

**Eric Stumacher**—Piano and computer. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

**Sylvan Winds**—Arthur Weisberg conducting. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

**Vladimir Krainev**—Piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8.)



**Daniel Waitzman**—Modern flute, conical Boehm flute, baroque flute, and piccolo recorder in a program that explores the influence of baroque music on bel-canto vocal music. With assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

**Montserrat Caballé**—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

**Richard Stoltzman**—Clarinet, with Nancy Allen, harp. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

**Joan Morris and William Bolcom**—Mezzo-soprano and piano. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

**Classical Quartet**—With Eric Hoeprich, clarinet, in an all-Mozart program. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

**Guarneri Quartet**—Performing the hundredth Beethoven Society concert. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 3.)

**Emerson String Quartet**—In a Haydn-Mozart-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

**Yale Chamber Music Series**—In a Schubert-Schumann-Brahms program. With Sidney Harth, violin; Ronald Roseman, oboe; Boris Berman, piano; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

## MISCELLANY

**Teatro di San Carlo**—A company from Naples, directed by Roberto de Simone, performing "Stabat Mater," Giovanni Pergolesi's most famous piece of sacred music. With Irene Papas; conducted by Alberto Zedda. In Italian; with English supertitles. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday, Oct. 10, and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 12-13, all at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3:30.)

## SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

**Baseball**—The World Series starts Saturday, Oct. 17, in the home park of the American League Champion.

**Basketball**—Exhibition game—At Byrne Meadowlands Arena: Nets vs. Knicks, Thursday, Oct. 15, at 7:30.

**Hockey**—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Oct. 8, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Minnesota North Stars, Monday, Oct. 12, at 7:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Friday, Oct. 9, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Hartford Whalers, Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Montreal Canadiens, Friday, Oct. 16, at 7:45. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Oct. 17, at 7:05.

**Racing**—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Oct. 19. The Jockey Club Gold Cup and the Vosburgh, Saturday, Oct. 10; the Champagne and the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Dec. 19.

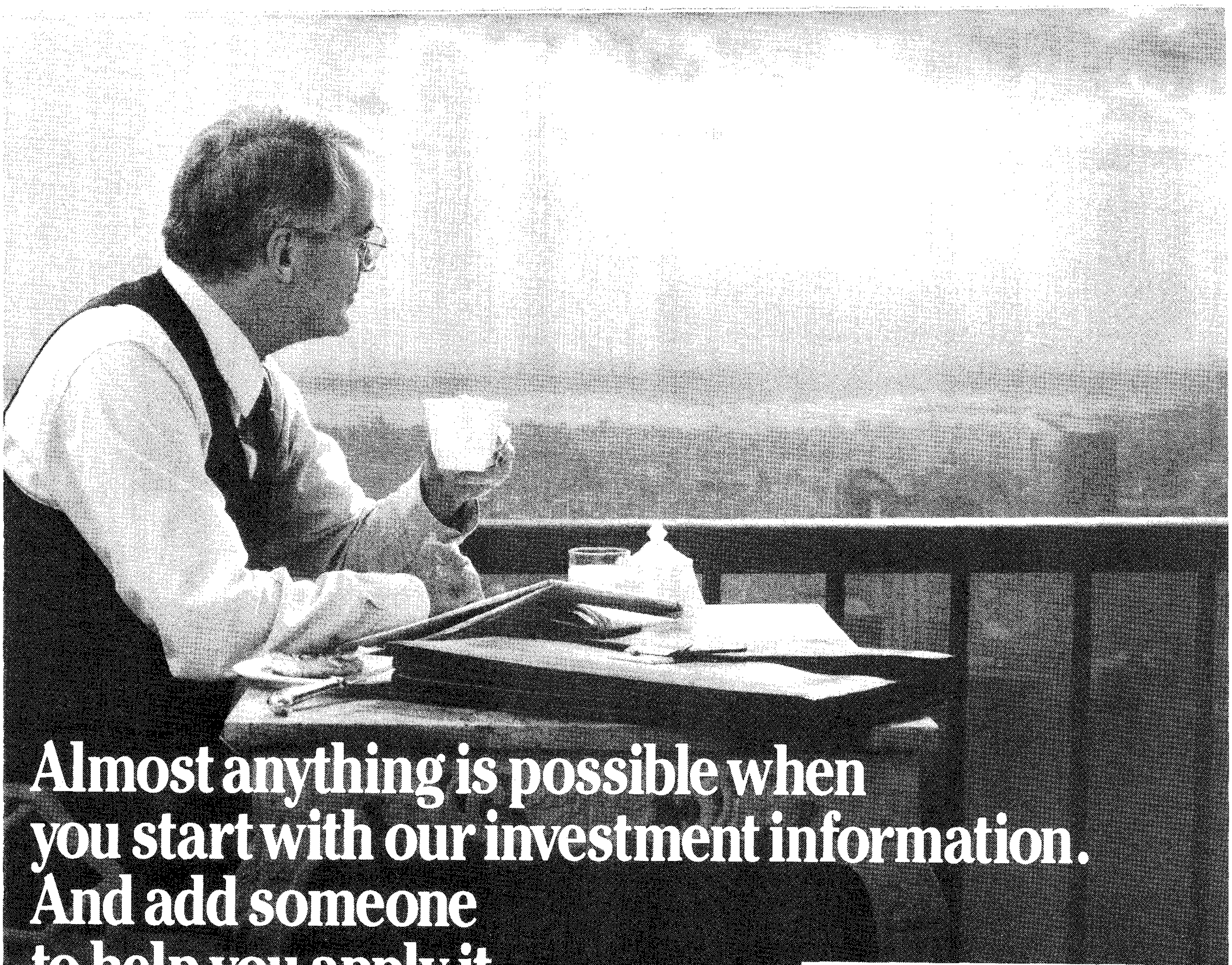
**Trotting**—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8, starting Thursday, Oct. 15. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY:** Nightly at 7:30; through Wednesday, Oct. 14.

## ET ALIA

**Poetry Readings**—Amy Clampitt and Sherod Santos reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 12, at 8.) . . . ¶ Robert Giroux, Anthony Hecht, Peter Taylor, Helen Vendler, and others reading from the works of Robert Lowell. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

**Discussions**—"Contemporary Voices in American Fiction," with Deborah Eisenberg, Amy Hempel, David Leavitt, and Mona Simpson. (PEN American Center, 568 Broadway. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the discussions.)

**Election Registration**—Final registration for the Nov. 3 elections will be Saturday, Oct. 10, from 1 to 9.



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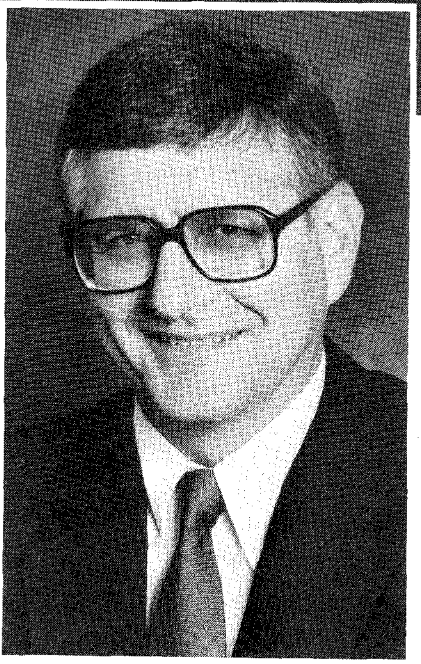

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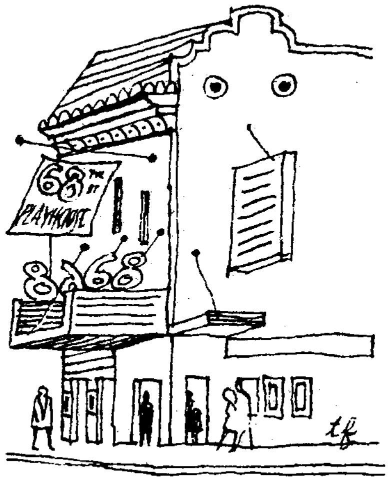
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

### EAST SIDE

**Public Theatre,** 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Oct. 15: (Separate admissions) "My Night at Maud's" (1970; directed by Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant; "Buffet Froid" (1980; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Jean Carmet, Bernard Blier, and Geneviève Page; and "What Have I Done to Deserve This!" (†).

From Oct. 16: (Separate admissions) "Written on the Wind" (1957; Douglas Sirk), with Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack, and Dorothy Malone; and another feature, to be announced.

**Movieland 8th Street Triplex,** 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "The Pick-up Artist" (†). From Oct. 9: "Man on Fire" (Elie Chouraqui), with Scott Glenn, Brooke Adams, and Danny Aiello.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "The Principal" (Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong. From Oct. 9: "Surrender" (Jerry Belson), with Sally Field, Michael Caine, Steve Guttenberg, and Peter Boyle.

Theatre 3: "Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through Oct. 8: "Stakeout" (†).

From Oct. 9: "Surrender" (Jerry Belson), with Sally Field, Michael Caine, Steve Guttenberg, and Peter Boyle.

**Loews 34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Baby Boom" (Charles Shyer), with Diane Keaton, Sam Shepard, and Harold Ramis.

Theatre 2: "Fatal Attraction" (Adrian Lyne), with Michael Douglas and Glenn Close.

Theatre 3: "Best Seller" (John Flynn), with James Woods and Brian Dennehy.

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Oct. 8: "The Big Easy" (†).

From Oct. 9: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Oct. 8: "You Talkin' to Me?" (Charles Winkler), with Jim Youngs.

From Oct. 9: "Man on Fire" (Elie Chouraqui), with Scott Glenn, Brooke Adams, and Danny Aiello.

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through Oct. 8: "The Big Town" (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones.

From Oct. 9: "Surrender" (Jerry Belson), with Sally Field, Michael Caine, Steve Guttenberg, and Peter Boyle.

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through Oct. 8: "Big Shots" (Robert Mandel).

From Oct. 9: To be announced.

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through Oct. 8: "No Way Out" (1987 †).

From Oct. 9: "Dancers" (†).

**Manhattan Twin,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "The Big Easy" (†). From Oct. 9: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.

Theatre 2: "Best Seller" (John Flynn), with James Woods and Brian Dennehy.

**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 15: "In the Mood" (Phil Alden Robinson), with Patrick Dempsey, Talia Balsam, and Beverly D'Angelo. From Oct. 16: "Hope and Glory" (†).

Theatre 2: "Orphans" (Alan J. Pakula), with Albert Finney, Matthew Modine, and Kevin Anderson.

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through Oct. 13: "Stakeout" (†).

From Oct. 14: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

**Cinema I and II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Dark Eyes" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 15: "Matewan" (†). From Oct. 16: "The Whales of August" (Lindsay Anderson), with Bette Davis and Lillian Gish.

**Gemini I and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Dirty Dancing" (†).

Theatre 2: "Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.

**Loews New York Twin,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "The Untouchables" (†). From Oct. 9: "3 O'Clock High" (Phil Joanou).

Theatre 2: "Baby Boom" (Charles Shyer), with Diane Keaton, Sam Shepard, and Harold Ramis.

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"I've Heard the Mermaids Singing" (Patricia Rozema).

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Fatal Attraction" (Adrian Lyne), with Michael Douglas and Glenn Close.

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.

**86th Street Twin,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "The Big Town" (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones. From Oct. 9: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "The Big Easy" (†). From Oct. 9: "3 O'Clock High" (Phil Joanou).

**Loews Orpheum I and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Best Seller" (John Flynn), with James Woods and Brian Dennehy.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "The Principal" (Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong. From Oct. 9: "No Way Out" (1987 †).

**86th Street East Twin,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "China Girl" (Abel Ferrara), with James Russo. From Oct. 9: "Surrender" (Jerry Belson), with Sally Field, Michael Caine, Steve Guttenberg, and Peter Boyle.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "Big Shots" (Robert Mandel). From Oct. 9: To be announced.

### WEST SIDE

**Film Forum I and 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "Thursday's Children" (1953; directed by Lindsay Anderson and Guy Brenton), "Every Day Except Christmas" (1957; Lindsay Anderson), and "The Singing Lesson" (1967; Lindsay Anderson), all short documentaries.

Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

**Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "China Girl" (Abel Ferrara), with James Russo. From Oct. 9: To be announced.

Theatre 2: "The Wolf at the Door" (Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland.

**Waverly I and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "The Big Easy" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "RoboCop" (†). From Oct. 9: "Too Outrageous!" (Dick Benner), with Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Oct. 8: "Big Shots" (Robert Mandel).

From Oct. 9: "Near Dark" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Adrian Pasdar.

**Art Greenwich Twin,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "La Bamba" (†). From Oct. 9: "Dancers" (†).

Theatre 2: "No Way Out" (1987 †).

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Whistle Blower" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 8: "Withnail and I" (†). From Oct. 9: "Matewan" (†).

Theatre 4: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

**23rd St. West Triplex,** 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "Near Dark" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Adrian Pasdar. From Oct. 9: "3 O'Clock High" (Phil Joanou).

Theatre 2: "Dirty Dancing" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 8: "The Big Town" (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones. From Oct. 9: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Oct. 7: Theatre closed.

From Oct. 8: "Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll" (Taylor Hackford), a documentary about Chuck Berry.

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through Oct. 8: "Dirty Dancing" (†).

From Oct. 9: "Dogs in Space" (Richard Lowenstein), with Michael Hutchence.

**New Carnegie,** 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

"The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"The Right Hand Man" (Di Drew), with Rupert Everett and Hugo Weaving.

**Carnegie Screening Room,** 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

Through Oct. 14: "My Life as a Dog" (†).

From Oct. 15: "Long Live the Lady!" (Ermanno Olmi; in Italian).

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Maurice" (†).

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through Oct. 8: "The Pick-up Artist" (†).

From Oct. 9: "No Way Out" (1987 †).

**Loews Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Fatal Attraction" (Adrian Lyne), with Michael Douglas and Glenn Close.

**Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Jean de Florette" (†).

Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).

Theatre 3: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

**Cinema Studio 1 and 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mozart Brothers" (Suzanne Osten; in Swedish).

**Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 2: "Hey Babu Riba" (Jovan Acin; in Serbo-Croatian).

**Loews 84th Street Sixplex,** B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.
Theatre 2: "No Way Out" (1987 †).
Theatre 3: "Baby Boom" (Charles Shyer), with Diane Keaton, Sam Shepard, and Harold Ramis.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 8: "Near Dark" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Adrian Pasdar. From Oct. 9: "Dancers" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 8: "The Principal" (Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong. From Oct. 9: "Surrender" (Jerry Belson), with Sally Field, Michael Caine, Steve Guttenberg, and Peter Boyle.
Theatre 6: Through Oct. 13: "Best Seller" (John Flynn), with James Woods and Brian Dennehy. From Oct. 14: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

**Metro Cinema 1 and 2,** B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "The Big Town" (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones. From Oct. 9: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "The Pick-up Artist" (†). From Oct. 9: "Matewan" (†).

**Columbia Cinema,** B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
Through Oct. 8: "Big Shots" (Robert Mandel).
From Oct. 9: To be announced.

### TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Center,** B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Principal" (directed by Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 2: "Big Shots" (Robert Mandel).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 8: "The Pick-up Artist" (†). From Oct. 9: "Surrender" (Jerry Belson), with Sally Field, Michael Caine, Steve Guttenberg, and Peter Boyle.
Theatre 4: "Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.
Theatre 5: "Like Father Like Son."
Theatre 6: "Near Dark" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Adrian Pasdar.

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Baby Boom" (Charles Shyer), with Diane Keaton, Sam Shepard, and Harold Ramis.

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Stakeout" (†).
Theatre 3: "No Way Out" (1987 †).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 8: "La Bamba" (†). From Oct. 9: "Man on Fire" (Elie Chouraqui), with Scott Glenn, Brooke Adams, and Danny Aiello.

**Loews Astor Plaza,** 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Best Seller" (John Flynn), with James Woods and Brian Dennehy.

**Movieland,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Oct. 8: "The Untouchables" (†).
From Oct. 9: "3 O'Clock High" (Phil Joanou).

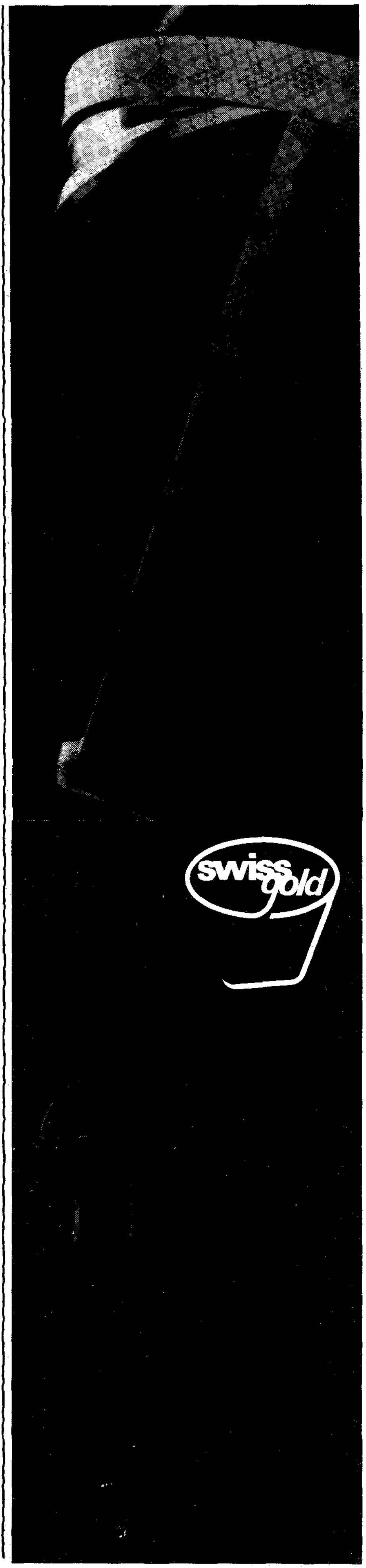
**National Twin,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "China Girl" (Abel Ferrara), with James Russo.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "Rolling Vengeance." From Oct. 9: "Hellraiser" (Clive Barker).

**Warner,** 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through Oct. 8: "Hellraiser" (Clive Barker).
From Oct. 9: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.

### REVIVAL HOUSES

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 8: "Raising Arizona" (1987; directed by Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter; and "Blood Simple" (1985; Joel Coen), with John Getz, Dan Hedaya, Frances McDormand, and M. Emmet Walsh.
Oct. 9-10: "Mona Lisa" (1986; Neil Jordan), with Bob Hoskins, Cathy Tyson, and Michael Caine; and "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.
Oct. 11: "Mouchette" (†); and "Trial of Joan of Arc" (1962; Robert Bresson; in French).
Oct. 12-13: "Crimes of the Heart" (1986; Bruce Beresford), with Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek; and "To Kill a Mockingbird" (†).
Oct. 14-15: "Black Widow" (1987; Bob Rafelson), with Debra Winger and Theresa Russell; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange.
Oct. 16-17: "She's Gotta Have It" (1986; Spike Lee), with Tracy Camila Johns, Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Lee; and "Down by Law" (1986; Jim Jarmusch), with Tom Waits, John Lurie, and Roberto Benigni.

**Film Forum 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 8: "A Raisin in the Sun" (1961; Daniel Petrie), with Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeill, Ruby Dee, and Diana Sands; and "The Landlord" (1970; Hal Ashby), with Beau Bridges, Lee Grant, Diana Sands, and Pearl Bailey.
Oct. 9: "Cleopatra Jones" (1973; Jack Starrett), with Tamara Dobson, Shelley Winters, Bernie Casey, and Brenda Sykes; and "Foxy Brown" (1974; Jack Hill), with Pam Grier and Peter Brown.
Oct. 10-11: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
Oct. 12: "The Scar of Shame" (1928; Frank Peregrini; a silent film); and "God's Stepchildren" (1938; Oscar Micheaux).
Oct. 13: "The Omega Man" (1971; Boris Sagal), with Charlton Heston and Anthony Zerbe; and "Melinda" (1972; Hugh A. Robertson), with Calvin Lockhart and Rosalind Cash.
Oct. 14: "The Color Purple" (1985; Steven Spielberg), with Whoopi Goldberg; and "Sounder" (†).
Oct. 15: "She's Gotta Have It" (1986; Spike Lee), with Tracy Camila Johns, Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Lee; and "Nothing but a Man" (1964; Michael Roemer), with Ivan Dixon, Abbey Lincoln, and Gloria Foster.
From Oct. 16: "Islands" (1986; Albert Maysles, Charlotte Zwerin, and David Maysles), "What's Happening!: The Beatles in the U.S.A." (1964; Albert Maysles and



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David Maysles), and "Meet Marlon Brando" (1965; Albert Maysles, David Maysles, and Charlotte Zwerin), all documentaries.

**Thalia SoHo,** 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Oct. 7: "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "Freud" (1962; John Huston), with Montgomery Clift and Susannah York.

Oct. 8: "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman; and "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.

Oct. 9-10: "Something Wild" (1986; Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels, Melanie Griffith, and Ray Liotta; and "Desperately Seeking Susan" (1985; Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette, Madonna, and Aidan Quinn.

Oct. 11: "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters" (1985; Paul Schrader), with Ken Ogata; and "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" (1976; Lewis John Carlino), with Sarah Miles and Kris Kristofferson.

Oct. 12: "Radio Days" (1987; Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen.

Oct. 13: "Queen of Outer Space" (1958; Edward Bernds), with Zsa Zsa Gabor and Eric Fleming; and "Screaming Mimi" (1958; Gerd Oswald), with Anita Ekberg, Phil Carey, and Gypsy Rose Lee.

Oct. 14: "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "The Man Who Would Be King" (†).

Oct. 15: "Lost in America" (1985; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty; and "Modern Romance" (1981; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

Oct. 16-17: "True Stories" (1986; David Byrne), with John Goodman, Swoosie Kurtz, and Spalding Gray; and "Stop Making Sense" (1984; Jonathan Demme), with the Talking Heads.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 7: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.

Oct. 8: "Hour of the Wolf" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.

Oct. 9-10: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.

Oct. 11: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Men" (1950; Fred Zinnemann), with Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, Jack Webb, and Everett Sloane.

Oct. 12: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, Ron Leibman, and Trish Van Devere.

Oct. 13: "Mr. Moto's Last Warning" (1939; Norman Foster), with Peter Lorre, Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Field, and John Carradine; and "Mr. Wong, Detective" (1938; William Nigh), with Boris Karloff and Grant Withers.

Oct. 14: "A Day in the Country" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French); and "La Marseillaise" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French).

Oct. 15: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Marrying Kind" (1952; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray.

Oct. 16-17: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**THEATRE I:** Oct. 8 at 2:30: "Medium Cool" (1969; directed by Haskell Wexler), with Robert Forster, Verna Bloom, and Peter Bonerz. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 6: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 2:30: "The Friends of Eddie Coyle" (1973; Peter Yates), with Robert Mitchum and Peter Boyle. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6: "Such Good Friends" (1971; Otto Preminger), with Dyan Cannon, Jennifer O'Neill, and James Coco. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at noon: "American Hot Wax" (1978; Floyd Mutrux), with Tim McIntire, Laraine Newman, and Chuck Berry. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2:30: "Nashville" (1975; Robert Altman), with Lily Tomlin, Ronee Blakley, and Keith Carradine. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 6: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at noon: "Airplane!" (1980; Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, and Lloyd Bridges. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2:30: "Such Good Friends." . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 5: "The Friends of Eddie Coyle." . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 2: "Chinatown." . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 5: "American Hot Wax." . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 2:30: "Airplane!" . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 6: "Nashville."

**THEATRE 2:** Oct. 8 at 3 and 6:30: "Witness to Apartheid" (1985; Sharon Sopher), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 3 and 6:30: "You're a Big Boy Now" (1966; Francis Ford Coppola), with Geraldine Page, Julie Harris, and Rip Torn. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2: "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 5:30: "Shall We Dance" (1937; Mark Sandrich), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Angels Over Broadway" (1940; Ben Hecht and Lee Garmes), with Rita Hayworth and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Requiem for a Heavyweight" (1962; Ralph Nelson), with Jackie Gleason, Anthony Quinn, and Julie Harris. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 3 and 6:30: "Visit to Indiana" (1970; Curt McDowell), "Billabong" (1968; Will Hindle), "Chinese Firedrill" (1968; Will Hindle), and "Watersmith" (1969; Will Hindle). . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 2:30: "The Squaw Man" (1914; Cecil B. De Mille and Oscar Apfel; a silent film), with Dustin Farnum, Winifred Kingston, and Red Wing. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 5:30: "The Cheat" (1915; Cecil B. De Mille; a silent film), with Fannie Ward and Sessue Hayakawa; and "The Woman God Forgot" (1917; Cecil B. De Mille; a silent film), with Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Reid.

**New York Film Festival**—The final programs in a series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Oct. 7 at 6:15: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962; John Frankenheimer; United States) . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 9:15: "Under Satan's Sun" (Maurice Pialat; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 6:15: "Horowitz Plays Mozart" (Albert Maysles, Susan Froemke, and Charlotte Zwerin; United States) and "Young at Heart" (Sue Marx and Pam Conn; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 9:15: "Yeelen" (Souleymane Cisse; Mali). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6:15: "My Girlfriend's Boyfriend" (Eric Rohmer; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 9:15: "Hope and Glory" (†). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at noon: "Yeelen." . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 3: "Hope and Glory" (†). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 6: "Fire from the Mountain" (Deborah Shaffer; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 9: "My Girlfriend's Boyfriend." . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Oct. 11 at 8: "House of Games" (David Mamet; United States). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

**Whitney Museum,** Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A program of six films by Su Friedrich: "Cool Hands, Warm Heart" (1979), "Scar Tissue" (1979), "Gently Down the Stream" (1981), and "But No One" (1982) Tuesdays at 2, Wednesdays through Saturdays at noon, and Sundays at 1; "The Ties That Bind" (1984) Tuesdays at 3:30, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 2; and "Damned If You Don't" (1987) Tuesdays at 6:30, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3:30, and Sundays at 4.

**Museum of Broadcasting,** 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Feb. 6: A retrospective of the television performances of Jackie Gleason. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**Asia Society,** Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—A program of films which marks the twenty-five-year collaboration of James Ivory, Ismail Merchant, and Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Oct. 16 at 3 and 7: "Autobiography of a Princess" (1975), with Madhur Jaffrey and James Mason; and "Adventures of a Brown Man in Search of Civilisation" (1972).

**Japan Society,** 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Oct. 16 at 6:30 and 8:45: "Dixieland Daimyo" (1986; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese, with English subtitles).

# IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Arlene Croce and Terrence Rafferty.)

**La Bamba**—Written and directed by Luis Valdez, this is the life story of the Chicano rock 'n' roller Ritchie Valens (Lou Diamond Phillips), who had three hit records before he died at seventeen in a plane crash, in 1959. Valdez isn't primarily concerned with Ritchie Valens as the bullet of talent he must have been. The film's Ritchie is simply a warm, friendly Latino version of the boy next door. Ritchie Valens' music, as it's performed by the group Los Lobos, with David Hidalgo singing for Phillips, is what carries the movie along, but even with the music and brief appearances by Stephen Lee, Brian Setzer, and Howard Huntsberry, this is a leaden, lachrymose piece of filmmaking. With the fiery, hammy Esai Morales as Ritchie's tormented, bad-boy half brother, Bob; Elizabeth Peña (she has a comic side) as Bob's wife, who keeps looking at him with disgust; Rosana De Soto as the boys' mother; Joe Pantoliano as Bob Keene; and Marshall Crenshaw as Buddy Holly. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/10/87.) (Art Greenwich Twin, and Embassy; through Oct. 8.)

**The Big Easy**—It has an amateurish, fifties-B-movie droopiness. Dennis Quaid plays a vain, irresistible New Orleans police lieutenant, half-Irish, half-Cajun, who is relaxed about accepting free meals and small favors; to him that's friendly, it has nothing to do with crime. Ellen Barkin plays a new assistant district attorney from up North who believes in the letter of the law—you can tell that from her drab tailored suits and her asexual prissiness. The lieutenant goes to work on her immediately in a few fairly explicit devilish-charmer-and-nervous-novice scenes, and her inhibitions melt away. The carnal humor of these moments gives the film a distinctive amiability, but there's too much TV-style drugs and killing, and the director, Jim McBride, has Quaid and Barkin playing too broadly; he also has the camera too close in—the performers stick out of the film frame. With Ned Beatty, John Goodman, Grace Zabriski, Lisa Jane Persky, and the great Charles Ludlam, who thrives on broadness. As a gentleman lawyer of Old Dixie, he rolls his eyes and wraps the picture like a ribbon around his panama hat. The script is by Daniel Petrie, Jr., and Jack Baran. (9/7/87) (Waverly. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, Manhattan Twin, and 86th Street Twin; through Oct. 8.)

**Dancers**—One of those ballet films in which life mirrors art, and not the worst by a long shot. A company closely resembling American Ballet Theatre is in Italy filming "Giselle." Mikhail Baryshnikov is the glamorous, womanizing star, and Julie Kent is the artless young girl, new to the corps, who attracts him, falls

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in love with him, and becomes distraught when she learns that he is involved with the Italian countess (Mariangela Melato) who is visiting the set. The parallels are set up in Act I, which we see mostly in rehearsals that also serve to explain the action and style of the ballet. An extensive excerpt from Act II is then performed before the cameras (costumes and scenery are those of the current A.B.T. production), while the backstage tragedy plays itself out. The point of it all, of course, is Baryshnikov's performance of Albrecht, here captured on film for the first time, and it's enough to carry the movie's contrivances and occasional miscalculations. As Tony Sergeyev, Albrecht's real-life counterpart, Baryshnikov is required to play a man whose deadened spirit is awakened by youthful innocence, and he hardly ever gets a chance to show the marvellous wit and comic energy his theatre audiences know him to possess. (One shot of him doing a Chaplin walk down a hotel corridor has to suffice.) Another drawback is that he and the lovely-looking Miss Kent never dance together; the on-camera Giselle is Alessandra Ferri, and the Kent character is mainly a device to move the parallel plots, which at times get pretty thick with cross-references. Leslie Browne, the young dancer in love with Baryshnikov in "The Turning Point," appears here as one of his former flames, who as a consequence of their affair bears a grudge against men. She puts it to good use as Myrta, Queen of the Wilis. Tommy Rall, who years ago quit ballet for the movies, returns to this film to play Wilfrid, Albrecht's squire. Lynn Seymour appears as a self-styled "crazy lady" in the role of Giselle's mother, and Victor Barbee is Hilarion. The director is Herbert Ross, of "The Turning Point;" the script is by Sarah Kernochan, and it was prepared under the supervision of Ross's wife, the ballerina Nora Kaye, who also initiated the film, and was working on the production end when she died.—A.C. (Plaza, Art Greenwich Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; starting Oct. 9.)

**Dark Eyes**—Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov and shot in Italy and the Soviet Union, it amalgamates several short stories by Chekhov and is the kind of movie that is referred to as a "broad tapestry," or, as *Variety* put it, "a joyful sleighride through the turn of the century." It features obviousness and mugging—each in almost unprecedented amounts. Everything in it is overacted, is too slow and too close. And everything—the peasant merrymaking, the bands of gypsies who sing, the servants who are humiliated, the decadent rich who go to spas and take mud baths—provides us with a moral lesson. Marcello Mastroianni is the weak, self-hating Romano, who tells the story of his wasted life: how he became the spoiled pet of his rich wife (Silvana Mangano), took mistresses (Marthe Keller is one of them), and at a spa was touched by the seriousness of Anna (Elena Sofonova)—Chekhov's woman with the little dog—and, on the pretext of opening a factory, followed her to Russia. At this point, the film turns into a satire of bureaucracy in Imperial Russia as he goes from ministry to ministry trying to get the necessary permit. Mastroianni won the best-actor award at Cannes for his performance in this massive hunk of Italo-Russian kitsch. When he's Romano, it's as if he were putting on a classroom exhibition of how to turn yourself into another person—he shows the class every bit of calculation. It's exemplary; it's horrible. (He's like Paul Muni in "Juarez" and "The Life of Émile Zola.") The cast includes Vsevolod Larionov as the beaming Pavel and Innokenti Smoktunovski as Anna's husband. The script is by Alexander Adabachian and Mikhalkov, with the collaboration of Suso Cecchi D'Amico. In Italian. (10/5/87) (Cinema I.)

**Dirty Dancing**—Set in a Catskills resort in the summer of 1963, this bright dance musical is about the role that dancing had in the embryonic counterculture. It's also a girl's version of that old phony: the-summer-I-grew-up-and-everything-changed. In the boys' version, the hero typically came down to earth with a jolt. But this is a girl's coming-of-age fantasy: the seventeen-year-old heroine, Baby (Jennifer Grey), ascends to spiritual and sensual perfection. For Baby, a doctor's daughter, the change occurs as the result of self-discovery through dancing and then through her sexual initiation and her full and open commitment to the resort's working-class dance instructor, Johnny (Patrick Swayze). Too many life lessons are learned in this bubble-headed, retro vision of growing up in the sixties, and its wish-fulfillment aspect makes Baby and Johnny and all their dirty-dancing friends pure of heart—it defuses any possible explosiveness in the material. But the director, Emile Ardolino, and the choreographer, Kenny Ortega, use the dancing to bring out the sensual dreaminess of the songs, and the screenwriter, Eleanor Bergstein, writes light, rumpled dialogue that helps you over the hooey. With Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, Jerry Orbach, Honi Coles, Lonny Price, Kelly Bishop, and Jane Brucker. (8/24/87) (Gemini, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 8.)

**Hope and Glory**—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. The movie has a beautiful pop clarity. He doesn't deny the war its terrors, but it does destroy much of what the genteel poor like the Rohans have barely been able to acknowledge they wanted destroyed. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The movie is wonderfully free of bellyaching; it's a large-scale comic vision, with ninety-foot barrage balloons as part of the party atmosphere. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (Baronet; starting Oct. 16.)

**Jean de Florette**—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952), "Jean de Florette" is to be followed, later this year, by "Manon of the Spring." The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. The wide-screen cinematography is by Bruno Nuytten. In French. (7/13/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

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**The Man Who Would Be King** (1975)—John Huston's exhilarating, farfetched adventure fantasy, based on the Rudyard Kipling short story, is about two roughneck con men, Danny and Peachy (Sean Connery and Michael Caine), in Victoria's India, who decide to conquer a barbarous land for themselves, and set out for Kafiristan, a region that was once ruled by Alexander the Great. This ironic fable about imperialism has some of the pleasures of "Gunga Din;" it's a wonderfully full and satisfying movie, with superb performances by Connery and Caine and also by Saeed Jaffrey. The role of Kipling is played by Christopher Plummer. (Thalia SoHo; Oct. 14.)

**Matewan**—This true story of a bitter, courageous strike by West Virginia coal miners in 1920 is almost stirring enough to survive the primitive and ponderous movie technique of its writer-director, John Sayles. The film aims for the simplicity and emotional purity of folk music—an effect that, in movies, is not so simply achieved. You shouldn't make a picture about the labor movement if you don't know how to give life to crowd scenes, or one that ends with a massacre if you lack the skill to render complex action lucid and comprehensible. Sayles' deficiencies as a filmmaker don't seem to be the products of smugness and arrogance, but (like Bruce Springsteen, for whom he has directed several music videos) he may be taking his populist, blue-collar aesthetic a bit too far: hard work and decent feeling, even in the service of a great subject, aren't always enough. "Matewan"—rousing as it sometimes is—would be a more convincing, even a purer, tribute to American labor if its honest sweat and blood were adulterated with more of an artist's cunning. With Chris Cooper, Will Oldham, David Strathairn, Kevin Tighe, Mary McDonnell, and James Earl Jones. Photographed by Haskell Wexler in the Left-lyrical style of his earlier work on "Bound for Glory."—T.R. (Cinema II; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Metro Cinema; starting Oct. 9.)

**Maurice**—The director, James Ivory, painstakingly reproduces the limp, drawn-out construction of E. M. Forster's novel, written in 1913 and 1914, but not published until 1971, a year after his death. It's about a young man's struggle to come to terms with his homosexuality. Forster wants to show that homosexuality is natural, and so Maurice (pronounced Morris) is an average Edwardian stockbroker who lives in the suburbs—a proper hale-and-hearty fellow, narrow-minded and snobbish, like others of his (middle) class. And then Forster tries to demonstrate that Maurice's full physical commitment to his homosexual drives is his redemption—that it burns away his snobbery and turns him into a more perceptive man, a better man. The trap for both the novel and the film is Maurice's blandness; the actor who plays him—tall, blond James Wilby—comes across as passive and slow. (You'd think being a gay man was tantamount to being retarded.) Ivory has a fine, trained eye for light and composition, but when it comes to capturing the feel of repression and of bursting desire he isn't there. The movie is suffocatingly discreet, with classical music in the clinches. Hugh Grant plays Maurice's upper-class Cambridge friend Clive Durham, with whom he experiences three years of platonic frustration, and Rupert Graves is Durham's under-gamekeeper Scudder, with whom Maurice finally experiences physical love. Also with

Billie Whitelaw as Maurice's mother, Judy Parfitt as Durham's mother, and Peter Eyre, Denholm Elliott, Ben Kingsley, Simon Callow, and Helena Michell and Kitty Aldridge as Maurice's sisters. The screenplay is by Kit Hesketh-Harvey and Ivory; cinematography by Pierre Lhomme. A Merchant-Ivory production, made in England. (9/21/87) (Paris.)

**Mouchette** (1966)—Robert Bresson has made several films of such sobriety that while some people find them awesomely beautiful, other people find sitting through them like taking a whipping and watching every stroke coming. "Mouchette," from a Bernanos novel, is about a lonely, mistreated fourteen-year-old girl who commits suicide. In French. (Cinema Village; Oct. 11.)

**My Life as a Dog**—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Carnegie Screening Room; through Oct. 14.)

**No Way Out**—This is a film noir without malevolence or mystery. It's a Yuppie thriller: it has no psychological layers. Mostly it involves chasing around the glass offices and corridors of the Pentagon (actually Stage 27 at the old M-G-M studios in Culver City). But many people respond to it with hot, jumpy enthusiasm—especially to the high-level friskiness and the display of thigh in a stretch limo. A reworking of the plot of the Kenneth Fearing novel "The Big Clock," filmed in 1948, with Charles Laughton as a Henry Luce figure, the Robert Garland script features Gene Hackman as an arrogant Secretary of Defense who discovers that his mistress (Sean Young) has a lover—though not who it is—and, in a rage, accidentally kills her. His wormy yes-man aide (Will Patton) dreams up the idea that the lover is an as yet undiscovered—perhaps only hypothetical—Russian agent named Yuri, who can be blamed for the murder. Needing a front man for this coverup, they arrange to have a naval hero (Kevin Costner) put in charge of the search to find the lover and "neutralize" him. This naval hero is, of course, the lover, and the movie, told from his point of view, is about his peril. The director, Roger Donaldson, whips the action along, with camera angles changing so fast you hardly have time to ask what the chases are for or why the story points don't follow through. (9/7/87) (Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Plaza; through Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum, and Cinema 3; starting Oct. 9.)

**The Pick-up Artist**—An airy romantic comedy with Robert Downey as a buoyant young New Yorker who races through his days, chasing women compulsively, as if he were under a spell and could never relax. Then he propositions a long-legged, nimble-witted redhead (Molly Ringwald), who's only nineteen but is a few leaps ahead of him. Downey, whose soul is floppy-eared, gives the movie a fairy-tale sunniness, and Ringwald, who has acquired lusher, deeper colors, is essentially a girl in distress. They match up like Pierrot and Pierrette. The film doesn't build the rush of excitement that's needed when the action moves to Atlantic City, but in its own irrepressible way it's sustained. It's bright and blithe, like the sound of the sixties girl groups on the track; the flimsy plot hardly matters, because new, undreamed-of characters keep turning up, and they keep things bubbling along. The cast includes Victoria Jackson, Bob Gunton, Christine Baranski, Mildred Dunnock, Robert Towne, Dennis Hopper, Harvey Keitel, Danny Aiello, and Tom Signorelli (as a used-car salesman). Among the women the hero tries to pick up are Anne Marie Bobby, who tells him she's studying for the priesthood, and Vanessa Williams, whose dog gives him the brushoff. Written and directed by James

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Toback; the cinematography is by Gordon Willis. (10/5/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Cinema 3, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center; through Oct. 8.)

**RoboCop**—In this punk sci-fi revenge fantasy, the near future is played for depravity, for kicks. Set in a Detroit of cloud-topped skyscrapers and a decaying older part of the city where rapists and vandals run wild and every day is open season on cops, the movie is shot in a deliberate sicko-sleazo comic-book style. (Body parts are treated as if they were auto-body parts.) When Murphy (Peter Weller), a young cop employed by the all-powerful conglomerate OCP, is blown apart by a gang of scummy sadists, OCP's scientists use his remains as part of a cyborg—an experimental model for an organic, automated cop that requires food but is virtually indestructible and is programmed to keep order. The Dutch director, Paul Verhoeven, was nastily witty in "The 4th Man," but here, working in English, he doesn't have the timing or the spirit for that. This isn't gallows humor—it's just gallows pulp. As Murphy's woman-cop partner, Nancy Allen has the right soft tones to give the movie a little differentiation; it makes sense that she would get through to RoboCop's human memory. (When he removes his steel hood, his tense, pained face has the imaginative beauty that stirs audiences at classic horror films.) With Kurtwood Smith, Miguel Ferrer, Daniel O'Herlihy, Ronny Cox, and Robert DoQui. Written by Edward Neumeier and Michael Miner. (8/10/87) (Waverly; through Oct. 8.)

**Sounder** (1972)—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. Perhaps the first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Directed by Martin Ritt, from a script by Lonne Elder III, based on a novel by William H. Armstrong. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. Cinematography by John Alonzo. (Film Forum 2; Oct. 14.)

**Stakeout**—Wanting to be loved isn't necessarily the worst thing in an actor: Richard Dreyfuss makes his adorableness amusing here, and gives his most confident star performance to date. He and Emilio Estevez play two Seattle police detectives who are assigned to the night shift on a stakeout, watching the former girlfriend (Madeleine Stowe) of an escaped convict (Aidan Quinn). The Dreyfuss character finds himself falling in love with the woman he's spying on, and when he breaks the rules and spends time with her he's aware that his partner, Estevez, is watching him. All this is a jolly setup for amorous farce, and Dreyfuss has a Chaplinesque glee in some of the scenes; he's fun to watch. The director, John Badham, does his most entertaining work in years, but you feel the pressure of engineering underneath. For all the nippiness in the dialogue (the script is by Jim Kouf), and the comic interplay of the actors, the picture doesn't leave you with anything. Aidan Quinn, who first appears heavily bearded, has a dashing, bulging-blue-eyed scariness. (Shot in and around Vancouver.) (8/24/87) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through Oct. 8. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Oct. 13.)

**Tampopo**—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

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**To Kill a Mockingbird** (1962)—When Gregory Peck got the Academy Award for Best Actor for his performance as an upstanding widowed lawyer practicing in a small Alabama town in the early thirties, there was a fair amount of derision throughout the country: Peck was better than usual, but in that same virtuously dull way. Robert Mulligan directed, from Horton Foote's adaptation of Harper Lee's Pulitzer Prize novel, and it's all terribly conscientious—the clapboard houses, the slatted porch swings on rusty chains, the Chevy phaetons on dusty streets, the high moral sentiments, the specs on Peck's nose. The movie is part eerie Southern gothic and part Hollywood self-congratulation for its enlightened racial attitudes. Brock Peters, who flares his nostrils mightily, is the black man on trial, and Robert Duvall is the brain-damaged Boo Radley, of whom the lawyer's children (Mary Badham and Phillip Alford) are terrified. With John Megna, Ruth White, Rosemary Murphy, James Anderson, Collin Wilcox, William Windom, Alice Ghostley, Crahan Denton, Frank Overton, and Richard Hale. Cinematography by Russell Harlan; music by Elmer Bernstein; art direction by Alexander Golitzen and Henry Bumstead. (Cinema Village; Oct. 12-13.)

**The Untouchables**—Set in Chicago circa 1930—Al Capone's capital of crime—this Brian De Palma movie, from a script by David Mamet, is like an attempt to visualize the public's collective dream of Chicago gangsters. Our movie-fed imagination of the past is enlarged and given a new vividness. De Palma is a showman here. Everything is neatly done in broad strokes, and the slight unbelievability of it all makes it more enjoyable. Robert De Niro's Capone is a plump peacock with receding hair and a fat cigar in his mouth. The four men who fight to restore the honor of a corrupted society—the four who can't be bribed, the Untouchables—are the fresh-faced young Special Agent Eliot Ness, played by Kevin Costner; a smart, ornery veteran cop, played (magnificently) by Sean Connery; a rookie-cop sharpshooter (Andy Garcia); and a small, middle-aged accountant (Charles Martin Smith). It's not a great movie; it's too banal, too morally comfortable—the script is too obvious. But it's a great audience movie. Cinematography by Stephen H. Burum; music by Ennio Morricone. (Every now and then you may wonder what Morricone's throbbing disco-synthesizer beat is doing in this period.) (6/29/87) (Loews New York Twin, and Movieland; through Oct. 8.)

**What Have I Done to Deserve This!** (1984)—This Spanish film by the bad-boy writer-director Pedro Almodóvar has an Off Off Broadway informality. It's a generally likable dadaist farce about working-class family life in Madrid's housing projects. The heroine, Gloria (Carmen Maura), drags herself through eighteen-hour days with the help of No Doz and an occasional sniff of glue or detergent. She goes out to work as a cleaning woman and also cooks and scrubs for her taxi-driver husband (who's a gifted forger and is involved in a scheme to fake Hitler's memoirs) and her two sons—a fourteen-year-old drug dealer and a twelve-year-old hustler who seduces his schoolmates' fathers. The picture is like a slap-happy comic-strip version of "The Threepenny Opera." It's flip enough to be fairly amusing to watch, but it leaves you with not much to talk about. In Spanish. (Public Theatre; through Oct. 15.)

**The Whistle Blower**—A gray, muted British thriller about double-dealing and intricate coverups in the intelligence service. Julian Bond's script (from a novel by John Hale) aims for the tone of civilized amorality familiar to readers of John le Carré, and the director, Simon Langton, has worked this territory before—he directed the memorable TV adaptation of "Smiley's People." But this story isn't quite complex or surprising enough to engage us fully—the fiendish overelaboration of a le Carré plot is missing. It's painless, though, thanks mostly to its good cast. Michael Caine is, as always, effortlessly convincing; Sir John Gielgud provides yet another of his impeccably chiselled cameos; Barry Foster does a spectacular drunk scene; and Nigel Havers, Felicity Dean, James Fox, and Gordon Jackson mill competently through the background.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

**Wish You Were Here**—Set in a seaside town on the south coast of England and shot in warm, sunny flesh tones, this English comedy has a satirical yet dreamlike texture. It's about an uncontrollably ribald girl who flaunts her sexuality the same way she flaunts taboo words. It's 1951; she lifts up her skirts to show off her Betty Grable legs and gives men a good look at her knickers. The sixteen-year-old Emily Lloyd, who plays the part, has the kind of freshness and youthfulness that can't be faked on camera; she embodies everything that the writer-director David Leland is trying to say about the spontaneity, the honesty, and the happy, rude extroversion that kids have pressured out of them. The film is based on the early years of Cynthia Payne, who was the inspiration for the madam in "Personal Services" (which Leland wrote). The first-rate cast includes Tom Bell as the girl's bookie lover, Geoffrey Hutchings as her father, Jesse Birdsall as her bus-conductor boyfriend, Pat Heywood as her aunt, and Heathcote Williams as the psychiatrist she's taken to. The film has its banal side, but it's never visually banal; the cinematography is by Ian Wilson. (7/27/87) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

**Withnail and I**—This first film directed by Bruce Robinson is a very peculiar comedy about a pair of young unemployed actors living in London in 1969. This isn't the bright, swinging London of sixties legend but the damp and sunless city that always was and always will be—a claustrophobic, mildewy atmosphere lightened only by sporadic blasts of undergraduate wit. The heroes are extremely funny in the first half hour, using jokes and a variety of intoxicants to keep the rot from seeping into their bones. Then Robinson (who also wrote the screenplay) transplants them to a decrepit country cottage, and the picture—almost literally—bogs down: there hasn't been this much mud onscreen since the last hour of "The Seven Samurai." He never completely runs out of comic energy, though, and Richard E. Grant, as the flamboyantly dissolute Withnail, is wonderful throughout. This crumbling hippie/dandy is never so drunk or so stoned that he can't launch a brittle bon mot, in a perfect upper-class accent. He suggests, simultaneously, George Sanders and Keith Richards—no small accomplishment. With Paul McGann (as "I"), Richard Griffiths, and Ralph Brown as a drug dealer who attaches himself like a mold to the heroes' sofa.—T.R. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 8.)

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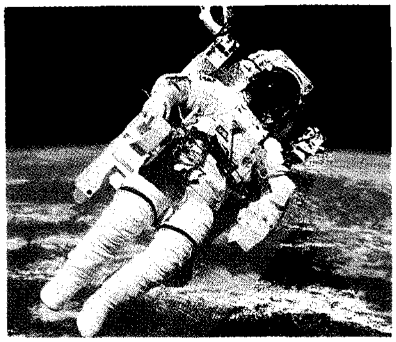
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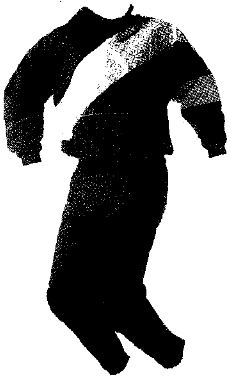

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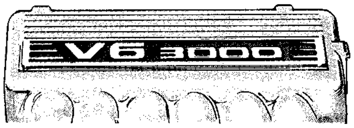

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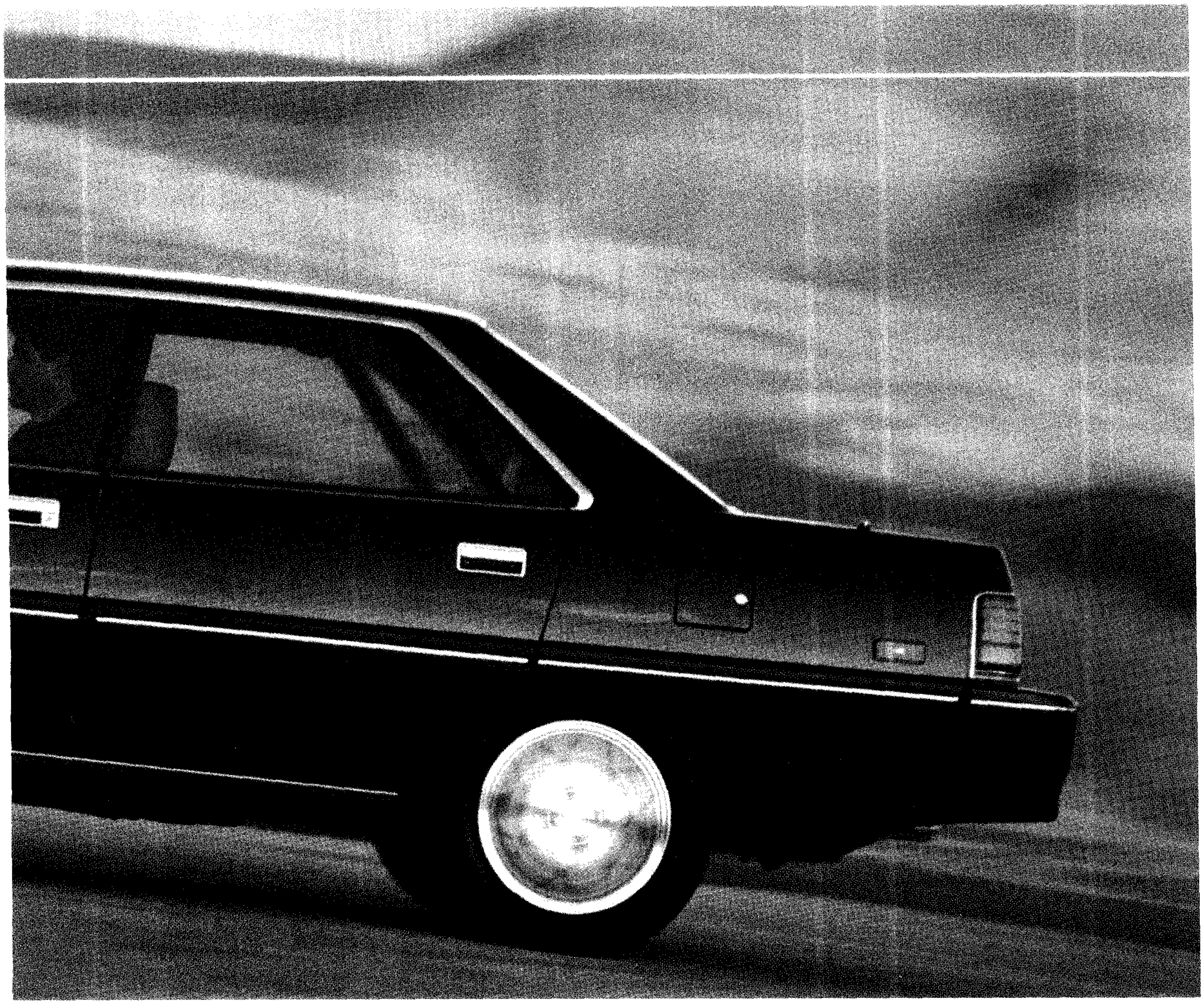

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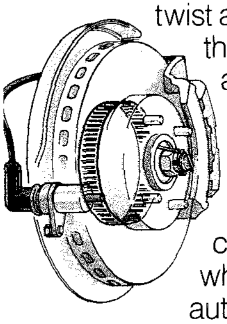

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

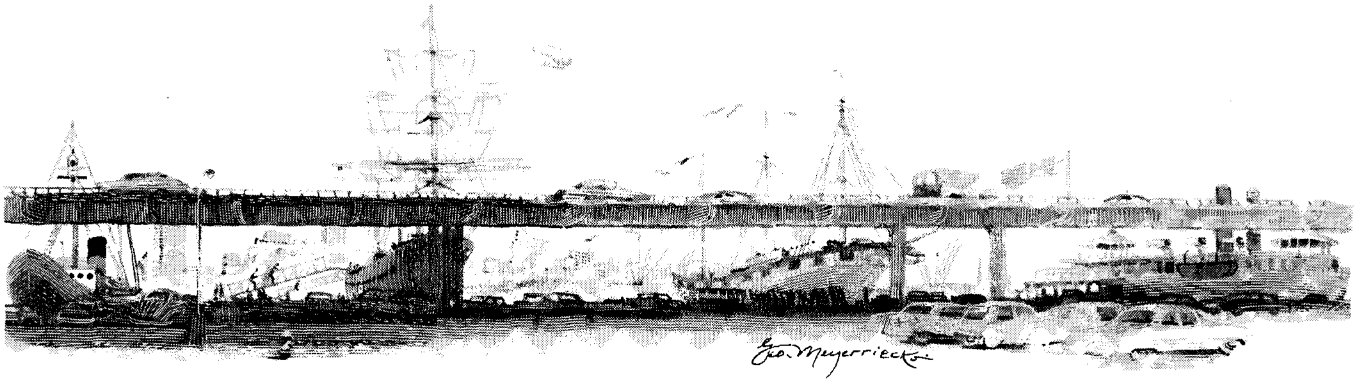
THE Reagan Administration, after a period of wavering in its attitude toward the peace plan signed in Guatemala in August by the leaders of five Central American countries, has now set itself against the plan by producing a list of demands that it says the Nicaraguan government must accept before the United States will coöperate—demands that the Administration's own spokesmen acknowledge are highly unlikely to be met. But the "peace scare" is not yet over, and the Administration may not succeed in destroying this regional agreement, the way it did the Contadora treaty in 1984. Why should it want to? On the face of it, finding the idea of peace scary seems diabolical. In this instance, of course, peace—for the Reagan Administration—equals surrender. Peace would almost certainly allow the Sandinistas to remain in power in Nicaragua, and the Administration's long-cherished goal of installing its proxy force, the Contras, in Managua would have to be abandoned. But if we accept President Reagan's repeated promises that American troops will not be sent to do battle in Central America, the fact that Contra victory has never been within the most distant realm of possibility suggests that there is more to the Administration's fear of peace in the region than mere strategic calculation. There are also domestic political considerations.

Richard Viguerie, a direct-mail-campaign expert, whose pronouncements are much heeded in Reagan's Washington, says that support for the Contras has become "the real litmus test" within the Republican Party for those seeking the Party's 1988 Presidential nomination. It may be only coincidence that two of the leading contenders, Representative Jack F. Kemp and Senator Robert J. Dole, have travelled to Central America in the past few weeks, but both men have certainly worked to gain maximum political advantage from their junkets. That Mr. Kemp succeeded was the single burden of a *Times* headline, "KEMP GAINS FAVOR IN HIS LATIN VISIT." A Republican activist quoted in the *Times* report said, "He showed that he has what it takes." Mr. Kemp during his sojourn threatened President Oscar Arias Sánchez, of Costa Rica, the principal architect of the peace plan, with a blockage of financial assistance to his country if he should happen to speak out against further United States support for the Contras.

Senator Dole was accompanied by a camera crew, which filmed him engaging in heated debate with Nicaragua's President Daniel Ortega, and there have been hints that we'll be seeing highlights of the debate in Dole campaign commercials. When Dole got back to this country, he told a reporter for the Milwaukee *Sentinel* that other Central American leaders so disliked President Ortega that none of them would object "if somebody came down there and sort of blew him away." He denied afterward that he had meant he would like to see President Ortega murdered, but he went on to speak approvingly of "a little three-day invasion" as an answer to Central America's problems.

Remarks such as these seem to overestimate the American people's appetite for military adventure in Latin America, but they are actually only a tentative beating of the war drum. Exaggerating the threat that Nicaragua represents to its neighbors and to this country, haranguing "enemies," and strong-arming "allies"—keeping the pot boiling in Central America—all contribute, so some political thinking obviously goes, to a mood that will favor the Republicans, and particularly Republican hawks, in the campaigns next year.

The prospect of peace is no doubt frightening to the leaders of the Contras, too. Their chances of successful reintegration into Nicaraguan society



under any circumstances short of a military takeover are remote. Nor does peace in Nicaragua promise a golden age to the Sandinistas: Third World revolutions have been notably more successful in times of war than during stable periods, when economic development and political freedom could reasonably be expected to flourish. But the idea of peace surely does not scare the vast majority of the people in Central America. Granted, "peace" as a concept is slippery and unsatisfying. It can really be described only negatively—as the absence of war—yet it is exceedingly broad, covering an infinite variety of situations, many of them unhappy. Nevertheless, to those caught in the hellish fire of war peace must sound like heaven on earth. The *real* "litmus test" for Americans will be whether, during the coming debate over Contra aid, we heed the anguish of Central America or the self-serving exercises of our politicians.

•

A FRIEND visiting the Soviet Union reports:

In Leningrad the other morning, outside the huge St. Isaac's Cathedral, I was practically run down by a motorcade: two speeding police cars with flashing red and blue lights, a long, sleek black ZIL limo, eight or ten smaller black cars—clearly kings of the road. That afternoon, on my way back from a visit to Petrodvorets (né Peterhof), the summer palace of the Czars, my driver had to pull to the side and yield to what was unmistakably the same imperious caravan. Aha, I thought, it must be the recently elusive Gorbachev himself, or at least Michael Jackson. (I'd been here for two weeks and knew nothing about who might be where.) But, no, the V.I.P. being rushed back and forth was none other than Mario Cuomo. I discovered this that very evening at my hotel, where the Governor, who has been travelling a lot since he decided not to call himself a Presidential candidate, was enjoying an unexpected, nonpartisan reunion with another eminent New Yorker, State Senator Mary B. Goodhue (Rep., Bedford), who until then had thought she was the only American elected official in town. The Senator was kind enough to introduce me to the Guv, who, with his wife, was winding up a six-day inspection of Moscow and Leningrad. Not being a Presidential aspirant, he presumably hadn't come here to court the Russian vote, but he may have had a distant eye on the Jewish vote back home. He told me, "Soviet officials were embarrassed that Gorbachev wasn't around to greet me, but I never asked for a meeting. Most of the officials Matilda and I have seen have been very good to us, though they wouldn't take me to a synagogue on Rosh Hashanah."

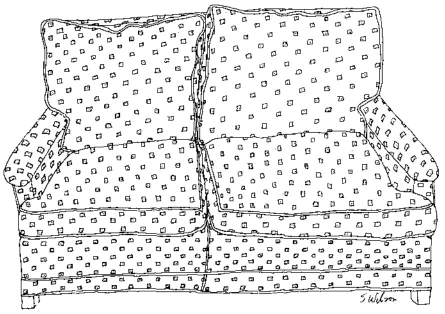
The Governor went on, "You ask why I'm here? That's just another way of asking if I'm running for President. There are all kinds of reasons I'm here. I have five kids and a grandchild, and for every parent and for every politician, peace and prosperity are the big issues. They both depend on our relations with the U.S.S.R. I'm glad to say that we have about two thousand students studying Russian at New York's state and city universities, and eighteen of them are actually over here now. I'm going to ask both SUNY and CUNY to increase their studies of *glasnost* and *perestroika*. We should be looking into things like how the Russians build all their housing—though, of course, they don't have to worry about labor unions. I've had some good arguments here—about human rights, naturally, and about Afghanistan—and I've had some fascinating discussions about the Soviet work force. It isn't large enough. They have no immigration, and they're not making enough babies: they should offer families bonuses for a third child. When Matilda told them we have five children, they gave her all the credit." The Governor flashed his familiar I-am-not-a-candidate smile.

"You want to know the truth about why I'm here?" Another smile. "Last year, John Milton Cooper, a professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, urged me to go to Russia. Well, Matilda and I hadn't had a vacation since our honeymoon, thirty-three years ago, so when Cooper came over here on a Fulbright I said to her, 'Let's go to Moscow.' When the Soviets heard we were coming, though, they said our trip had to be official. Since we arrived, a number of Russians have asked me if I think a Democrat can win the next Presidential election. I give them an honest answer. I say that if our two countries can't make a deal soon on arms control the American people will blame Reagan and the Democrats will win. I would prefer to have the Democrats win in any event, but I would prefer an arms deal even more. So let's make a deal, I tell them. Because so many people are messing around with me and the Presidency business, incidentally, at least I get a chance to speak out."

After Governor Cuomo had been whisked off to some official banquet, a hovering Intourist guide assured Senator Goodhue and me that any American statesperson of comparable stature would have got the same red-carpet treatment.

"Like, say, the governor of South Dakota?" the Senator wanted to know.

"Is he a candidate for President?" the guide asked.



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## *Tomato Bob*

THE multitalented Tomato Bob is, among other things, a capable mimic, whose repertoire includes Artie, his father; Joe, one of his two main tomato suppliers; Joe's wife, Helen; Veryle, one of his delivery drivers; Danny, an excitable produce buyer at an East Side steak house; and Kelly Kendig, a patrolman in the Lambertville, New Jersey, Police Department. Before he became Tomato Bob—back when he was Robert Polenz, a friendly guy with roots in Ringoes, New Jersey—he accumulated many interesting life experiences. He graduated from Muskingum College, in Ohio, enrolled in a Methodist seminary in Illinois, taught high school, gave piano and organ lessons in a music store in a suburban mall, worked as a janitor, cleaned houses, waited table, played cocktail piano and sang in night clubs and a bowling alley, and acted on and off Broadway. In 1983, he sold tomatoes from a garden he had cultivated in Ringoes to a few restaurants in lower Manhattan. That summer and the next, when he officially became Tomato Bob, he sold ten or so cases of tomatoes a week. Now he has about sixty accounts and sells about five hundred cases of produce a week. His invoices and stationery say "Field ripened New Jersey tomatoes, peaches and sweet corn."

The tomatoes grow in Ringoes—an hour southwest of the Holland Tunnel, not far from the Flemington fur company—and are sold to "21," Hulot's, the Café Carlyle, Maurice, Memphis, the Café des Artistes, Café Luxembourg, Miss Ruby's Café, the Gotham Bar & Grill, Odeon, Provence, the River Café, and other places where you can eat if you remember to bring a fully loaded wallet. Tomato Bob picks his tomatoes ripe and sells them ripe, and that explains why, during tomato season, Tomato Bob is such a popular person.

The "TOMATO" on Tomato Bob's business card is all uppercase and chlorophyll green, and the "O" in "BOB" is a round, plump, deep-red tomato. Tomato Bob himself has blond hair, a fair complexion, and a smooth-shaven, lean, fit look. He's forty but could pass for thirty. On the job, he wears khaki shorts, white socks, white New Balance tennis shoes, and a white polo shirt with the "BOB" logo over the left breast. When Tomato Bob, dressed that way, gets into one of his two sleek white Toyota vans, he gives the impression that he's off to play a couple of sets of tennis and *then* deliver some tomatoes.

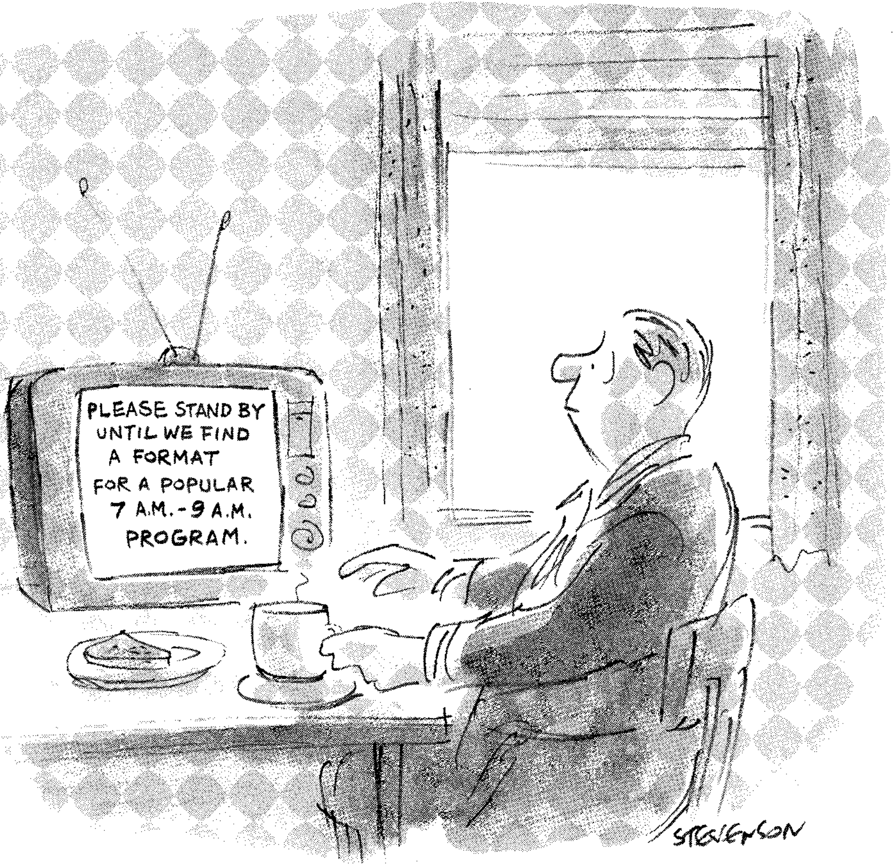
In moments of adversity, Tomato Bob tries to stay calm. "I don't want to have to yell in this business," he says. A pet saying of Tomato Bob's translates politely as "Stuff happens." When Tomato Bob says "Stuff happens," he means, without rancor, that unpleasant stuff happens but, hey, it's bound to happen anyway, you just try to work your way around it. Maybe you have a long run of dry weather and your second crop doesn't come in fast enough, and then, just as it ripens, maybe you get about nine inches of rain and your tomatoes swell and burst. Maybe sap beetles attack. Maybe ground rot. Maybe Veryle dents a fender and gets upset and dysfunctional. Maybe Danny, the produce buyer at the East Side steak house, gets upset by something that isn't even your fault and calls you every name in the book but Tomato Bob, and the steak house becomes a former big Tomato Bob account. Maybe some other stuff happens.

This happened the other morning: At four-thirty—Tomato Bob doesn't usually rise and shine until five-thirty—the phone rang in his apartment, in SoHo. It was Lyn Stires (Tomato Bob has five siblings; Lyn lives with his youngest brother, Jeff), calling from Lambertville, which is seven miles from Ringoes, to say that Tomato Bob's sleek white Toyota van (*not* the one with the Veryle-dented fender, the other one), which had been parked outside her and Jeff's apartment with, in the cargo area, twenty cases of assorted tomatoes, five cases of peaches, four hundred ears of corn, and three pounds of squash blossoms, and which Lyn had been planning to drive to New York that morning, had been borrowed, without authorization, by the seventeen-year-old sort-of husband of Tomato Bob's niece Lucy (daughter of his older sister Patt)—Bob's nephew-in-law, sort of; call him Ricky.

That morning, Tomato Bob spent a lot of time on the phone, apologizing for not being able to make certain deliveries, and that afternoon he drove his fourteen-foot Mitsubishi truck to Ringoes. His first stop was John and Helen Rynearson's place. Two and a half acres of tomatoes are planted in the Rynearsons' front yard, and they include all of Tomato Bob's special varieties: Lemon Boys (pale yellow), Golden Jubilees (large and orange), Sweet 100s (red, cherry-size), Romas (red plums), White Beauties (ivory-colored and big), two varieties of tomatillos (with a sweet flavor that Tomato Bob describes as "earthy and tart"), Teardrops (yellow, pear-shaped, cherry-size), and Sundrops (medium-sized yellow plums—the type that eventually finds a home atop a designer pizza on Third Avenue).

Two minutes after Tomato Bob arrived, Lyn Stires drove up in the once-sleek white Toyota van. The left front headlight was smashed and the right passenger window was missing. "I bet your customers are saying, 'Boy, that Bob can make up any kind of excuse for not delivering,' " Lyn said.

John Rynearson, who had been picking tomatoes with his wife, headed off to an appointment with a chiropractor, and Lyn joined Helen Rynearson out in the field. Tomato Bob took off his shoes and socks and went out there, too. None of the plants were staked, so he had to tiptoe through a morass of fruit and vines. He reached for a white tomato. "There's a good one," he said, but when he looked at it closely he saw that it was cracked. "Ach," he said. "All this weather." After taste-



testing a few tomatillos and yellow plums, he loaded onto his truck everything that should have been delivered that morning, and also an extra dozen or so cases of small tomatoes, red field tomatoes, plum tomatoes, and tomatillos, waved goodbye to Lyn and Helen, and drove a half mile to Bob Perehinys's farm. Bob Perehinys had four hundred just picked ears of corn waiting in gunnysacks. Tomato Bob also buys pumpkins and corn smut from the Perehinys farm. Corn smut is a fungus that most American farmers spray their crops to avoid, but in Mexico, where it's a delicacy, farmers try to cultivate corn smut. "These farmers in New Jersey selling me corn smut—'gosh' is every other word out of their mouths," said Tomato Bob, who sells the Perehinys corn smut to Rosa Mexicano, on First Avenue.

The first of Tomato Bob's tomatoes are harvested in late July, and he hopes to harvest the last ones around Halloween, by which time he should have earned enough money to support himself through the winter. Tomato Bob's last acting job, as understudy for Frederic in the Joe Papp production of "Pirates of Penzance," ended in the fall of 1982. That winter, he had a snowmobile accident and lost part of his singing voice. He thinks it's coming back now, and he hopes that by January, right around the time the seed catalogues begin to arrive, he'll be able to perform in an Off Off Broadway production of some Offenbach operettas.

The final stop on Tomato Bob's swing through Ringoes was at Joe and Helen Cvetan's place—a Cape Cod farmhouse on a busy state road, Route 31. Tomato Bob has been buying tomatoes from Joe and Helen Cvetan since 1983, his first season in business. The Cvetans plant only Pik-Reds—big red field tomatoes—and Tomato Bob buys four tons a week. He began loading forty twenty-five-pound cardboard cases of tomatoes onto his truck. He lifted the lid on one of the cases, inspected a tomato, and threw it aside, into an empty basket.

"What's wrong with that tomato, Bob?" Joe Cvetan asked.

"It had a bite taken out of it," said Tomato Bob.

## *Three*

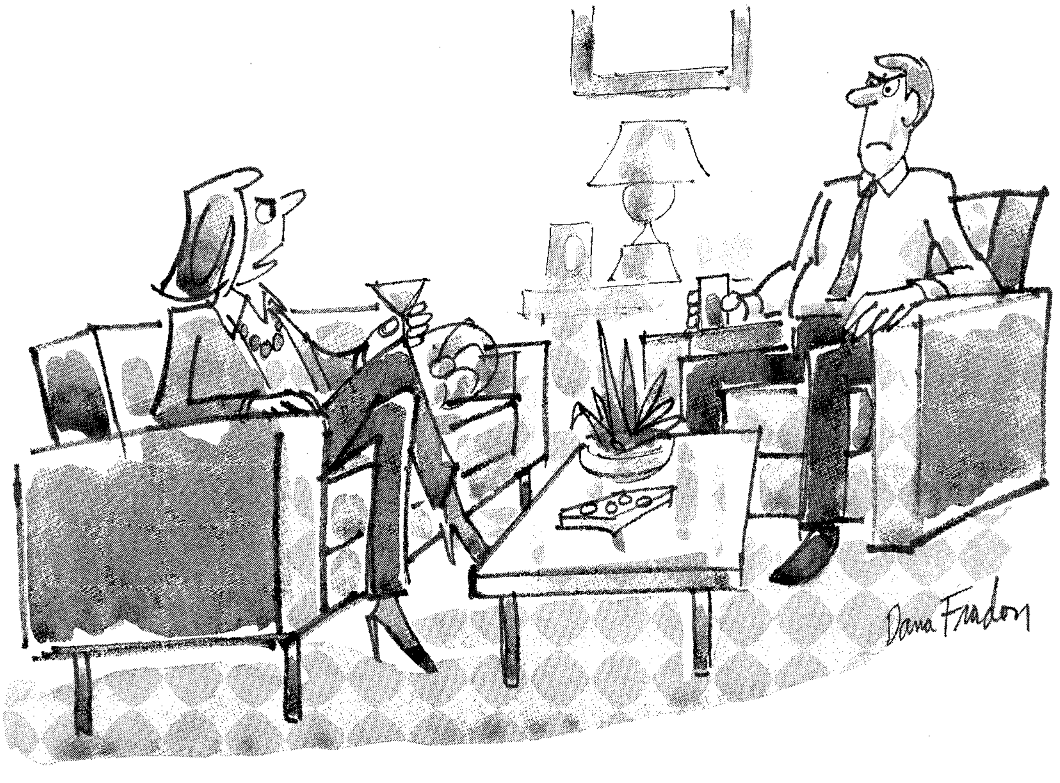
WE are looking at a business card. It is *embossed.* At the top, in a type style that is a little old-fashioned, a little nineteenth-century, and absolutely *metropolitan* in feeling, you have the phrase "City of Orlando." Under that, a line, and then, in much more modern type, "Orlando Police Department." To the left of all this is what we take to be the seal of the City of Orlando, which, as far as we can make out, involves a body of water and a palm tree. In the middle of the card (and we provide space here to give you the idea) are the name

S. J. Glass

and the title "Lieutenant." Above the name on the particular copy of the card which is resting at this minute on our thigh so we can look at it (many other copies of this card are presumed to exist) is the name Shelia handwritten in a pleasant, legible script.

Shelia is a big woman, with creamy-white skin and dark curly hair. She was one of three women police officers who were sitting together at the "When Your Partner Is the Opposite Sex" seminar at the recent International Association of Women Police convention at the Sheraton Centre Hotel. We watched them with admiration. These three seemed to want to reinvent participatory democracy, starting from within the law-enforcement establishment—an interesting idea, if you stop and think about it. We were glad to have a chance to observe them, not just because they were extremely lively and irrepressible but because outsiders, including members of the press, are not welcome at all International Association of Women Police events. For instance, we were not asked to attend seminars on "Defense Tactics for the Smaller Officer," in Imperial Ballroom A; "Advanced Firearms and Explosive Familiarization," in the Versailles Terrace; "Force and Its Justification," in the Princess Ballroom; and "Post-Shooting Trauma," in Imperial Ballroom B. "When Your Partner Is the Opposite Sex" was considered "soft," as opposed to "hard," police material, we guess—like civics as opposed to physics—but we think that there is a lot to come to grips with in a topic like this, and we were happy to watch energetic Americans tackle it.

Especially S. J. Glass



*"I'll abandon my medium- and shorter-range missiles if you'll abandon yours."*

and Pamela Miller (also from Orlando) and Barbara Hopper (Palm Beach County Sheriff's Office). But, first, before we get to these three police officers from Florida, we should tell you something about the seminar in general. It was held in Imperial Ballroom B. To get an idea of this room, you should imagine that the creative team that made "RoboCop" (a movie not mentioned at the convention in our hearing) has filmed a sequel set in Fascist Italy. Really. There was a long dais—a really *long* dais—and it was set high up, and there were huge mirrored things hanging over the heads of the people on the dais, like a kind of decoration from a world in which entertainment and druidic rites were perceived as being of equal importance.

As for the people on the dais, they were twelve in number. These people were "mixed-gender teams from the New York City Police Dept.," and they were all wonderful people. We mean it. We got about twelve ideas for a police-oriented action-and-comedy television series. For instance, on the extreme left was a veteran police officer (male) named Patrick Conroy, who had been partnered with a woman (the only unpartnered officer available at the time) and had made a go of it. "Some guys, you're never going to be able to change their mind," he said over and over, indicating that he was within *one inch* of being that kind of guy himself. On the extreme right were three police officers (two male and one female) who constituted a mixed-gender team so interesting that they were hardly able to contain their exhilaration. Two guys, one woman; both the guys are married; she's engaged; six people involved, *at least*. You can imagine. In the dead middle was Mr. Jess Maghan, director of training for the New York City Police Department. Also in the middle (but not the dead middle) were a veteran police officer (male) who described himself as "a dinosaur" and a remarkably attractive and well-spoken female officer, Lisa Ambrose.

The male officer, Tony Meiswinkle, spoke. "You must survive to be a police officer," he said. "I had a partner nine years. It was like a marriage. But he left me for the Fire Department. He broke my heart. So I did what you do when you have a broken heart. You look for another person. I went through a lot of people looking for a partner. I went through about a hundred guys looking for a partner. For whatever reason, I didn't find one. I would ride with some of these guys and I'd say, 'Pardon me, I have to go to the bathroom.' I'd go into the bathroom and I'd just scream, 'He shouldn't be a police officer! He's driving me crazy! I can't ride with him!' I met Lisa. We've worked together about a year, and I've enjoyed it quite a bit."

So back to the three officers from Florida. During the session, Investigator Pam Miller asked a question the gist of which was why the emphasis should be on training female officers to learn the male cops' way of doing things. This question was more or less ignored. Lieutenant Shelia Glass got up. "I think that what Investigator Miller was trying to say was you ought to be training male officers in the female officers' model," she said. This caused a stir.

After the seminar ended, a knot of people gathered around the three officers from Florida. Investigator Pam Miller held forth for a while. She has a lithe, intense energy. She was wearing a tank top with the Bud Light emblem on it. Her hair is short in front and long and curly down the back.

"All that crap about standards," Lieutenant Glass said. (Another lieutenant had said that it was important to keep up standards.) "If a woman does something stupid, she does something stupid. She doesn't make *me* look bad." (One person on the dais had said that a mistake by a woman was a mistake for womandom.)

"What about the *male* cops?" Investigator Miller asked. "They are the worst-looking cops I have ever seen in my life."

"She means the ones in this city," Lieutenant Glass said.

"Exactly," Officer Hopper said.

"I met one who said he hadn't had the gun out of his holster in three years," Investigator Miller said.

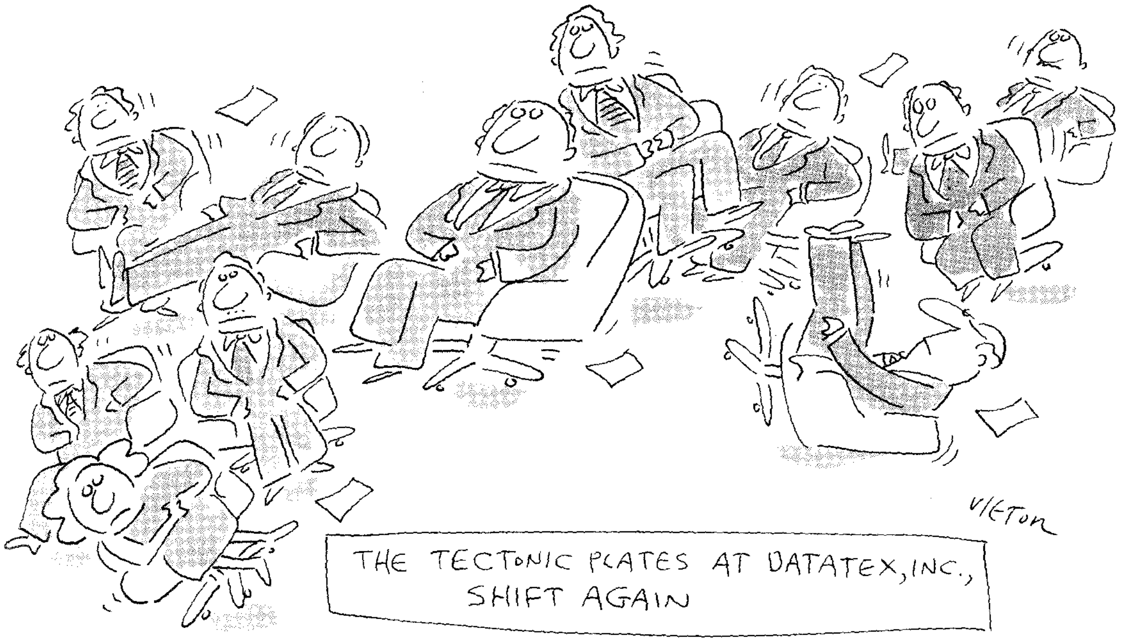
"His ammo was *green*," Lieutenant Glass said. "There was green mold growing on his bullets."

"They are not sharp," Officer Hopper said.

"If you're not sharp, you're not sharp," Investigator Miller said.

"You're really into being a cop," a male officer from the dais said. "The average cop in New York isn't into being a cop."

"I believe in law enforcement, and I believe in women in law enforcement," Investigator Miller said.



THE TECTONIC PLATES AT DATATEX, INC., SHIFT AGAIN

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# A KIND OF DYING

THE oxygen tube makes me think I have my glasses on.

The defunct TV set reflects a constellation on its screen, little pinpoints of light from the monitor opposite, a Cassiopeia of sorts. Four bags are suspended from the ceiling. They have some connection with me but I can't make it out. There are four readings. Three look serious. One meaningless. I am not sure which is which. There is a huge window slatted with a venetian blind. I have no idea what is behind it. A gay canvas curtain, bright stripes, protects me from the big room.

Now that my legs are shaking, they don't itch so much.

In the next cubicle is a young woman with a respirator that changes its rhythm and sound periodically. The two nurses talk to her. The patient doesn't answer back. At least, I can't hear her.

THERE were three policemen in the patrol car. The one in the back seat asked me what made me so sure I was having a heart attack. Very polite, I said I had had one before and knew what it was like. My wife, less polite, told them to step on it. Finally they turned on their flashing light and made that nasty whooshing noise they can make under the revolving blue and drove fast down Broadway to 112th Street, then left toward the cathedral, another sharp left at the broad shallow steps with the scaffolding climbing up one end, a squealing right, and into the emergency bay.

A roomful of people waiting. They could have been sitting just so since the last time I was there. And the time before that. The same young man slumped across his chair, hand over eyes. The students giggling. The bag lady staring at the clock on the wall. The man with the bandaged eye.

At the desk they were in no hurry. Rustled some papers. Asked questions. Looked at me with narrowed eyes. Finally they let us in.

I was in the same alcove I had been in last July when the symptoms they thought were heart-related in the end signalled cancer. The nurse flapped the curtain shut. Out there it was all bustle. The sense of people sicker, more needful than I. After a long wait an orderly came to take me upstairs.

*Confrontation*

THEY tell me that I was dead sometime this afternoon. Not all that dead. With a little effort—a blow to the chest, a few electric shocks, a team of six working at it—they were able to bring me back to life. Sort of dead.

This is the way I recall it. A green slope: not slippery, not furry—like sealskin—irregular, but not bumpy, slipping but not grabbing to hold on. No panic—nothing disagreeable—the green very bright, like new grass. Not shale, no precipice. No one on the bank above cheering me on. Me alone. I am doing as I should. Letting go. Relaxed. Out of the tunnel—not into it. Lots of light but not blinding. Like the shoot-the-chutes at Riverview Park in Des Moines—one downward plunge in slow motion, the same quick quiet slide, the cushion of water, the delicious descent. The friendly green blinks out. Then comes the dull rumble, the low marvelling voices. I have returned.

I have no memory of saying "Doctor," although apparently I did when I began to slip, as though I wanted someone to stop me from taking that ride. Not terror exactly, but still not quite ready to go all the way. So I am back. Spinning. Uncertain. My legs shaking.

The heart was obviously jealous of all the attention my cancerous stomach had been getting. The surgery. The radiation. Forty-five hundred rads in not so easy doses. Half a stomach. Half a heart. Eat less—love more. A new admonition.

Falstaff when he was dying babbled of green fields.

IT happened on Sunday two days after I got my forty-five-hundredth and final rad and after a night of slamming doors to celebrate the occasion: forty or fifty slams punctuating a grim fable by Sam Shepard, another thirty on the way home in a taxi whose door wouldn't close, a final slam at the apartment to lock us in.

At church, standing for hymns, for prayers, the Creed, I could hardly hold my overcoat up. During Communion, and then standing in line to greet the Dean and the preacher of the day, I thought I'd sink under my own weight. Somehow I got down the steps, up Amsterdam, across College Walk. Eight blocks. Back home I took a call from a friend who asked how I was feeling now that the radiation was over. I told her I was just fine—the ultimate, perhaps the penultimate—lie, hung up, and had a heart attack. Mary Ellin went for a taxi—no nonsense about waiting an hour and a half for an ambulance this time. I occupied myself with the nitroglycerin bottle. With a heroic effort, I got through the paper seal stretched across the top, dug the cotton out, and then, slowly, carefully, shook out two very small pills to lay under my tongue.

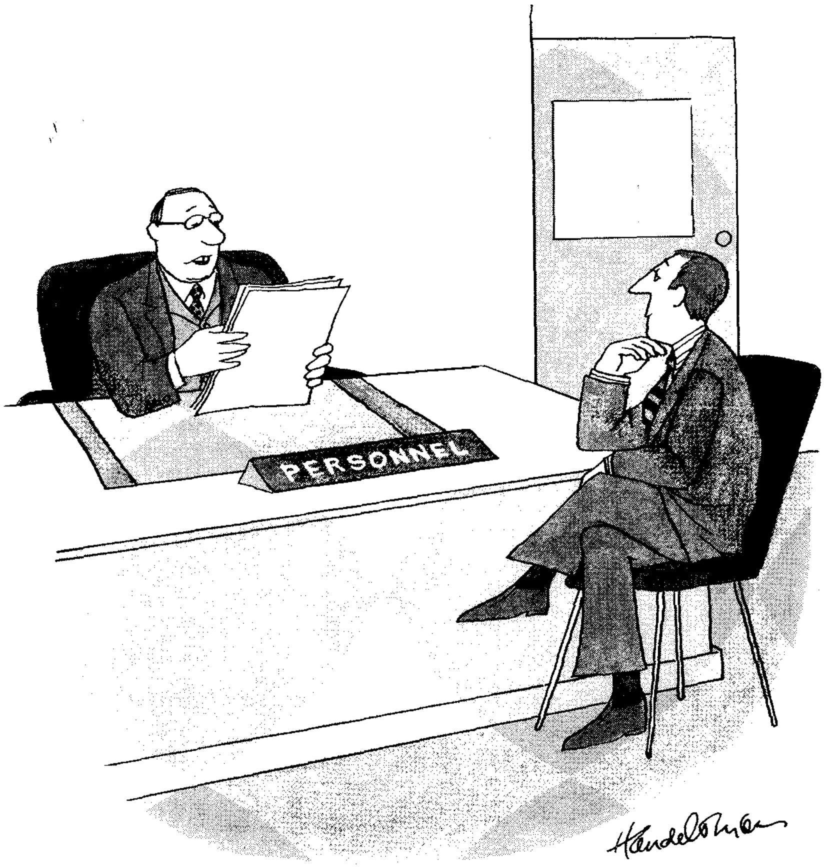
There were no cabs. Mary Ellin found the patrol car with its three skeptical occupants sipping coffee and reading the *News* parked alongside Chock Full O'Nuts at 116th and Broadway.

I REMEMBER being dead once before. On the eve of Halloween fifty-nine years ago. A sledding accident. A boulder that had been at the bottom of the hill since the Pleistocene waiting for me. Dr. Langdon brought me back. No blow to the chest. No defibrillators. Whatever the magic was in the nineteen-twenties administered in the nick of time.

I can remember Dr. Langdon sitting in a Morris chair by a bright window being told, "This is the boy whose life you saved." Unable to reply, he just looked at me. I remember my cereal-bowl haircut and being pushed forward by my grateful mother—one last look. The life-giver was dying himself.

There were the same voices fifty-nine years ago. Above me, around me. The circle of heads. The quiet busyness. It wasn't me fighting for my life or giving up. It was everyone out there making the effort, pulling me back, a five-year-old with all his life before him. They did the same for Mother, twenty years ago, all bent over her bed. Trying but not succeeding. The nun saying, "No. Not in there." But I had already seen—that it was hopeless.

It was what they must have done for my brother Eddie—too late. A three-year-old with me, his eight-year-old brother, in charge. A tall gray Essex coming down Forest Avenue. The squeal of tires. My empty hand. The thud. Which came first? A sultry Iowa afternoon in July. Pulled back twice, once early, once late. The others going on. Why?



*"I see you've flown around the world in a plane, and settled revolutions in Spain. Around a golf course you're under par. Metro-Goldwyn has asked you to star. Very impressive, I must admit, but we're looking for someone with marketing experience."*

• •

A DAY of drowsing. After the CBS Evening News I went to sleep in earnest. Dreamt. One dream from 7:30 P.M. to 5 A.M. Three interruptions by nurses. Pills. Injections. Back to the dream. The remarkable thing was that I had dreamed the same dream before. The same unusual length, the same details. I recognized it in all its particulars, and yet, awakened, I retained none of them. Still, I plunged back into it following each interruption, taking it up exactly where I left off. There it was—vast, detached, enjoyable—holding my interest firmly, irretrievable until the next time.

I don't think about my cancer anymore except to think I am not thinking about it. It is wiped out. Not that this heart attack has replaced it. It hasn't. I just don't think about much of anything. It could be the morphine.

The night sounds—the pounding to clear someone's chest, the voices at the desk with its rank of monitors. The clanging of the bell when a new patient arrives or there is an emergency on the floor requiring team effort. An intense huddle of young doctors and nurses. A week ago the bells were clanging and the huddle was for me.

WE in the cubicles facing the nurses' station are the élite, the alarmingly, dangerously sick. Down the hall beyond the monitors are the convalescents, shuffling about in their striped robes and paper slippers, gray in the face but mending.

My world for a week now. My room. Not a room really, since one wall is the striped curtain strung two feet from the ceiling and two feet short of the floor.

In the center—me, in my electric bed. Above is control central with its eternal blue-green wobbly line. The wobble represents me—alive. A small flashing yellow light, a number (my pulse), two pale-yellow squares, meaning unknown, and a whole wall of buttons, switches, plugs, etc. Next to it, toward the window, some sort of console with a swinging needle is plugged into a red wall outlet with two odd gray-and-red, vaguely sexual (doglike) projections. It seems inert. At least the needle doesn't move.

On the rolling bed table: the blue device with the tiny Ping-Pong ball to increase my breathing capacity, seven plastic cups, the ice-water container, a box of tissues, my glasses case, and a stack of books. At the top Waugh's "Decline and Fall," at the bottom George Herbert's "Poems," somewhere in between Merton's "Asian Journals," Olivia Manning's Balkan trilogy, a couple of murder mysteries.

The blue pills are beta blockers, the pale-green are Cardizem, the bright-orange ones are for chest pain. Plenty of nitroglycerin. If they dropped me I'd blow the place up.

Mary Ellin tells me that now in the next cubicle an enormously fat man is being visited by his enormously fat wife and three enormously fat children. She doesn't know how they all fit in.

I HAVE been moved beyond the monitors. My roommate is the fat man from the adjacent cubicle. He has the window bed and the color TV with the ballgame on.

In my bathrobe and slippers I am wandering about, staring back at the row of cubicles where I, as one of the really desperate cases, used to be. I can see a bandaged hand in one alcove which seems to motion to me. At the far end an old woman sits up in her bed noticing no one. And in the cubicle next to her is a body with two of what appear to be knives stuck in its exposed belly.

It is 5 A.M., and most, if not all, of the Cardiac Care Unit, seems to be asleep. My roommate is snoring peacefully, or almost peacefully, an occasional snarl interrupting the regular rhythm.

I have been lying awake since four, thinking.

I hit some sort of barrier Sunday before last, head on, and then, after the green sliding—the fragmentation—life as I have been living it resumed, but with a difference. And now it was Ash Wednesday, and I was being wheeled to chapel and what seemed to be the certainty of tears during the Our Father—nothing more familiar, nothing stranger—and then the chaplain making the smudge in the middle of my forehead, and returning me to quarters.

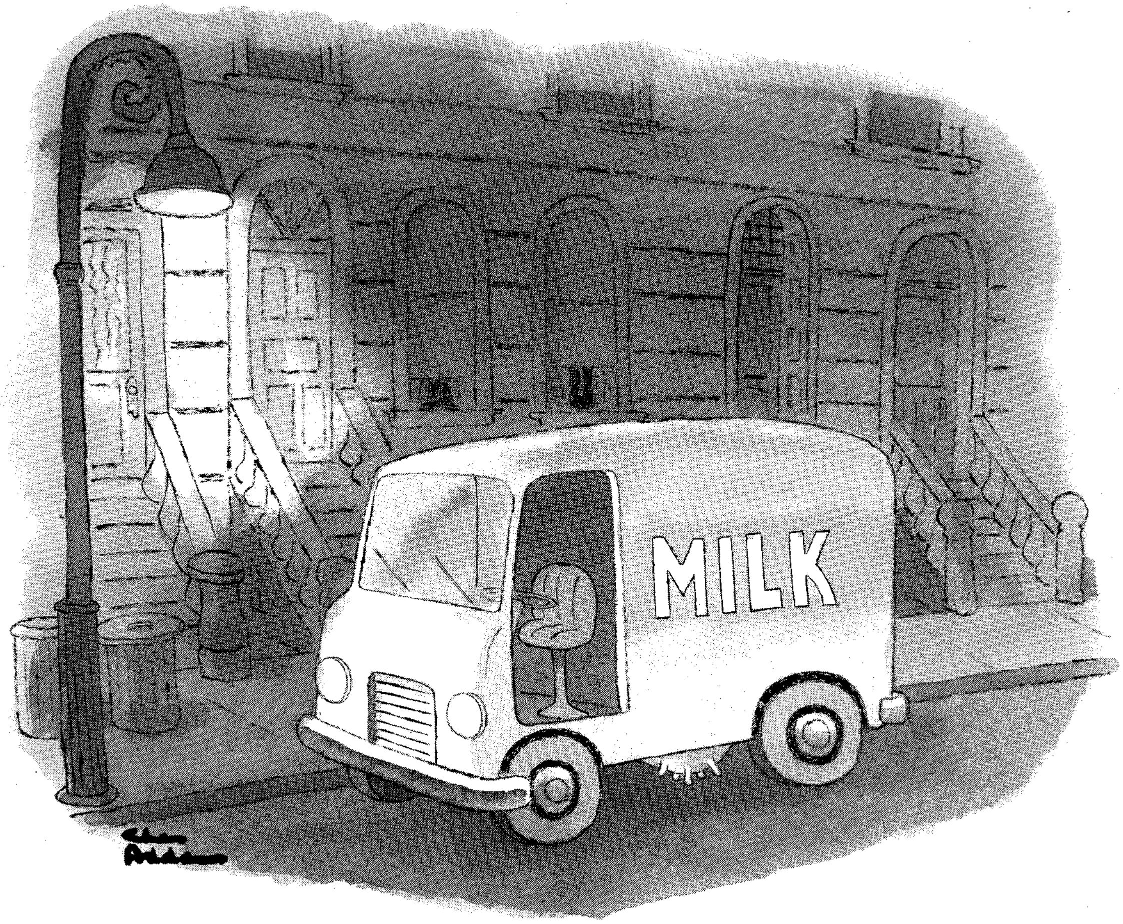
THE fat man has put on a bright-red running suit, packed his duffelbag, and left for the other side of the hospital.

Now it is just me, my flowers and the TV set, and a clear view of the window. Space—all the space I need.

A BRIGHT-BLUE wheelchair has come to take me back to where I used to be in Scrymser Pavilion last July. And last September. For the moment there is no one in the second bed. Next door the loggia with its summer furniture, its big windows facing east and west, is cold and deserted.

Don't forget this scene.

Dr. S., my longtime support, is standing by the window—north—streaming light, with me beside him. He has just tapped my chest and looked at the vein that runs behind my ear while he jabbed the side of his hand into my belly. On the table beside the bed is a spectacular pyramid of orchids from my parents-in-law; also my son Irving's watercolor, a rectangle of shimmering rings. On the sill are the tulips from the friend who called me after church on Sunday to see how I was doing. They grow taller, more translucently yellow by the hour. I am standing—not so straight as I might, but straight enough—in my favorite dark-green Sulka wrapper, beautifully cut, very smart, I think, not knowing that the right elbow is out and my pajamas are showing through. And opposite us—



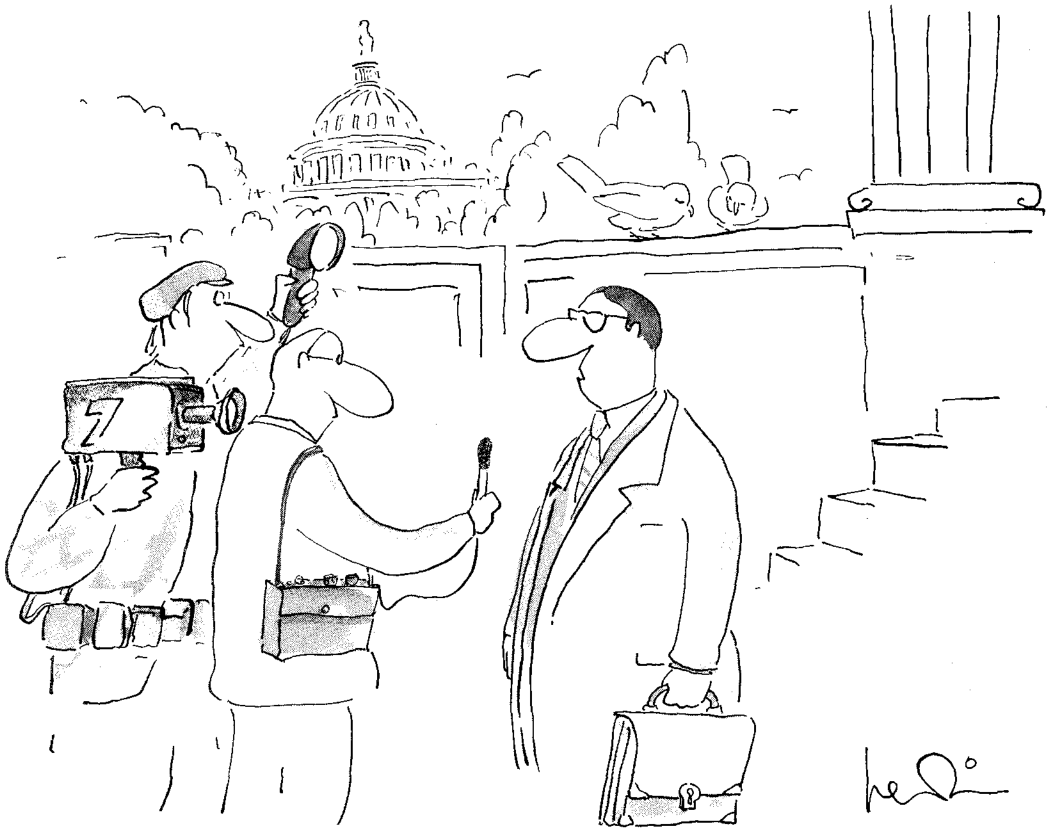
Dr. S., me, Mary Ellin, the flowers, the window, Irving's visionary rectangle—are the four young doctors: two men, two women, half my age.

And suddenly Dr. S., with his look of incredible smoothness—not quite smooth, smooth with a moss of intelligence, of thoughtfulness—makes a tight emphatic gesture in my direction and says simply, "Dead." But he wasn't saying "This was dead and look at him now—poor object that he is." I have at least made an effort, shaved, combed my hair, put on slippers and pajamas and my favorite wrapper for this encounter.

"Dead," Dr. S. says, shooting out his elegant, precise hand with its spotless nails. Me motionless at the bottom of the silky, limpid falls. The blue-green line flat, without a wobble.

"Dead!" He sweeps us all in with an expression of triumph and puzzlement: Mary Ellin in skirt and sweater, the young doctors in their smocks with their clipboards and stethoscopes, their sensible shoes.

"Dead," he says. Flat and emphatic. And he means only "Alive."



*"Sorry, boys. I was told to keep my big mouth shut."*

• •

THE day before he died Rabbi Shneur Zalman asked his grandson, "Is the ceiling still there?" When the boy said nothing, the Rabbi continued, in a voice quivering with joy, "I can see no ceiling or walls. I can only see the life of everything, and God creating everything and making everything live."

I AM alone on the loggia before dawn. The table trays are full of cigarette butts and a plastic cup or two. The lamps on Morningside Heights are on, lighting up the dirty snow and leafless trees. Four brutal spots shine across Harlem from LaGuardia. Yankee Stadium is dark, but you can see the pale silhouette of Mount Sinai, a shadow behind a shadow, down the park. There are vagrant lights here and there on the surface of Harlem and on the river beyond. It is too cold to open the French doors and go out onto the porch to see what is visible farther south or farther north.

A black man in a spotless white suit and shoes comes in, lights a cigarette. We nod. He moves on.

As I walk through this wing everything seems twice as old as six months ago, comatose, not likely to awake. Two or three nurses drift down the empty hall, or sit quietly reading at their desks in the blind corridor across from my room.

Back in Cardiac Care, where I was a week ago, all night the light was bright and sharp, the nurses and doctors young and busy, the machines new, vigilant.

Now I hear an old woman crying over and over again somewhere out there in her own dark room. "Please put it down." Again and again. After ten minutes the screaming subsides, then resumes, more subdued. Something out of control, unreachable by human hand or chemical substance or machine, is there in the darkness, now laughing, now sobbing.

Merton writes about the marginal man, the monk, the displaced person, the prisoner, those who live in the presence of death and go beyond it to become "witnesses to life." Why does he leave the other experts off his list—the old, the desperately ill?

In my room it is already six o'clock, and after a series of hilarious, high-spirited dreams, involving good-natured, affectionate people I've never seen before, I wake to hear the little man who now occupies the other bed after his double bypass and valve transplant—whose wife died of emphysema nine months ago (surgery couldn't help her)—breathing hard, long breaths.

I am lying—not in a puddle of blood, or water, or a dirt-lined hole, but in that lukewarm funny soup that God brewed a billion years ago—waiting to be born. Again.

—MARVIN BARRETT

•

Fire Chief Steve Russell reported that the Fire District was spraying for misquotes and have covered most of the town.—*Nixa (Mo.) News-Advertiser.*

Won't work, Chief. Try retractions.

# SZYRK V. VILLAGE OF TATAMOUNT ET AL.

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT, SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF VIRGINIA, NO. 105-87

OPINION OF THE COURT
CREASE, *Judge*

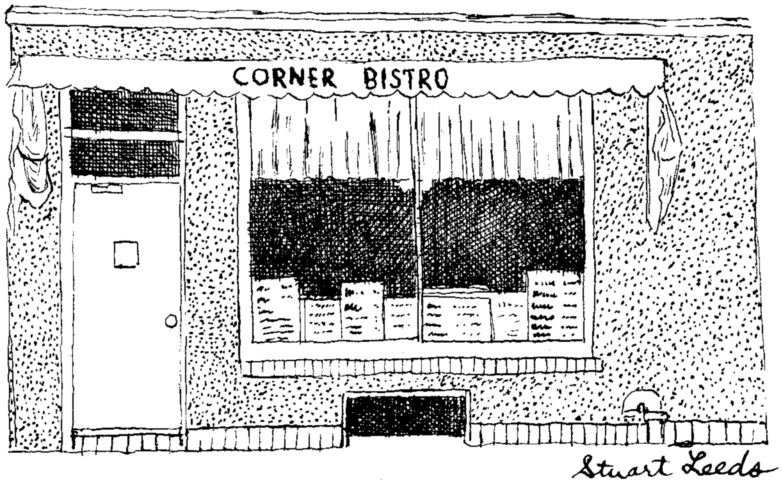
THE facts are not in dispute. On the morning of September 30th while running at large in the Village a dog identified as Spot entered under and therewith became entrapped in the lower reaches of a towering steel sculpture known as "Cyclone 7" which dominates the plaza overlooking and adjoining the depot of the Norfolk & Pee Dee Railroad. Searching for his charge, the dog's master James B. who is seven years old was alerted by its whines and yelps to discover its plight, whereupon his own vain efforts to deliver it attracted those of a passerby soon joined by others whose combined attempts to wheedle, cajole, and intimidate the unfortunate animal forth served rather to compound its predicament, driving it deeper into the structure. These futile activities soon assembled a good cross-section of the local population, from the usual idlers and senior citizens to members of the Village Board, the Sheriff's office, the Fire Department, and, not surprisingly, the victim's own kind, until by nightfall word having spread to neighboring hamlets attracted not only them in numbers sufficient to cause an extensive traffic jam but members of the local press and an enterprising television crew. Notwithstanding means successfully devised to assuage the dog's pangs of hunger, those of its confinement continued well into the following day when the decision was taken by the full Village Board to engage the Fire Department to enter the structure employing acetylene torches to effect its safe delivery, without considering the good likelihood of precipitating an action for damages by the creator of "Cyclone 7" Mr. Szyrk, a sculptor of some wide reputation in artistic circles.

Alerted by the media to the threat posed to his creation, Mr. Szyrk moved promptly from his SoHo studio in New York to file for a temporary restraining order "on a summary showing of its necessity to prevent immediate and irreparable injury" to his sculptural work, which was issued ex parte even as the torches of deliverance were being kindled. All this occurred four days ago.

Given the widespread response provoked by this confrontation in the media at large and echoing as far distant as the deeper South and even Arkansas but more immediately at the site itself, where energies generated by opposing sympathies further aroused by the police presence and that of the Fire Department in full array, the floodlights, vans, and other paraphernalia incident to a fiercely competitive television environment bringing in its train the inevitable placards and displays of the American flag, the venders of food and novelty items, all enhanced by the barks and cries of the victim's own local acquaintance, have erupted in shoving matches, fistfights, and related hostilities with distinctly racial overtones (the dog's master James B. and his family are black), and finally in rocks and beer cans hurled at the sculpture "Cyclone 7" itself, the court finds sufficient urgency in the main action of this proceeding to reject defendants' assertions and cross-motions for the reasons set forth below and grants summary judgment to plaintiff on the issue of his motion for a preliminary injunction to supersede the temporary restraining order now in place.

To grant summary judgment, as explicated by Judge Stanton in *Steinberg v. Columbia Pictures et al.*, Fed. R. Civ. P. 56 requires a court to find that "there is no genuine issue as to any material fact and that the moving party is entitled to a judgment as a matter of law." In reaching its decision the court must "assess whether there are any factual issues to be tried, while resolving ambiguities and drawing reasonable inferences against the moving party" (*Knight v. U.S. Fire Ins. Co.*, 804 F.2d 9, 11, 2d Cir., 1986, citing *Anderson v. Liberty Lobby*, 106 S.Ct. 2505, 2509-11, 1986). In plaintiff's filing for a restraining order his complaint alleges, by counts, courses of action to which defendants have filed answers and cross-claims opposing motion for a preliminary injunction. The voluminous submissions accompanying these cross-motions leave no factual issues concerning which further evidence is likely to be presented at a trial. Moreover, the factual determinations necessary to this decision do not involve conflicts in testimony that would depend for their resolution on an assessment of witness credibility as cited infra. The interests of judicial economy being served by deciding the case at its present stage, summary judgment is therefore appropriate.

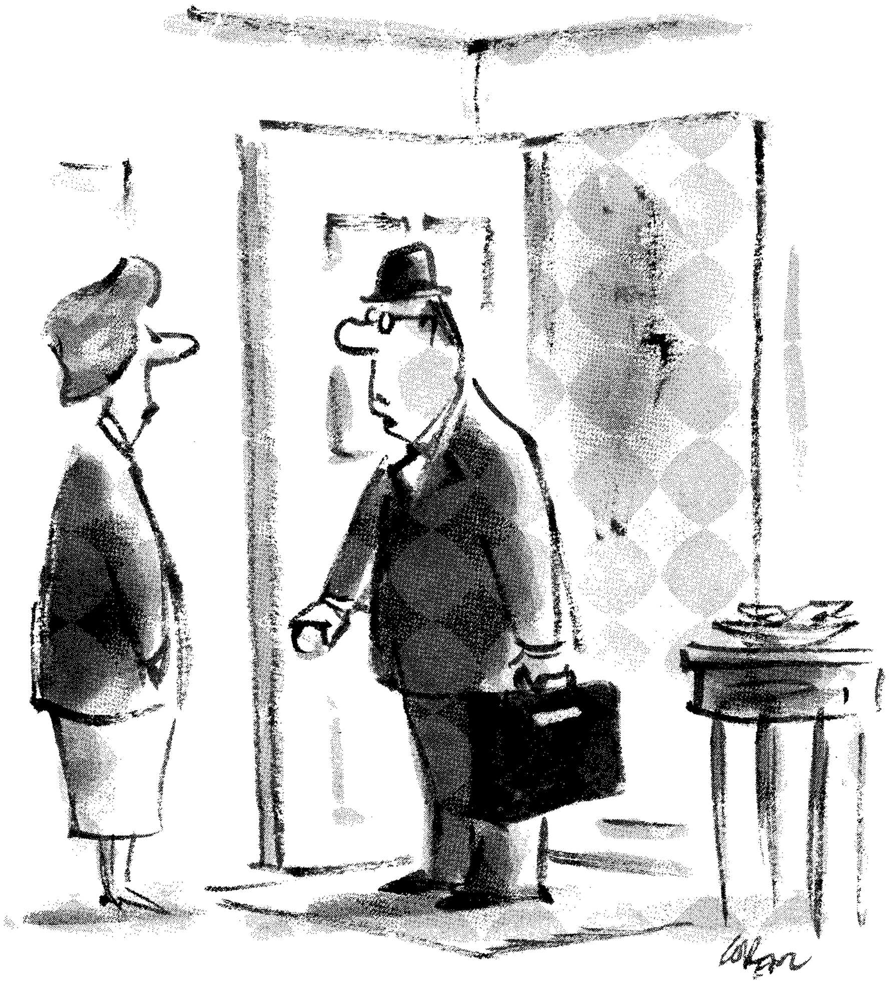
NAMING as defendants the Village Board, the dog's master James B. through his guardian ad litem, "and such other parties and entities as may emerge in the course of this proceeding," Mr. Szyrk first alleges animal trespass, summoning in support of this charge a citation from early law holding that "where my beasts of their own wrong without my will and knowledge break another's close I shall be punished, for I am the trespasser with my beasts" (*12 Henry VII, Kielwey 3b*), which exhibit the court, finding no clear parallel in the laws of this Commonwealth, dismisses as ornamental. Concerning plaintiff's further exhibit of Village Code 21 para. 6b (known as "the leash law"), we take judicial notice of defendants' response alleging that, however specific in wording and intent, this ordinance appears more honored in the breach, in that on any pleasant day well-known members of the local dog community are to be



observed in all their disparity of size, breed, and other particulars ambling in the raffish camaraderie of sailors ashore down the Village main street and thence wherever habit and appetite may take them undeterred by any citizen or arm of the law. Spot, so named for the liver-colored marking prominent on his loin, is described as of mixed breed wherein, from his reduced stature, silken coat, and "soulful" eyes, that of spaniel appears to prevail. His age is found to be under one year. Whereas in distinguishing between animals as either mansuetae or ferae naturae Spot is clearly to be discovered among the former "by custom devoted to the service of mankind at the time and in the place in which it is kept" and thus granted the indulgence customarily accorded such domestic pets, and further whereas as in the instant case scienter is not required (*Weaver v. National Biscuit Co.*, 125 F.2d 463, 7th Cir., 1942; *Parsons v. Manser*, 119 Iowa 88, 93 N.W. 86, 1903), such indulgence is indicative of the courts' retreat over the past century from strict liability for trespass (*Sanders v. Teape & Swan*, 51 L.T. 263, 1884; *Olson v. Pederson*, 206 Minn. 415, 288 N.W. 856, 1939), we find plaintiff's allegation on this count without merit (citation omitted).

On the related charge of damages brought by plaintiff the standard for preliminary relief must first be addressed. Were it to be found for plaintiff that irreparable harm has indeed been inflicted upon his creation, and that adequate remedy at law should suffice in the form of money damages, in such event the court takes judicial notice in directing such claim to be made against the Village Board and the dog's master in tandem, since as in the question posed by the Merchant of Venice (I, iii, 122) "Hath a dog money?" the answer must be that it does not. However, as regards the claim that the dog Spot, endowed with little more than milk teeth however sharp, and however extreme the throes of his despair, can have wreaked irreparable harm upon his steel confines this appears to be without foundation. Further to this charge, defendants respond, and the court concurs, citing plaintiff's original artistic intentions, that these steel surfaces have become pitted and acquired a heavy patina of rust following plaintiff's stated provision that his creation stand freely exposed to the mercy or lack thereof of natural forces, wherewith we may observe that a dog is not a boy, much less a fireman brandishing an acetylene torch, but nearer in its indifferent ignorance to those very forces embraced in the pathetic fallacy and so to be numbered among them. We have finally no more than a presumption of damage due to the inaccessibility of this inadvertent captive's immediate vicinity, and failing such evidentiary facts we find that the standards for preliminary relief have not been met and hold this point moot.

Here we take judicial notice of counterclaims filed on behalf of defendant James B. seeking to have this court hold both plaintiff and the Village and other parties thereto liable for willfully creating, installing, and maintaining an attractive nuisance which by its very nature and freedom of access constitutes an allurement to trespass, thus enticing the dog into its present allegedly dangerous predicament. Here plaintiff demurs, the Village joining in his demurrer, offering in exhibit similar structures of which "Cyclone 7" is one of a series occupying sites elsewhere in the land, wherein among the four and on only one occasion a similar event occurred at a Long Island, New York, site in the form of a boy similarly entrapped and provoking a similar outcry until a proffered ten-dollar bill brought him forth little the worse. However a boy is not a dog, and whereas in the instant case "Cyclone 7" posed initially a kind of ornate "jungle gym" to assorted



*"Actually, it was a day not without interest. As I approached my office, I was mysteriously drawn into an alien spacecraft which transported me at the speed of light to the far reaches of the universe. There I was the subject of bizarre sexual experiments which continued until I was returned to earth just in time to catch the 5:27 back home."*

younger members of the community, we may find on the part of Spot absent his testimony neither a perception of challenge to his prowess at climbing nor any aesthetic sensibility luring him into harm's way requiring a capacity to distinguish "Cyclone 7" as a work of art from his usual environs in the junk yard presided over by defendant James B.'s father and guardian ad litem, where the progeny of man's inventiveness embraces three acres of rusting testimony thereto, and that hence his trespass was entirely inadvertent and in good likelihood dictated by a mere call of nature as abounding evidence of similar casual missions on the part of other members of the local dog community in the sculpture's immediate vicinity attest.

In taking judicial notice of defendant's counterclaim charging allurement we hold this charge to be one of ordinary negligence liability, already found to be without merit in this proceeding; however, we extend this judicial notice to embrace that section of plaintiff's response to the related charge of dangerous nuisance wherein plaintiff alleges damage from the strong hence derogatory implication that his sculptural creation, with a particular view to its internal components, was designed and executed not merely to suggest but to actually convey menace, whereto he exhibits extensive dated and annotated sketches, drawings, and notes made, revised, and witnessed in correspondence, demonstrating that at no time was the work, in any way or ways as a whole or in any component part or parts or combinations thereof including but not limited to sharp planes, spirals, and serrated steel limbs bearing distinct resemblances to teeth, ever in any manner conceived or carried out with intent of entrapment and consequent physical torment, but to the contrary that its creation was inspired and dictated in its entirety by wholly artistic considerations embracing its component parts in an aesthetic synergy wherein the sum of these sharp planes, jagged edges, and toothlike projections aforementioned stand as mere depictions and symbols being in the aggregate greater than the sum of the parts taken individually to serve the work as, here quoting the catalogue distributed at its unveiling, "A testimony to man's indiminable [*sic*] spirit."

# TWO POEMS

## CRAFT

You have only to wait with a biro at the ready:
The verses burn around you like drunken moths.
One comes to the flames and you catch it.
Of course it's not over yet; one isn't enough.
But it's already plenty, it's the beginning of the work.
The others will land nearby in competition,
One after the other or in a circle, in order or in disorder,
Simple and quiet and obedient to your command:
You're the boss, there's nothing to discuss.
If it's a good day, you move them in flocks.
It's a fine job, isn't it? Honored by time,
Sixty centuries old and always new,
With precise or loose rules,
Or without any rules at all, whatever way you please.
It makes you feel you're in good company,
Not lazy, not lost, not always useless,
Dressed like a Roman,
Robed in fine linen, crowned with laurel.
Just be careful not to presume.

## THE OPUS

There now, it's finished: leave it alone.
How heavy my pen feels in my hand!
It was so light just a moment ago,
Alive, like quicksilver;
I had only to follow it.
It led my hand
As a dog leads a blind man,
As a lady leads you in a dance.
Now it's over, the work is finished,
Perfected, rounded.
If I were to take a single word away,
There would be a hole oozing pus.
If I were to add one,
It would stick out like an ugly boil.
If I were to change one, it would be out of tune,
Like a dog barking at a concert.
What to do now? How to detach yourself?
For every work that's born you die a bit.

—PRIMO LEVI

(*Translated, from the Italian, by Gaia Servadio and A. Alvarez.*)

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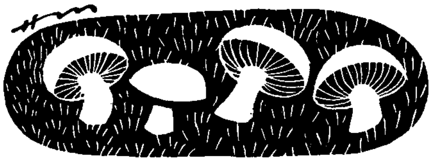
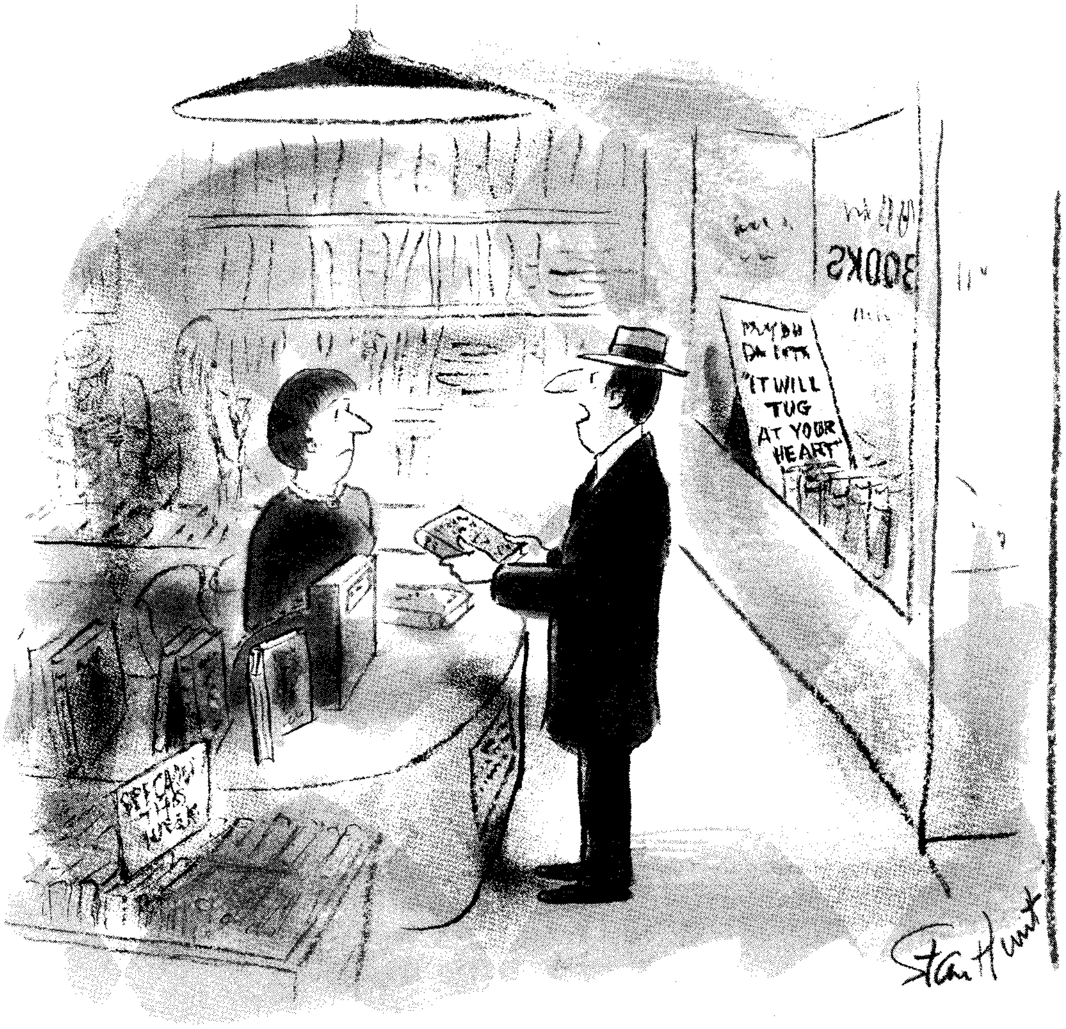
We have in other words plaintiff claiming to act as an instrument of higher authority, namely "art," wherewith we may first cite its dictionary definition as "(1) Human effort to imitate, supplement, alter, or counteract the work of nature." Notwithstanding that "Cyclone 7" clearly answers this description especially in its last emphasis, there remain certain fine distinctions posing some little difficulty for the average lay observer persuaded from habit and even education to regard sculptural art as beauty synonymous with truth in expressing harmony as visibly incarnate in the lineaments of Donatello's "David," or as the very essence of the sublime manifest in the "Milos Aphrodite," leaving him in the present instance quite unprepared to discriminate between sharp steel teeth as sharp steel teeth, and sharp steel teeth as artistic expressions of sharp steel teeth, obliging us for the purpose of this proceeding to confront the theory that in having become self-referential art is in itself theory with-



out which it has no more substance than Sir Arthur Eddington's famous step "on a swarm of flies," here present in further exhibits by plaintiff drawn from prestigious art publications and highly esteemed critics in the lay press, where they make their livings, recommending his sculptural creation in terms of slope, tangent, acceleration, force, energy, and similar abstract extravagancies serving only a corresponding self-referential confrontation of language with language and thereby, in reducing language itself to theory, rendering it a mere plaything, which exhibits the court finds frivolous. Having here in effect thrown the bathwater out with the baby, in the clear absence of any evidentiary facts to support defendants' countercharge "dangerous nuisance," we find it without merit.


BOOKS
IT WILL TUG AT YOUR HEART

*"It didn't tug at my heart."*

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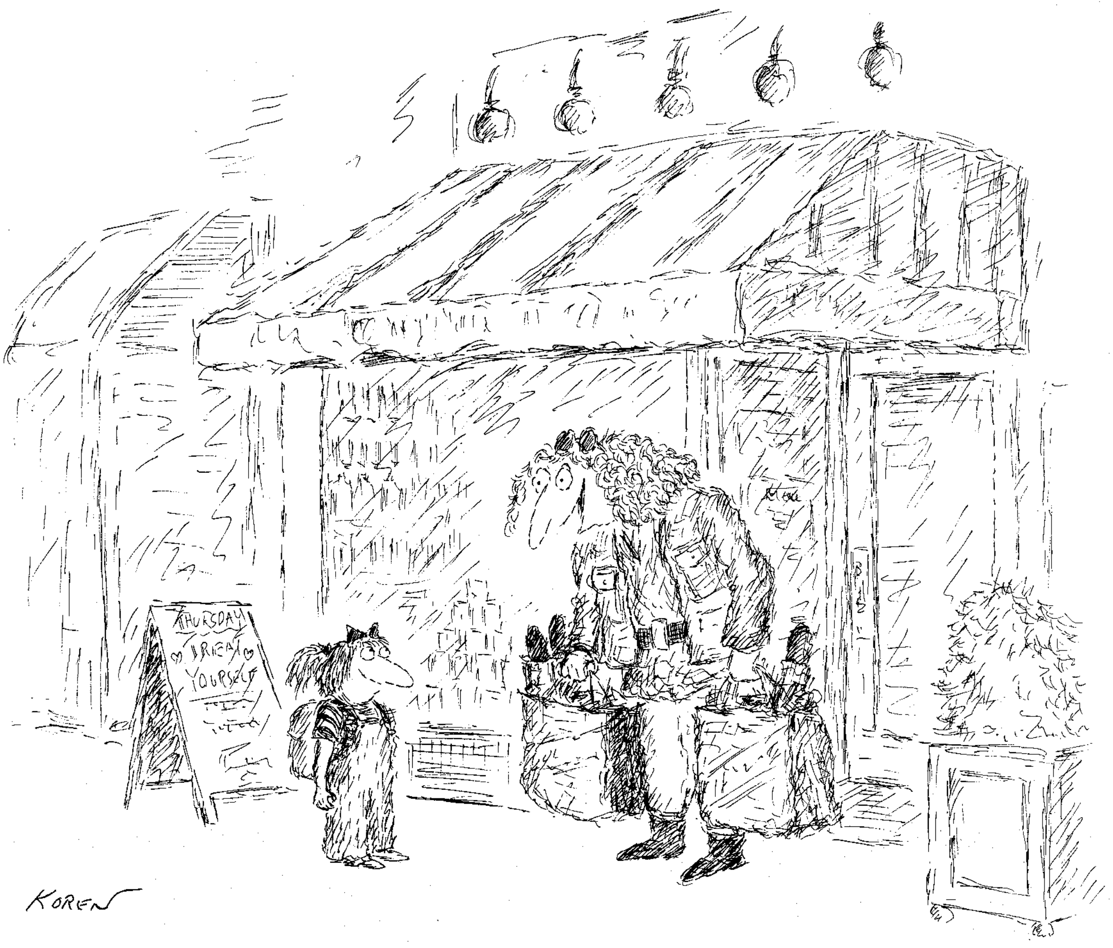
WE next turn to a related complaint contained in defendant James B.'s cross-claim filed in rem "Cyclone 7" charging plaintiff, the Village, "and other parties and entities as their interests may appear" with erecting and maintaining a public nuisance in the form of "an obstruction making use of passage inconvenient and unreasonably burdensome upon the general public" (*Fugate v. Carter*, 151 Va. 108, 144 S.E. 483, 1928; *Regester v. Lincoln Oil Ref. Co.*, 95 Ind.App. 425, 183 N.E. 693, 1933). As specified in this complaint, "Cyclone 7" stands 24 feet 8 inches high with an irregular base circumference of approximately 74 feet and weighs 24 tons, and in support of his allegation of public nuisance defendant cites a basic tenet of early English law defining such nuisance as that "which obstructs or causes inconvenience or damage to the public in the exercise of rights common to all Her Majesty's subjects," further citing such nuisance as that which "injuriously affects the safety, health or morals of the public, or works some substantial annoyance, inconvenience or injury to the public" (*Commonwealth v. South Covington & Cincinnati Street Railway Co.*, 181 Ky. 459, 463, 205 S.W. 581, 583, 6 A.L.R. 118, 1918). Depositions taken from selected Village residents and submitted in rem "Cyclone 7" include: "We'd used to be this nice peaceable town before this foreigner come in here putting up this [expletive] piece of [obscenity] brings in every [expletive] kind of riffraff, even see some out-of-state plates;" "Since that [expletive] thing went up there I have to park my pickup way down by Ott's and walk all hell and gone just for a hoagie;" "Let's just see you try and catch a train where you can't hardly see nothing for the rain and sleet and you got to detour way round that heap of [obscenity] to the depot to get there;" "I just always used the men's room up there to the depot but now there's times when I don't hardly make it;" "They want to throw away that kind of money I mean they'd have just better went and put us up another [expletive] church."

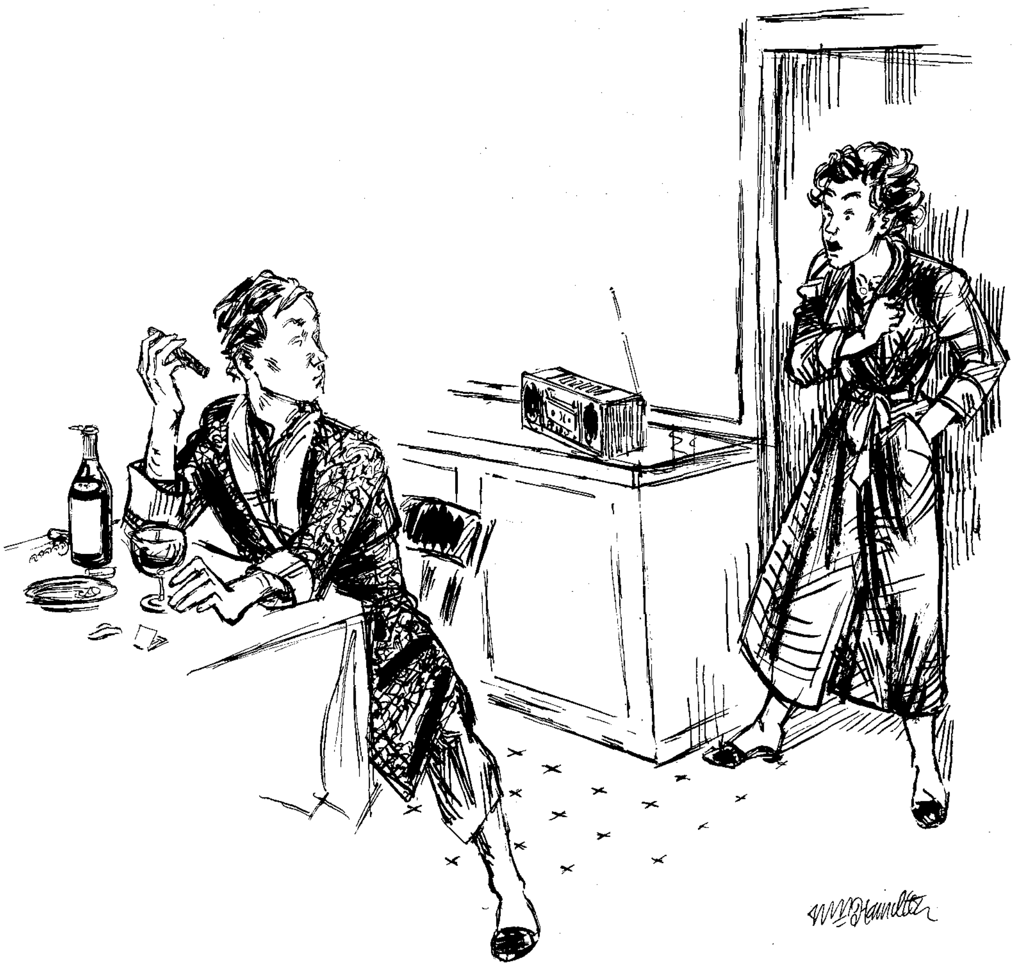
Clearly from this and similar eloquent testimony certain members of the community have been subjected to annoyance and serious inconvenience in the pursuit of private errands of some urgency; however recalling to mind that vain and desperate effort to prevent construction of a subway kiosk in Cambridge, Massachusetts, enshrined decades ago in the news headline "PRESIDENT LOWELL FIGHTS ERECTION IN HARVARD SQUARE," by definition the interests of the general public must not be confused with that of one or even several individuals (*People v. Brooklyn & Queens Transit Corp.*, 258 App.Div. 753, 15 N.Y.S. 2d 295, 1939, affirmed 283 N.Y. 484, 28 N.E.2d 925, 1940); furthermore the obstruction is not so substantial as to preclude access (*Holland v. Grant County*, 208 Or. 50, 298 P.2d 832, 1956; *Ayers v. Stidham*, 260 Ala. 390, 71 So.2d 95, 1954), and in finding the former freedom of access to have been provided by mere default where no delineated path or thoroughfare was ever ordained or even contemplated this claim is denied.

On a lesser count charging private nuisance, H. R. Suggs, Jr., joins himself to this proceeding via intervention naming all parties thereto in his complaint on grounds of harboring a dog "which makes the night hideous with its howls" which the court severs from this action nonetheless taking judicial notice of intervener's right inseparable from ownership of the property bordering directly thereupon, to its undisturbed enjoyment thereof (Restatement of the Law, Second, Torts 2d, 822c), and remands to trial. Similarly, whereas none of the parties to this action has sought relief on behalf of the well-being and indeed survival of the sculpture's unwilling resident, and whereas a life-support system of sorts has been devised pro tem thereto, this matter is not at issue before the court, which nonetheless, taking judicial notice thereof should it arise in subsequent litigation, leaves it for adjudication to the courts of this local jurisdiction.

WE have now cleared away the brambles and may proceed to the main action as set forth in plaintiff's petition for a preliminary injunction seeking to hold inviolable the artistic and actual integrity of his sculptural creation "Cyclone 7" in situ against assault, invasion, alteration, or destruction or removal or any act posing irreparable harm by any person or persons or agencies thereof under any authority or no authority assembled for such purpose or purposes for any reason or for none, under threat of recovery for damages consonant with but not limited to its original costs. While proof of ownership is not at issue in this proceeding, parties agree that these costs, including those incident to its installation, in the neighborhood of fourteen million dollars, were borne by contributions from various private patrons and underwritten by such corporate entities as Martin Oil, Incidental Oil, Bush AFG Corp., Anco Steel, Norfolk & Pee Dee Railroad, Frito-Cola Bottling Co., and the Tobacco Council, further supported with coöperation from the National Arts Endowment and both state and regional Arts Councils. The site, theretofore a weed-infested rubble-strewn area serving for casual parking of vehicles and as an occasional dumping ground by day and trysting place by night, was donated under arrangements worked out between its proprietor Miller Feed Co. and the Village in consideration of taxes unpaid and accrued thereon over the preceding thirty-eight years. In re the selection of this specific site plaintiff exhibits drawings, photographs, notes, and other pertinent materials accompanying his original applications to and discussions with the interested parties aforementioned singling out the said site as "epitomizing that unique American environment of moral torpor and spiritual vacuity" requisite to his artistic enterprise, together with correspondence validating his intentions and applauding their results. Here we refer to plaintiff's exhibits drawn from contemporary accounts in the press of ceremonies inaugurating the installation of "Cyclone 7" wherein it was envisioned as a compelling tourist attraction though not, in the light of current events, for the reasons it enjoys today. Quoted therein, plaintiff cites, among numerous contemporary expressions of local exuberance, comments by then presiding Village Board member J. Harret Ruth at the ribbon cutting and reception held at nearby Mel's Kandy Kitchen with glowing photographic coverage, quoting therefrom "the time, the place, and the dedication of all you assembled here from far and wide, the common people and captains of



*"If you promise to be very careful, Mommy will let you carry the baguettes."*



*"You call that worrying?"*

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industry and the arts rubbing elbows in tribute to the patriotic ideals rising right here before our eyes in this great work of sculptural art."

Responding to plaintiff's exhibits on this count, those of defendant appear drawn well after the fact up to and including the present day and provoked (here the court infers) by the prevailing emotional climate expressed in, and elicited by, the print and television media, appending thereto recently published statements by former Village official J. Harret Ruth in his current pursuit of a seat on the federal judiciary referring to the sculptural work at the center of this action as "a rusting travesty of our great nation's vision of itself" and while we may pause to marvel at his adroitness in ascertaining the direction of the parade before leaping in front to lead it we dismiss this and supporting testimony supra as contradictory and frivolous, and find plaintiff's exhibits in evidence conclusive.

Another count in plaintiff's action naming defendants both within and beyond this jurisdiction seeks remedy for defamation and consequent incalculable damage to his career and earning power derived therefrom (*Reiman v. Pacific Development Soc.*, 132 Or. 82, 284 P. 575, 1930; *Brauer v. Globe Newspaper Co.*, 351 Mass. 53, 217 N.E.2d 736, 1966). It is undisputed that plaintiff and his work, as here represented by the steel sculpture "Cyclone 7," have been held up to public ridicule both locally and, given the wide-ranging magic of the media, throughout the land, as witnessed in a cartoon published in the *South Georgia Pilot* crudely depicting a small dog pinioned under a junk heap comprising old bedsprings, chamber pots, and other household debris, and from the *Arkansas Family Visitor* an editorial denouncing plaintiff's country of origin as prominent in the Soviet bloc, thereby distinctly implying his mission among us to be one of atheistic subversion of our moral values as a Christian nation, whereas materials readily available elsewhere show plaintiff to have departed his birthplace at age three with his family who were in fact fleeing the then newly installed Communist regime. We take judicial notice of this exhibit as defamatory communication and libellous per se, tending "to lower him in the estimation of the community or to deter third persons from associating or dealing with him" (Restatement of the Law, Second, Torts 2d, 559), but it remains for plaintiff to seek relief in the courts of those jurisdictions.

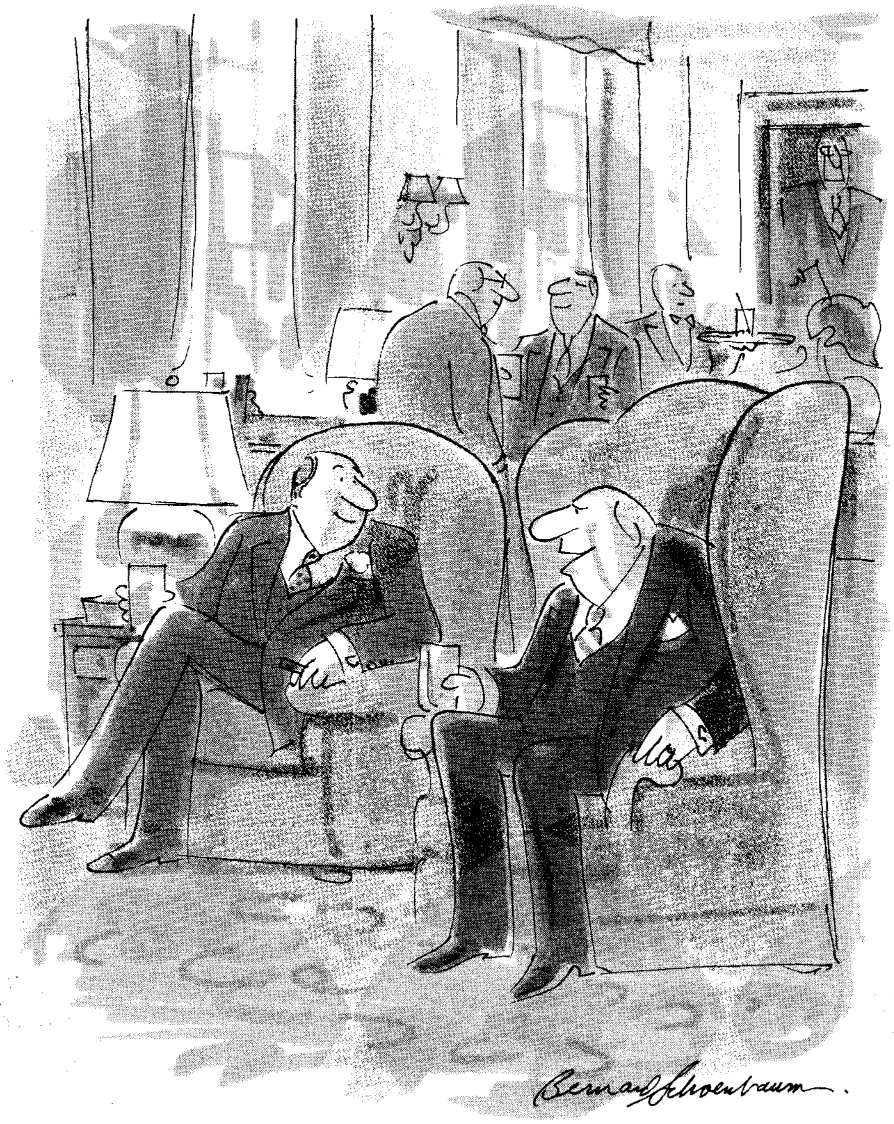
Similarly, where plaintiff alleges defamation in this and far wider jurisdictions through radio and television broadcast we are plunged still deeper into the morass of legal distinctions embracing libel and slander that have plagued the common law since the turn of the seventeenth century. As slander was gradually wrested from the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts through tort actions seeking redress for temporal damage rather than spiritual offense, slander became actionable only with proof or the reasonable assumption of special damage of a pecuniary character. Throughout, slander retained its identity as spoken defamation, while with the rise of the printing press it became libel in the written or printed word, a distinction afflicting our own time in radio and television broadcasting wherein defamation has been held as libel if read from a script by the broadcaster (*Hartmann v. Winchell*, 296 N.Y. 296, N.E.2d 30, 1947; *Hryhorijiv v. Winchell*, 1943, 180 Misc. 574, 45 N.Y.S 2d 31, affirmed, 267 App.Div. 817, 47 N.Y.S.2d 102, 1944) but as slander if it is not. But see Restatement of the Law, Second, Torts 2d, showing libel as "broadcasting of defamatory matter by means of radio or television, whether or not it is read from a manuscript" (#568A). Along this tortuous route, our only landmark in this proceeding is the aforementioned proof or reasonable assumption of special damage of a pecuniary character and, plaintiff failing in these provisions, this remedy is denied.

In reaching these conclusions, the court acts from the conviction that risk of ridicule, of attracting defamatory attentions from his colleagues and even raucous demonstrations by an outraged public have ever been and remain the foreseeable lot of the serious artist, recalling among the most egregious examples Ruskin accusing Whistler of throwing a paint pot in the public's face, the initial scorn showered upon the Impressionists and, once they were digested, upon the Cubists, the derision greeting Bizet's musical innovations credited with bringing about his death of a broken heart, the public riots occasioned by the first performance of Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring," and from the day Aristophanes labelled Euripides "a maker of ragamuffin manniquins" the avalanche of disdain heaped upon writers: the press sending the author of "Ode on a Grecian Urn" "back to plasters, pills, and ointment boxes," finding Ibsen's "Ghosts" "a loathsome sore unbandaged, a dirty act done publicly" and Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" "sentimental rubbish," and in our own land the contempt accorded each succeeding work of Herman Melville, culminating in "Moby Dick" as "a huge dose of hyperbolical slang, maudlin sentimentalism and tragic-comic bubble and squeak," and since Melville's time upon writers too numerous to mention. All this must most arguably in deed and intent affect the sales of their books and the reputations whereon rest their hopes of advances and future royalties, yet to the court's knowledge none of this opprobrium however enviously and maliciously conceived and however stupid, careless, and ill-informed in its publication has ever yet proved grounds for a successful action resulting in recovery from the marplot. In short, the artist is fair game and his cause is turmoil. To echo the words of Horace, "*Pictoribus atque poetis quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas*," in this daring invention the artist comes among us not as the bearer of *idées reçus* embracing art as decoration or of the comfort of churchly beliefs enshrined in greeting-card sentiments but rather in the aesthetic equivalent of one who comes on earth "not to send peace, but a sword."

The foregoing notwithstanding, before finding for plaintiff on the main action before the court set forth in his motion for a preliminary injunction barring interference of any sort by any means by any party or parties with the sculptural creation "Cyclone 7" the court is compelled to address whether, following such a deliberate invasion for whatever purpose however merciful in intent, the work can be restored to its original look in keeping with the artist's unique talents and accomplishment or will suffer irreparable harm therefrom. Bowing to the familiar adage "*Cuilibet in arte sua perito est credendum*," we hold the latter result to be an inevitable consequence of such invasion and such subsequent attempt at reconstitution at the hands of those assembled for such purposes in the form of members of the local Fire Department, whose training and talents such as they may be must be found to lie elsewhere, much in the manner of that obituary upon our finest poet of the century wherein one of his purest lines was reconstituted as "I do not think they will sing to me" by a journalist trained to eliminate on sight the superfluous "that."

FOR the reasons set out above, summary judgment is granted to plaintiff as to preliminary injunction.

—WILLIAM GADDIS



*"Everybody loves money. Too bad there isn't enough to go around."*

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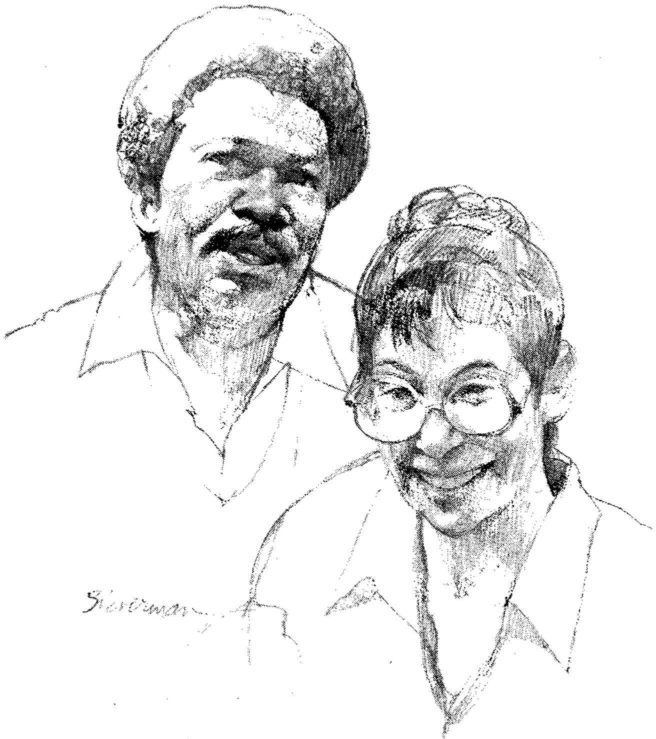
## BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Harold Wooster in the Journal of the American Society for Information Science*]

The piccolo accompaniment to the rolling thunder of these reports was provided by the perennial squabble about which office should have responsibility for the hypothetical nascent national science information system, with the Executive Office of the President on one side of the net and the National Science Foundation on the other. When the ball finally died in NSF's court, the question became where in NSF to put (or bury) it.

# PROFILES

## BOARD-AND-CARE



*Leroy Looper*

*Kathy Looper*

Chateau Agape, San Francisco, seven o'clock on a February morning. The air smells of bacon frying, coffee percolating. With a spatula, Leroy Looper eases an egg off a stove-top grill and onto a plate, then hands it over a kitchen counter to a woman who wears an old raincoat for a robe. She's holding tightly to the collar, clinging to it for security. From a plastic tray, Leroy gives her two Mellaril pills and smiles at her in approval, pleased to see that her hair is neatly combed and her eyes are bright. Only yesterday, the woman was confused and frightened, unwilling to eat or to speak, and Leroy's wife, Kathy, had to coax some nourishment into her by offering cups of hot chocolate.

"You look real nice today, Carla," Leroy says to her, in a rich, rather preacherly voice, and this simple bit of praise seems to lift her off her feet. Meanwhile, he takes another egg from a cardboard carton and lets it rest for a moment on his palm. Against his skin, it resembles an oblong marble. He is a very big man of sixty-two, built on the scale of a retired pro-football tackle, and when he walks through the Tenderloin, a tough downtown district where he runs a hotel and works as a neighborhood organizer, the pimps and dealers in his path tend to scatter. A former addict himself, he spent twelve years of his youth strung out on heroin, bouncing from prison to prison, but since he kicked his habit for good, in 1959, he's undone all the knots that used to bind him.

Leroy cracks the egg and sets it to sizzling. He lays out more bacon strips—cheerful, humming to himself—and starts another pot of coffee, and these sweet domestic smells drift up a broad mahogany staircase to rooms on the second and third floors. The Chateau, a rambling Queen Anne Victorian mansion, is a board-and-care home for the mentally disabled, and all but one of twenty-seven men and women who share it with the Loopers are chronic schizophrenics. A secretary, a practical nurse, a rock musician—in a few minutes, they begin to wander into the dining room, looking as half awake and in need of caffeine as any other random sample of human beings so early in the morning. They range in age from nineteen to fifty-two. Often in the past they've had to be hospitalized, some in locked facilities, but here they usually function well, creating an atmosphere of mutual support, a therapeutic community.

From an urn I help myself to hot water for tea, and I ask one of the boarders, whose name is Anatole, if I can join him at his table. "By all means," he says, gesturing grandly with an arm. In the weeks I've been visiting, we've become friends. We shoot pool in the basement, or sit around and discuss global affairs, solving—with amazing ease—many of the world's problems. Anatole has a quick wit, and the handsome, grizzled, toothless face of a prospector. His longish black hair is flecked with gray, and when he served in the Army, near Frankfurt, the Fräuleins told him he was a double for Elvis. He, too, is looking good, having recently—and reluctantly—agreed to an increase in his daily dose of Stelazine, an antipsychotic. Like most mental patients, he wants to be free of drugs and doctors, free of craziness, but at least he's sleeping better now, not staying up most of the night, wired and rapping.

When I first came to the Chateau, in late January, Anatole was hostile toward me, suspicious of my motives, informing me in his regal way that the only really good writer around was Tom Brokaw, of NBC. He resented the idea that I might be studying him, reducing his life to the stuff of research, so I had to be very clear with him about what I was doing. I told him I'd got curious about the nationwide crisis in housing the mentally ill. In every major urban area of the United States, the streets were jammed with obviously disturbed people living openly in squalor, and I wondered if, in the absence of hospital beds, there was truly no place for them to go. The number of mental institutions in the country has dropped radically since the nineteen-fifties. In California, I learned, privately owned, state-licensed board-and-cares are the primary long-term shelters for individuals with chronic illnesses, and when I began to look into them I met a local psychiatrist, Mel Blaustein, who is an expert in the field. He took me to two homes he visits weekly, acting as a medical adviser. (There are seventy-three board-and-cares in San Francisco, accounting for seven hundred and five beds.) The homes I saw were small and run-down, set on busy, dismal blocks in poor neighborhoods, and the patients in them were sullen,

*"Do you want Regular Hold or our new Power Hold?"*

• •

giddy, or without affect, dozing in chairs, drinking beer, or filling their heads with bad dreams by watching endless hours of TV. In terms of quality, Dr. Blaustein said, the homes were about average for the system, providing clean rooms, regular meals, monitoring of medication, and some supervision—an acceptable alternative, certainly, to forcing people to camp in alleys. Yet he believed it was possible for a board-and-care to be much more than just a holding tank, so he brought me to the Chateau, where the Loopers, with no special training or financial aid, were investing a tired concept with fresh energy.

All this I explained to Anatole (I have changed his name as well as the names of the other residents), and he nodded gravely, using his radar—a sixth sense some schizophrenics seem to have for determining the truth—to see if I was being honest. Apparently, I passed the test, because afterward he started seeking my company, laughing, teasing me, telling me jokes.

"I might be doing some writing myself pretty soon," he informs me this morning, rolling a cigarette from a pouch of Bugler—one of the sixty or eighty he'll smoke today.

"What will you write about?" I ask.

"Oh, something important, probably." He pauses for effect. "You know, like the Jurassic Age."

Light pours through the curved windows of the dining room. It's a balmy day, and in the garden roses are blooming, flaring up in reds and strong yellows, like miniature pockets of flame. Sunshine warms the oak floors, and again I am impressed by the beauty of the Chateau. Built in 1881 by a lumber tycoon, it was a mansion in ruin when the Loopers bought it, almost a century later, but they have gradually restored it, turning it into an architectural landmark. With bright white paint, a widow's walk, and an eccentric Turkish cupola, it stands out from the other houses on Guerrero Street, and it often makes strollers stop on the sidewalk to wonder what's going on inside.

Sometimes at the Chateau, I feel as if I were on a fine old sailing ship. This comes in part from its size and in part from its period flavor. In every room, there are valuable antiques—brass beds, lamps with marble bases, armoires, gilt mirrors from the Barbary Coast. The décor is even more remarkable when you consider that Kathy Looper scavenged every piece from a thrift shop or a garage sale, and refinished it. Now in her early forties, she is a short, sturdy, supremely dedicated woman of Greek ancestry, who wears glasses and bold colors, and hates to think that anything on earth might be going to waste. She was educated at Catholic schools in San Francisco and met Leroy in 1969, while she was still in college. "He was the first guy I ever dated," she told me once, giggling, her hands on her hips. "Yeah! Can you believe it?"

I notice that Anatole is involved in the morning paper. He has been reading a lot lately, hoping to reconstruct the areas of his brain he feels are damaged, so I leave him alone, walk down a hallway to the front door, and bump into three of the Looper children—a girl and two of the boys—who are on their way to school. Residents are also milling around, collecting themselves, preparing to go to day centers or to volunteer jobs. I pass Dorothy and Jane, and then I pass Georgie, a gentle, long-nosed Russian in a neat shirt and tie. Years ago, Georgie underwent electroshock treatment at Napa State Hospital. "And you know what?" he whispered to me the other day, fiercely proud. "I *still* remember how it felt!"

He grins as I stroll by, and picks up the thread of our ongoing conversation. "You like your meat rare, right?" he asks.

"That's right, Georgie."

A broader grin. "Just throw it on the barbecue and take it off, right?"

"Right again."

Very happy now. "Did your father have a temper?"

"When I was a kid. Not so much anymore."

With a wicked sort of glee, he says, "Did he give you lickings?"

"A spanking once in a while," I say.

Georgie quits talking and processes the data, storing it in a memory file he keeps on me. Always, he begins on a casual note and then grows more intimate, probing. He works by making comparisons, holding up another's life against his own, so that a measure is taken, something is gained. You should have been a tailor, Georgie, I think, stepping onto the front porch. Out in the yard, a resident named Darnell is uncoiling a hose, getting ready to water some pansies in tubs. A recent arrival, he is a shy young black

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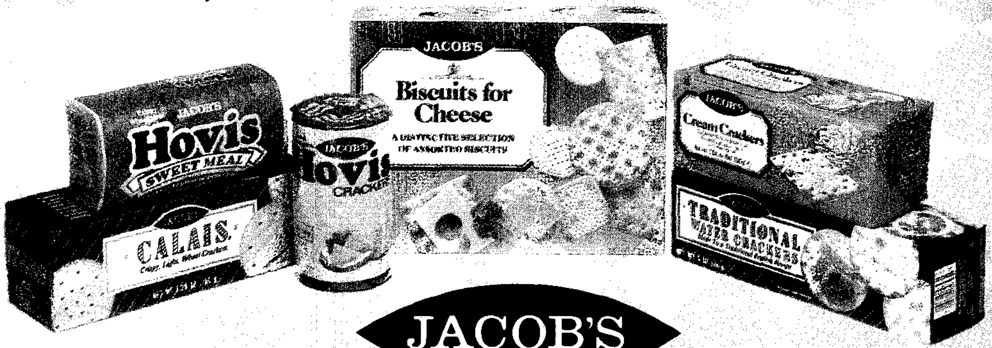
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man in a yellow knit cap. He waves to me. The sky above him, all around him, is a delicate, almost transparent blue.

WHEN Leroy Looper was a boy, growing up in Washington, D.C., in the nineteen-twenties, his father sometimes drank too much and beat him. He beat Leroy's mother as well, and whenever he knocked out a tooth of hers he replaced it with a gold one. But in Leroy's eyes the gold was less an apology than a form of insurance, something to be yanked out and pawned during the next bender; and at the age of seven, to keep from getting hit, he ran away from home. He earned some pocket money by shining shoes, begging for pennies, and selling copies of the *Afro-American* newspaper in bars and fancy hotels. His own name turned up in its "Missing Persons" column once, but he ignored the message, having already fallen in love with the streets.

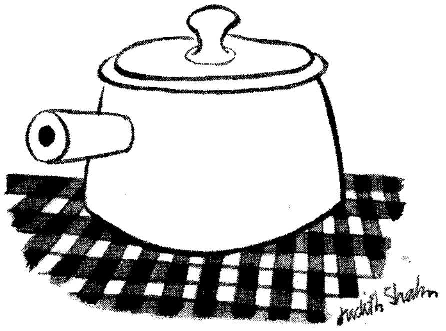
Often when he was hungry, he would go to his Aunt Carrie's house, in Glick Alley, behind the old Howard Theatre. The alley was a hive of action, thick with numbers runners, bootleggers, prostitutes, and entertainers down on their luck. Leroy soon got caught up in the flow of crime, nabbed a woman's purse, and was sent to a reform school for a year—the year he was eight. The discipline there was strict. If you misbehaved, you were rapped on the knuckles with a ruler or were made to kneel for hours on concrete, under a blazing sun. Major offenders were stripped to the waist, tied to a rack, and lashed with a bullwhip.

On his release, Leroy vowed to avoid trouble, but he began cutting classes and roaming again, and, once more, when he was eleven, he foolishly stole a purse. The judge thought he must be a little crazy to repeat himself, so she assigned him to an institution forty miles from the District that offered some psychiatric counselling. It had acres of land, and the security was not so tight. Leroy taught himself to box, he played horseshoes and baseball, and he steered clear of gangs. He had one very good teacher, Mr. Orange, who was Jewish and had been denied jobs at better schools because of his religion. Mr. Orange gave him books to read and started him on a course of self-education. At times, Leroy swore that he could feel his mind expanding, as if it were a live thing pushing against the bones of his skull; and as he walked over the vast property he dreamed about escaping.

One night, after cadging some food, he and two friends slipped out a window. He felt rapturous at first, blending into the woods, but it was also dark and cold, and after a while the boys couldn't tell one star from another and wandered around in circles until the guards captured them. As punishment, Leroy was banished for three weeks to the Hole—a rank, bare, confining room in the cellar of the institution. Undaunted, he kept trying to get away, and on his third attempt he came upon a devious, little-travelled route that took him through orchards and cornfields and then to a railroad track that led him to the city. He was sixteen and had been away from home for five years, but his father still had no use for him. Instead of giving him comfort or advice, the old man reported him to the police, and he and Leroy had a vicious fight before Leroy bolted out the door.

For a few months, he hung out in District pool halls, supporting himself by hustling suckers at eight ball and rotation. After Pearl Harbor was bombed, other men from the area enlisted in the Army, but Leroy felt no particular allegiance to the country that had jailed him as a child, and he decided instead to travel and gain some experience. He packed a knapsack and hoboed around the East Coast, working as a waiter, a bellhop, a welder, and a cook. When he couldn't find a straight job, he indulged in petty cons, running a murphy game with a pal and sending unwary johns (they'd paid in advance) up the stairs of a nowhere apartment building for a tryst with the voluptuous but nonexistent Miss Murphy.

While Leroy was snoozing in a Manhattan cafeteria one afternoon in 1947, luxuriously unemployed, he struck up a friendship with a blues singer, Jimmy (Babyface) Lewis, who toured with an all-girl band, the Sweethearts of Rhythm. They got on so well that Jimmy hired him as his valet, and Leroy started travelling with the boss—making time with various Sweethearts, dressing in high style, and meeting people like Duke Ellington and Lionel Hampton at parties. An accommodating type, he kept a stash of marijuana on hand and sold it to band members and hangers-on, always holding back a little for himself, but eventually he became incautious in his dealing and sold a few reefers to an undercover cop, earning a three-year term on Rikers Island.

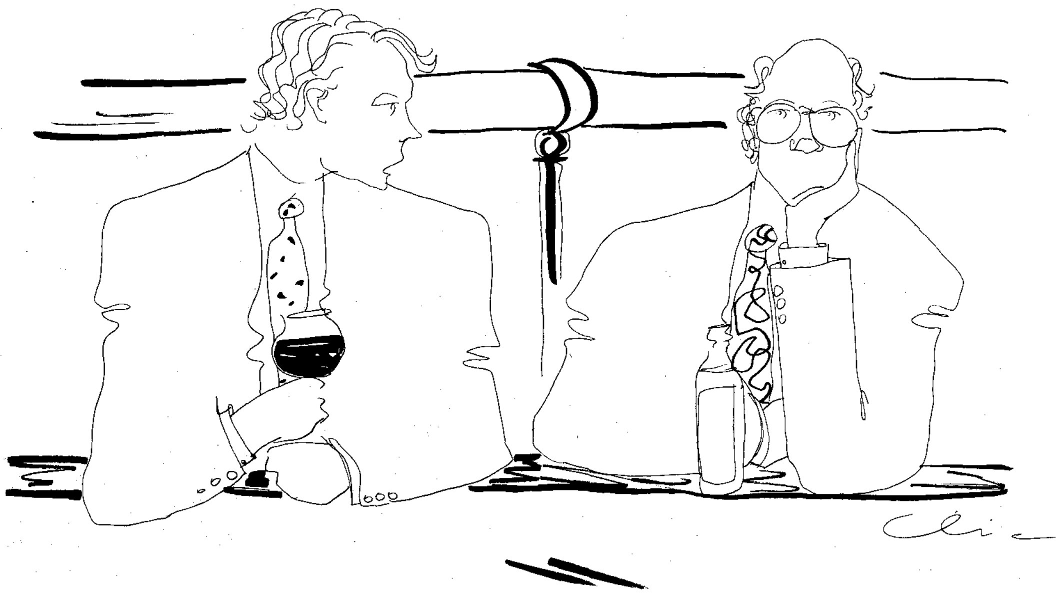


There, in 1947, courtesy of a fellow-inmate, he got his first taste of heroin. It gave him a wonderful insulated feeling of relief, and once he was back outside he chased after it desperately. An excuse, a blessing, a sickness, a seducer—to Leroy, heroin was all those things and more, and to buy it he dipped deeper into crime, pulling robberies and embarking on a familiar downward spiral to oblivion. The drug had such a grip on him that he might never have quit if he hadn't almost died of an overdose, waking one miserable Harlem dawn to find himself stuffed in an apartment closet with the rigid, ice-cold body of another junkie.

That was enough, finally, to drive him into a New York hospital for a difficult course of treatment and therapy, which involved facing his childhood, his terrors, all the good and not so good reasons for his addiction. When he returned to Harlem, in the mid-nineteen-sixties—drug-free but with no firm plans for the future—he saw that the place was not the hallucinatory night town he'd remembered from his years on dope. While he'd been nodding off, a regular Rip van Winkle, Harlem had changed in positive, unanticipated ways.

Young blacks and whites were canvassing on behalf of civil rights, and Leroy joined them as an organizer for the Harlem Action Group, mainly because it was a paying job. But he was quickly seized by the spirit, thrilled to hear his secret grievances articulated in public. His life took on purpose and direction, and all his natural sympathies were aroused. He discovered that he had a talent for leadership, like his heroes Malcolm X. and Frederick Douglass, and he put it to use by arranging marches and rent strikes. He also opened a cleaning business, giving work to many of his neighbors in the community.

In 1966, after a trip to Africa that encouraged his militancy, he returned to New York and began counselling



*"Would I be a friend if I didn't tell you the truth?"*

drug abusers in state prisons, assisting officials of the Rockefeller administration. He was so effective that a wealthy benefactor gave him fifty thousand dollars to open a drug-treatment center of his own. Summoning his confidence, he rented a building on 145th Street and called it Reality House. Many clients were waiting for him, because the word was out that he'd been through it all himself. He had mastered every trick and turn in the doper's repertoire, and he got scoundrels to coöperate by telling them the truth: heroin is a superior high until it kills you. And, he said, there would be no immediate rewards for recovering—you bought back some health and self-respect, but they were likely to be grabbed from you the minute you left the center.

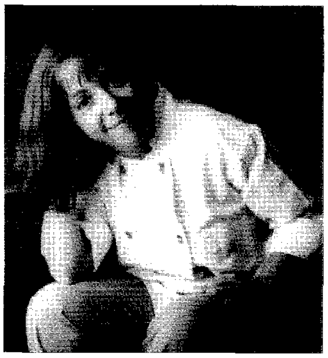
Although the message was honest, Leroy did not enjoy delivering it. In a short time, overburdened, he was disillusioned with the rehabilitation game, and was asking himself hard questions. For instance, why bother to treat someone if you're only going to discharge him into the same poverty and neglect that contributed to—maybe even caused—his addiction in the first place? Moreover, he was beginning to feel restless, uncomfortable with his new status and success—he had recently married a black woman he'd met in Harlem, and had become a father—and he was eager for another challenge. So, like many other pilgrims of the period, he headed for California.

Leroy arrived in San Francisco in 1968, nearly broke, a year after the Summer of Love, when psychedelics were giving way to hard drugs. He had promised to join a friend in a black-oriented clothing company, New Breed, but instead, drawn to a scene he recognized and identified with, he sought out a vacant storefront in the Fillmore district and started Reality House West. The conditions there were awful—a leaky roof, one toilet, sacks of beans and rice for food—but he seemed to thrive on adversity: he was wholly in his element, willing to feud with Huey P. Newton and his Black Panthers over turf. Devoted to his new center, he put in twelve- and fourteen-hour days and scrambled constantly to make ends meet. Always short of cash to pay his staff, he encouraged volunteers, and one morning a prim young white woman—high heels and lipstick in an era of braless delight—landed unexpectedly on his doorstep. It was Kathy, and she announced ingenuously that she wanted to do some work with addicts, because a student strike had shut down San Francisco State College and she was supposed to earn credits off campus.

Looking down at her from a point about eighteen inches above the top of her head, Leroy gave her the full force of his skepticism, thinking she was yet another Lady Bountiful dispatched to him from the Kingdom of Good Intentions. He was wrong. Kathy's family was not well-to-do, and her intentions, however plainly stated, were pure. Her father, an engineer for the Southern Pacific railroad, had had a bad heart, and had died while Kathy and her younger sister were still girls, leaving them in the care of their mother—an old-fashioned, old-country woman, who was born in 1905. A strict adherent of the Greek Orthodox faith, she had far less interest in revolutionary politics than in Archbishop Makarios; and, being uneducated, she supported the family by running a cottage industry in the basement, preparing phyllo dough and selling it to the city's better restaurants. After school and on weekends, Kathy would help her stretch the dough, pulling it out in long, taffylike strands.

Because of her rigorous upbringing, Kathy took to the harsh labor at Reality House. Without complaint, she mopped floors, scrubbed the bathroom, and walked the sickest, most reprehensible junkies through their tremors. She'd always sympathized with the suffering of outcasts; in fact, she was haunted by an episode from her teens, when she had gone downtown to Union Square in a new suit she'd made for herself, believing she looked elegant enough to cross a class barrier and shop at I. Magnin. But as she approached its revolving door a crippled, horrendously disfigured man came at her out of a crowd, asking for help, and she fled from him. At night, in dreams, his pleading face still came back to her.

Kathy had been pursuing a degree in international relations, but after six months at Reality House this began to seem like a silly idea, unconnected to any world she knew. She traded her dresses for jeans and sweatshirts, and learned to swear, braid hair into cornrows, and raise a fist in salute. At home, her mother prayed for her, accusing her of betraying the family and giving up her education; and that had the effect of pushing her closer to Leroy and his cause. He had two sons now, Malik and Esan (both Swahili names), yet his marriage had fallen apart, and he was relying on Kathy for support. She was strong, capable, and energetic, and she continued to stand



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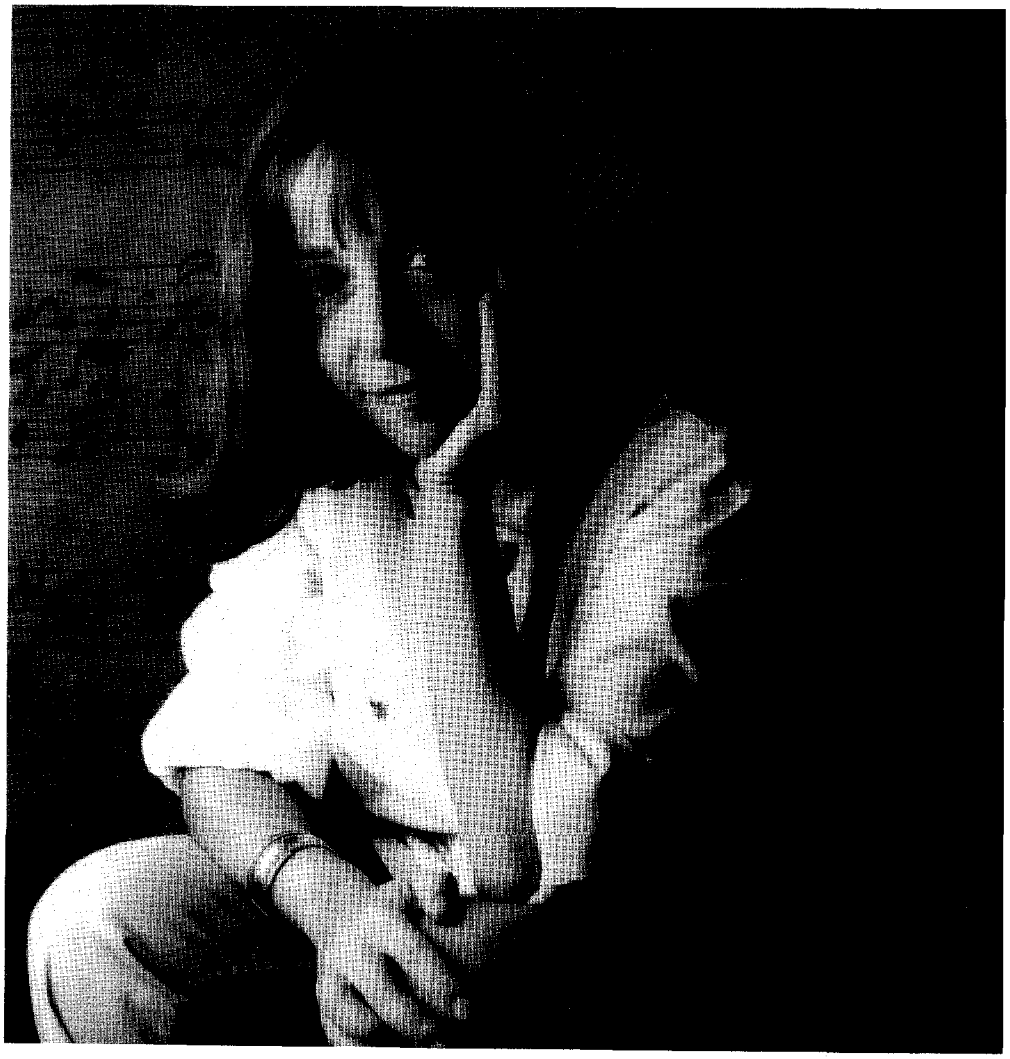

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FATHER SEBASTIAN KNEIPP (1821-1897)

by him as Reality House entered a period of crisis that threatened it with collapse: the financial situation was grave; there was more heroin and cocaine around than ever; and Leroy's arguments with the Black Panthers had got so serious that he was carrying a gun.

A few years went by before the problems were solved. By then, in 1976, Leroy and Kathy had married, and were living—against all odds—in a sanitized, textureless town house in suburban South San Francisco. They had managed to keep Reality House together (they're still running it, as a nonprofit corporation), and now, thanks to grant money from the city and the state, it was healthy enough to provide them with a joint income of about two thousand dollars a month. Leroy had made peace with Huey Newton and had begun studying for an equivalency degree in psychology at Antioch West college and writing his autobiography.

At the age of fifty-one, he was mellowing. Although he was frequently rueful about the pain he'd caused others, he tried not to dwell on the past. He still liked to read, and knew a bit of Shakespeare and Homer, and more of the Bible and Dale Carnegie. What gave him greater pleasure than anything else was being able to demonstrate openly his affection for his new wife and his children—Malik and Esan and a boy and a girl he'd had by Kathy. The boy, an infant, was known as Camlo, after a Gypsy god; and for Camlo's older sister Kathy had chosen the name Agape, the ancient Greek word for love.

A MIDAFTERNOON at the Chateau, and the dining room smells of pork roast in plum sauce. A pair of cockatiels carry on in their cage while one of four miniature poodles the Loopers own makes a loud yipping noise. A resident named Duane and his friend Bud come in, back from a day center, their faces pink from walking in the sun. Bud used to be a sailor. Duane plays electric guitar, writes rock music, and once had a three-state hit ("My Bayou Baby") on an independent label out of Atlanta. The song, which he performed on the record, has a Roy Orbison flavor—that spooky Southern feel of gators, swamps, and voodoo.

Ever since Duane was a boy in a backwoods Florida town, he has been hearing what he calls "suicidal voices" in his head. The voices put him in a hospital for the first time when he was twelve, and at their most strident they tell him he's utterly worthless and urge him to do everybody a favor by killing himself. He tried this once, in 1983, shortly after he moved to San Francisco in the hope of furthering his career. Over the Christmas holidays, a friend left him alone in the apartment they were sharing, and he became delusional and overwhelmed and drank a can of plastic-wood solvent. Fortunately, he recovered with his throat and stomach intact, and after he got some counselling at a halfway house he took a room at the Chateau. He has never again done anything self-destructive.

Even though the voices are still with him ("They're real faint now," he says), Duane is often in good spirits. Today, joking around, he's wearing a painter's cap he found in a giveaway box in the neighborhood. He gets a big kick out of it, regarding it as a weird gloss on the whole notion of hats, but the truth is that he doesn't have many decent clothes, nor do most of the other residents. Rodrigo, who has a meticulous mind, wanting to pin down permanently every thought, word, and emotion, felt compelled to explain this to me last week. He had on a wildly patterned but almost colorless sports coat, a remnant of somebody's Caribbean vacation. "Touch this," he said, extending an arm. The shiny material was as thin as tracing paper. "It's hard to be in fashion when you have to shop at the Salvation Army," Rodrigo said.

The irony of such wardrobes is that they sometimes make residents look crazier than they are. This is also true of anti-psychotic drugs. Even as they control hallucinations and stabilize mood, they can cause impotence, dizziness, blurred vision, a cottony mouth, and drowsiness. They may make one constipated or give one diarrhea. Occasionally, they add a herky-jerky edge to a person's gait, or cause his legs to bounce or jiggle. (Residents call this the Prolixin Stomp.) About twenty per cent of those who use such drugs for long periods develop tardive dyskinesia, a sometimes irreversible condition characterized by involuntary facial contortions and darting movements of the mouth, tongue, and jaw. Yet the sad fact is that nobody at the house functions well without meds. The Loopers will let a resident go off drugs at any time, as long as Mel Blaustein approves, but such experiments have almost always ended badly, with a gradual return to psychosis as the chemicals dissipate from the bloodstream. (That can take as much as six months.)

The dining room is the social hub of the Chateau. If you sit at a table, you invite company, so I am not surprised when Rodrigo pulls up a chair. In a polite, earnest way, he asks if I think smoking is a sin—this has been his major preoccupation lately. Worried about both his soul and his health, he has decided to cut down on tobacco, and save some money as well, by smoking only butts; he collects them from ashtrays and deposits them, little treasures, in a blue plastic file-card box.

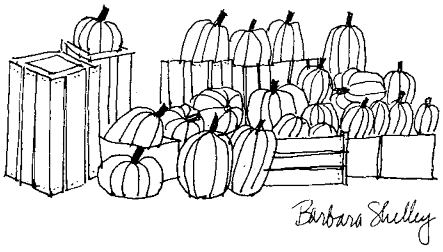
With his close-cropped graying hair, Rodrigo reminds me of a dashing movie bandit. (In turn, he says I resemble his seventh-grade chemistry teacher.) He comes from a big family and has some Cree Indian blood. Only one of his five siblings talks to him regularly; he catches up on the others at weddings and funerals. Devoutly religious, he dabs holy water on his brow when he's "cranked up," and keeps a tattered prayer book in his back pocket. As a teen-ager, he had a bizarre psychotic break during which he left home in a delirium and wandered into the countryside, dazed, frothing at the mouth, speaking in tongues. A farmer rescued him at last and phoned his parents, and he was taken by ambulance to Langley Porter Institute, at the University of California, where he had shock treatments. They cured him, he claims, with some help from "The Mike Douglas Show," which he watched in amusement every afternoon.

When I first heard such stories, I didn't know what to make of them. They reflect the organic weight of schizophrenia—how it drags one down and leaves one defenseless against the onrushing power of the world. Nothing stays in its compartment: the brain admits every perception, and beauty can flip-flop into ugliness in a matter of seconds. What a relief, then, for Rodrigo to come to himself in a clean hospital room, cared for in privacy and released from his demons. It's easy to picture him between crisp white sheets, calm and peaceful, his temples shaved, laughing along with the guests on TV. The image is as vivid to me as one he actually describes—a cold, beaded can of Rainier ale that the farmer gave him to quench his thirst. "I can still remember the taste," he'll say, dreamy-eyed, smacking his lips as people do when they drink from a stream high in the mountains. Always with this disease there is a desire for purity.

Anatole goes by on his way to the basement with a load of laundry. His clothes are a record of his past. He has faded suits from his days as an insurance underwriter, jeans and flannel shirts from an outdoorsy phase, and a Moroccan robe, as intricate as a tapestry, that he used to wear to parades and events of civic magnitude. He told me once that his brain collapsed on May 12, 1964. When I pressed him for details, he said sarcastically, "What do you mean, 'details'? It just exploded!" Still awed by the cataclysm, he keeps sifting through it for clues, straddling a gulf between what he was and what he has become, and his awareness of his degeneration, together with his battle to halt it, lends him a tragic, noble air.

Probably Anatole is the most convivial person at the Chateau, but in the beginning whenever we had a chat he had trouble concentrating. He'd bite his lip and work to modify his erratic patterns of thinking, trying to smooth out all the peaks and valleys. He seemed like a cowboy roping in strays. The task was neither simple nor bleak for him—merely a challenge—and now it goes more quickly each time. But other residents have spent so little of their lives in ordinary human relationships that they've lost the gift of language—a primary means of self-definition and protection. After a minute or two of conversing, they forget the subject, stumble over broken sentences, or just fall silent. Often they blame their medication, or suggest, with typical paranoid vigor, that they've been poisoned, doped, or sabotaged.

This is the afternoon of a payday, so everyone is a little tense, waiting for Leroy or Kathy to appear with a stack of envelopes containing Supplemental Security Income, or S.S.I., checks. A share of the money, three hundred and forty dollars, comes from the federal government, and each state adds something on top. California is the most generous, and that attracts patients from all over the country. "I love it out here," a resident from Alabama said to me once. "It's warm, it hardly ever rains, and I'm a lot better off financially than I was in Tuscaloosa."



As I cross the dining room to get a glass of water, Georgie intercepts me, his neck craned, swooping in from a great height. "You're a Virgo, right?" he asks.

"That's right, Georgie."

"Who do you think killed President Kennedy?"

"Lee Harvey Oswald."

"I hate violence," Georgie says.

In the kitchen, Susan Brier, the manager of the Chateau, is basting the pork roast. Emanations of plum come at me, along with whiffs of garlic and sage. (In most board-and-cares, the menu runs to hot dogs, peanut butter, and canned spaghetti.) Susan offers me a chocolate-chip cookie fresh from the oven. A former philosophy major, she dropped out of college in the late nineteen-fifties to be a beatnik, and her attitudes and ideas remain unconventional. She has worked at the house for seven years, putting in four ten-hour days every week. In addition to cooking dinner, she does some administrative chores, and she supervises everything in the Loopers' absence.

Around four o'clock, Leroy makes an entrance with the envelopes. "Darnell!" he booms. "Ruth! Paul!" The checks, a monthly disability stipend, are for six hundred and thirty-two dollars, and almost everybody gets one. To qualify for S.S.I., you must be unable to hold a job, and you must have a doctor who'll attest to the severity of your impairment. It is important, too, to have been hospitalized at least once; the average here is five times. S.S.I. may seem to be an uncomplicated subsidy, but it isn't. Once your name goes on the roll, you've admitted your failure to live independently and acquired another badge that marks you as crazy. It can be as difficult to get off S.S.I. as it is to get on.

One month in a licensed California board-and-care costs a state-set fee of five hundred and fifty-eight dollars, so after Rodrigo pays the Loopers he'll have seventy-four dollars to last him until his next check. He puts on his colorless coat and heads for the corner market, where he has to settle a thirteen-dollar tab for highly priced toiletries and cans of soda. Ruth tells me she's going to treat herself to sushi, and Paul—a plump, brilliant New Yorker with the glowing eyes of a Talmudic scholar—says he's going to

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a Chinese restaurant for a four-course meal. I ask Anatole if he has any plans to celebrate, but he says he doubts it—he's a bit tired. On other paydays, he has eaten lobster at Fisherman's Wharf, had a half-dozen pizzas delivered to the Chateau, or gone on long taxi rides to no particular destination—an emperor, briefly, of all he surveys.

EVERY weekday morning after breakfast, the Loopers, who are seldom idle, drive their old station wagon to Eddy Street, in the Tenderloin, where they run a hundred-and-fifty-nine-room residential hotel called the Cadillac. On a windy March day, I join them in their office—a cluttered room behind the front desk which is furnished with antiques Kathy has reclaimed from the hotel basement. The pieces are all in California Mission style and date from the turn of the century, when the Cadillac had a staff of thirty maids and catered to the élite. Its tenants now are people on welfare, alcoholics drying out, elderly pensioners, ex-cons, and a handful of ambulatory mental patients whose doctors have certified that they are not likely to commit suicide or arson.

When I walk in, Kathy is doing some bookkeeping and Leroy is talking on the phone.

"Mmm-hmm," he says, holding the receiver a few inches from his ear. "Well, we do thank you for the offer, but we just can't use two hundred hamburgers for the banquet. We got this cooking school in North Beach, they're going to fix us a nice, *sit-down* dinner. . . . I understand that. It's very generous of you." Raising his eyes toward the heavens, Leroy whispers to us, "Man wants me to serve his burgers at a banquet Mayor Feinstein's coming to. You feed a politician franchise food, she'll never do you any favors."

The Cadillac is Leroy's power base. He's a boss in the district, a mover and shaker, and he has an assortment of titles—chairman of the Tenderloin Crime Abatement Committee, chairman of San Francisco Alive's Tenderloin Cleanup Committee, and chairman of the Tenderloin Community Fund. I asked him once about the last title, and he laughed, and said, "The developers who build down here have to contribute to our community programs, and *I* get to hand that money out." When Leroy looks out a hotel window, he doesn't always register the details of Eddy Street. Instead, he sees the same archetypal inner-city strip he roamed as a boy. Same pitfalls, same temptations.

Leroy's activities in the Tenderloin—all voluntary—are a logical extension of the kind of public-service work he began back in Harlem. A local philanthropist who knew about the work offered to sell the Cadillac to Reality House West on a no-money-down basis in 1977, as a private venture in urban renewal, and after Leroy discussed the offer with Kathy he closed the deal with a handshake and threw himself into a campaign to revive the place. He had it cleaned, painted, redecorated, and fumigated, killing off several generations of roaches. The hotel is stable now, a handsome beige monument in a landscape of decay, and its rooms, which rent for about two hundred dollars a month, are safe and secure.

Buying the Cadillac gave the Loopers some economic leverage, and Kathy was glad about this, since she was bored with the suburbs and wanted to move to a more spacious house in town. So she began shopping around in San Francisco and soon discovered that everything on the market was either too small or too cute or too ugly. Then one night in 1977, by chance, she drove home through the Mission—a mostly Hispanic district, where, in those days, property was still affordable—and saw a ramshackle Victorian mansion that appealed to her immensely. A superstitious person, she felt that it was destined to be hers, and in the morning she learned from a realtor that the place was indeed for sale. The asking price was a lofty three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, but in ritzier areas that bought you only a gingerbread shoebox; and there was also a low-interest assumable loan available. At the same time, the mansion had problems, both structural and ethical. The foundation was shot, termites had eaten away many acres of wood, and the owner had about a dozen boarders, all chronic mental patients, who would have to be evicted before anybody could take possession. This owner, an elderly woman, apparently had a romantic turn of mind. Imagining that her house bore a resemblance to certain stately ones in Bordeaux or Burgundy, she had named it Chateau Laura.

In light of the problems, Kathy had to consider her options. A trip to the library taught her that since the nineteen-sixties, when anti-psychotic

Special Advertising Section

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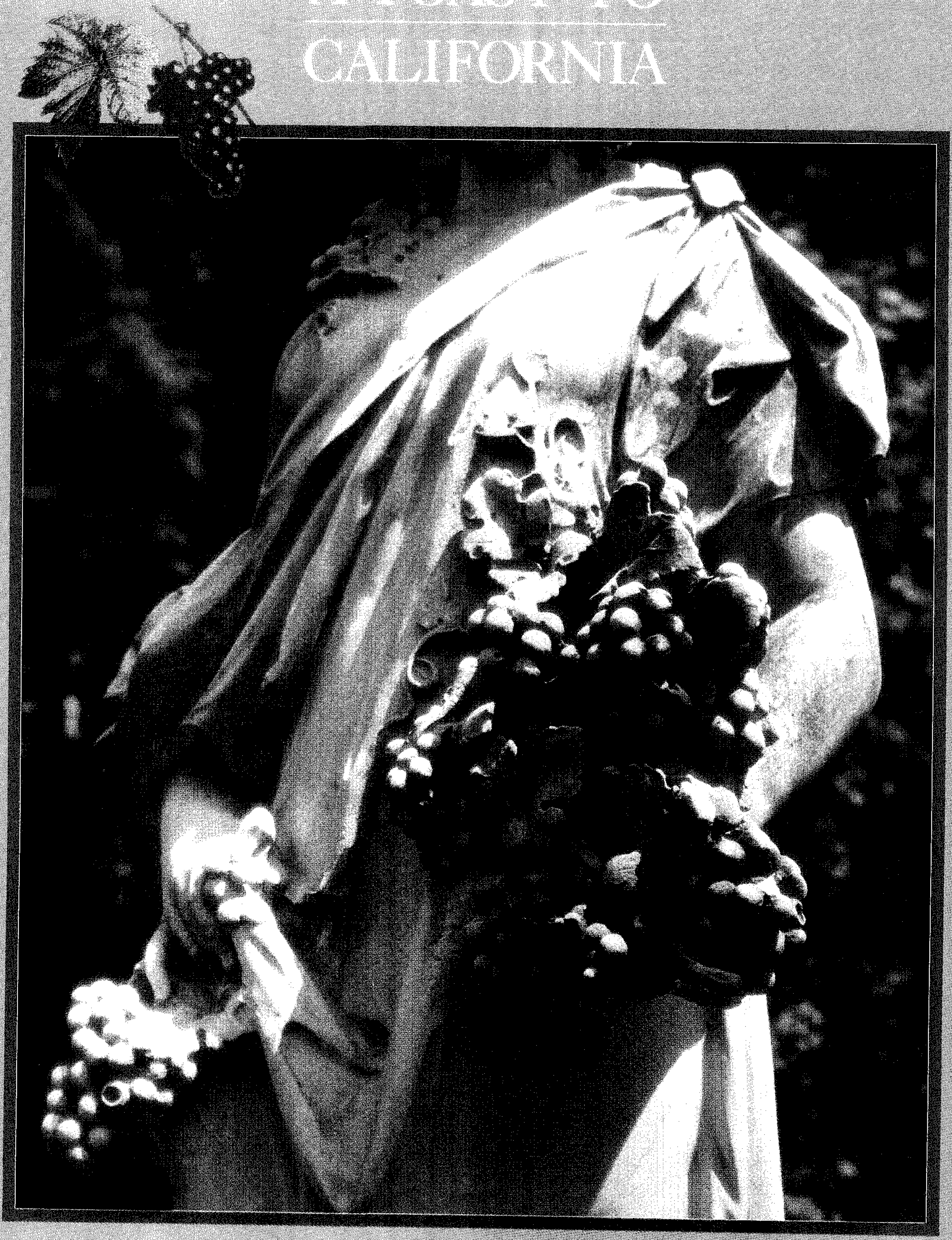

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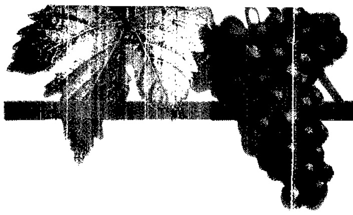

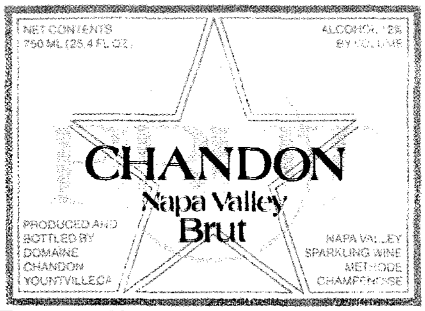
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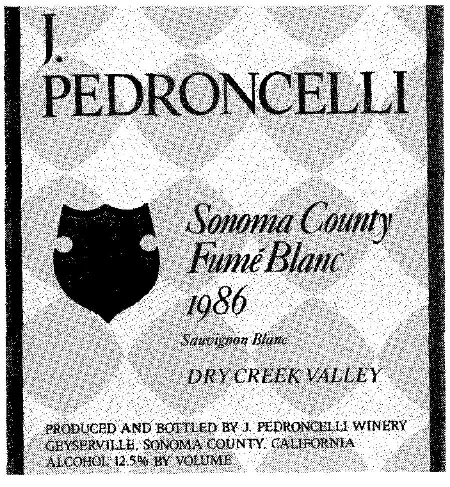
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Unlike farmland that has one short annual burst of color, wine land is green and golden for much of the year, its vineyards outlined with grasses the color of a lion's mane. After harvest, the leaves turn russet and amber. Just before spring arrives, when the bare vines are dark, gnarled twists, mustard blooms bright yellow between them and wild flowers rush through in pastel-shaded waves.

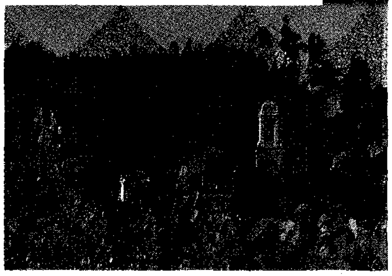
The vineyards that supply the nearly 700 California wineries march across flatlands and valley floors. They climb foothills, sit on benchlands, and cling to steep slopes. In their great variety of sites lie great varieties of soil.

California soils can be put into three broad categories. One consists of deep, well-drained soils that are coarse and gravelly and have little water to release to the vine. This kind of soil is often found in mountain vineyards, and tends to make big, brawny wines. The second consists of valley soils. These are medium-textured, richer and finer than mountain soils, and produce wines that are lighter in style. The third is clay, the finest-textured soil. It is tight, dense, and holds more moisture than the other two, with some to give even during the grapes' ripening period. Its wines are lighter than those from the other two soils.

Most of California's rainfall occurs in winter, while summers are hot and dry. Even with the help of irrigation, vines get only about five inches during the growing season. In comparison, France and Germany average twelve inches of natural rain during the same season.

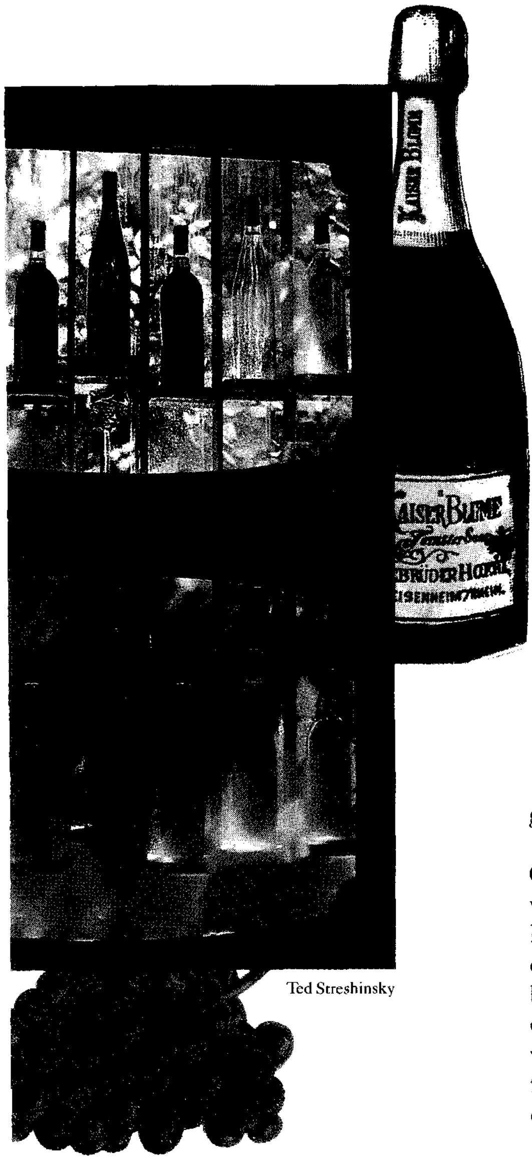
Vineyards are one of the weightiest expenses in the wine business, and relatively few wineries grow all the grapes they need. One that does is Trefethen Vineyards, which produces more on its 600 acres than it uses; about sixty percent is sold. Another is Flora Springs, which also uses only a percentage of its production. At the other end of the scale are winemakers who buy all their grapes. Walter Schug Cellars feels it is more important to have grapes from the perfect location than to have pride of ownership.

For most of California's wineries, a combination of buying and growing grapes is realistic. Chateau Montelena, for example, grows all its red grapes and buys nearly all its white grapes. "It's a matter of location," spokesman Bob Hattaway said. "Our own vineyards are best for reds. To get the kind of white

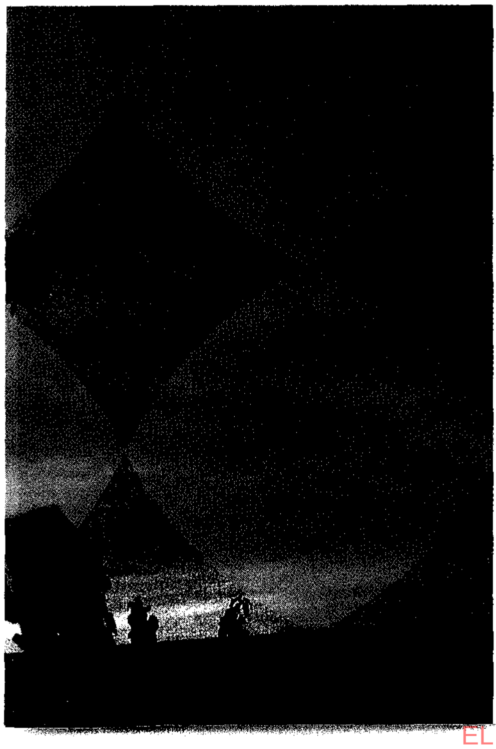


Eunice Fried is the author of *Burgundy: The Country, the Wines, the People* (Harper & Row), and also writes for numerous other publications. She currently resides in New York City.

*The grape growers who supply wineries with their raw materials take as much pride in the quality of their fruit as a vintner does in the wines he makes from it.*



Ted Streshinsky



grapes we want, we go elsewhere."

Fetzer Vineyards in Mendocino County owns 1,000 acres. But that provides only twenty percent of what the Fetzers need for their annual production of over one million cases. As a result, they buy enormous quantities of grapes. So does Almaden, whose 3,000 acres of vineyards provide only a fraction of the grapes for the ten million cases it produces each year.

Before the harvest, there is a great deal to do in the vineyards. In December, after the bare vines become dormant, empty of sap, and impervious to all but extreme frost, vineyard workers begin to prune them, cutting back the number of buds to produce top-quality grapes in the next harvest. One shoot will grow from one bud, and that shoot will in turn produce two or three clusters of grapes, as well as leaves. If too many buds are left, the vine may not have the energy to bring all the clusters to maturity. If too few buds are left, the quality may be good but the yield small. The vineyard manager must also consider the growth pattern of each variety—whether it will overproduce leaves which pull energy away from the grapes, as Sauvignon Blanc tends to do, or whether it overproduces fruit, as Zinfandel does. To distribute the vines' energy between fruit and vegetation, he would leave more buds on the Sauvignon Blanc and fewer on the Zinfandel vine.

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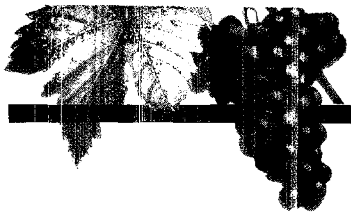

In March, as temperatures begin to rise to about 50°F, the sap in the dormant vine starts to flow again. The buds swell until they push aside the scales that have enclosed and protected them during the winter, and burst out—small, round, and fuzzy. This is bud break, the first stage of the new cycle.

Soon leaves and flower clusters form along the shoot. Each cluster is topped with tiny blossoms, and each blossom in the cluster is covered with a cap. When the cap falls away, the flowering parts of the vine are exposed and fertilization takes place.

Soon after fertilization, the clusters of berries are set—tiny, green, and hard. In an ideal year, this happens in May. And in an ideal year too, the grapes will bask in long, hot, sunny days throughout the months of summer.

In early August *veraison* occurs, the time when grapes change color from young green to shades of yellow for white grapes and to deep blue, red-purple, and blue-black for dark grapes. With *veraison*, the grapes enter their important final maturing stage.

The concentration of acids is now at its maximum. As the sugar content begins to rise and the grapes undergo a spurt of growth that plumps them with juice, the proportion of acid decreases. The vineyard manager and the winemaker watch the grapes carefully now, looking for the moment when they attain a perfect balance between sugar and acidity.

Because each grape variety has its own time of maturity, that moment of perfection varies. Those that traditionally thrive in cooler climates—Chardonnay, Gewurztraminer, and Pinot Noir—are early ripeners. Others tend to ripen mid-season; they include Sauvignon Blanc, Semillon, White Riesling, Merlot, Zinfandel, and Petite Sirah. Among late ripeners, Cabernet Sauvignon and Cabernet Franc are the most prominent. With such a range of grapes, California's harvest usually stretches over two months, from late August or early September through October and, in special cases, to November.

With harvest comes a rush of excitement. Grape-laden gondolas fill the country roads, followed by bees chasing the heady aroma of sweet, fresh juice. As quiet settles over a shorn vineyard, the activity moves to the winery.

## WINEMAKING

Within the old, hand-hewn stone walls of Simi Winery in Sonoma County lies a new winemaking facility. The winery was built in 1890; the new fermentation facility was designed by winemaker Zelma Long in 1980.

"We have two stemmer-crushers," Ms. Long said, "one for red grapes, one for white. There's a line from each crusher into the winery." In winemaking, yeast acts on the sugar in the grape juice, converting it to approximately half alcohol, half carbon dioxide, which escapes. But

Ted Streshinsky

*The major decision after fermentation is how long to leave the wine on its skins before pressing.*

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there are differences between making red and making white wine.

To make white wine, particularly Chardonnay, grapes are destemmed and crushed, then chilled. Depending on the year and the vineyard, they are given either no skin contact or allowed to rest on the skins for up to five or six hours. Skin contact adds a certain aromatic complexity to the wine; keeping the grapes cool tends to produce a finer wine.

After contact time, the grapes are pressed and, as in making all white wine, the juice is separated from the skins before fermentation. The juice settles overnight; the next morning, it's racked. Most of it is put into stainless steel tanks where yeast is added. Within 24 hours, fermentation starts. About a third of the Chardonnay juice is fermented in sixty-gallon French oak barrels.

Some Chardonnays go through a malolactic fermentation (a non-alcohol fermentation in which malic acid is converted to softer lactic acid), a process that can take anywhere from a week to three months to complete. Then the wine is racked from the stainless steel tanks and put into clean barrels, usually between March and May. That is where it stays until the end of the year following the harvest, when the barrel- and tank-fermented Chardonnays are blended, and bottled two months later.

To make red wine, the grapes are destemmed, crushed lightly, and put with their skins into stainless steel tanks. Yeast is added and within a day fermentation begins. In the early stages when the wine bubbles wildly, the carbon dioxide

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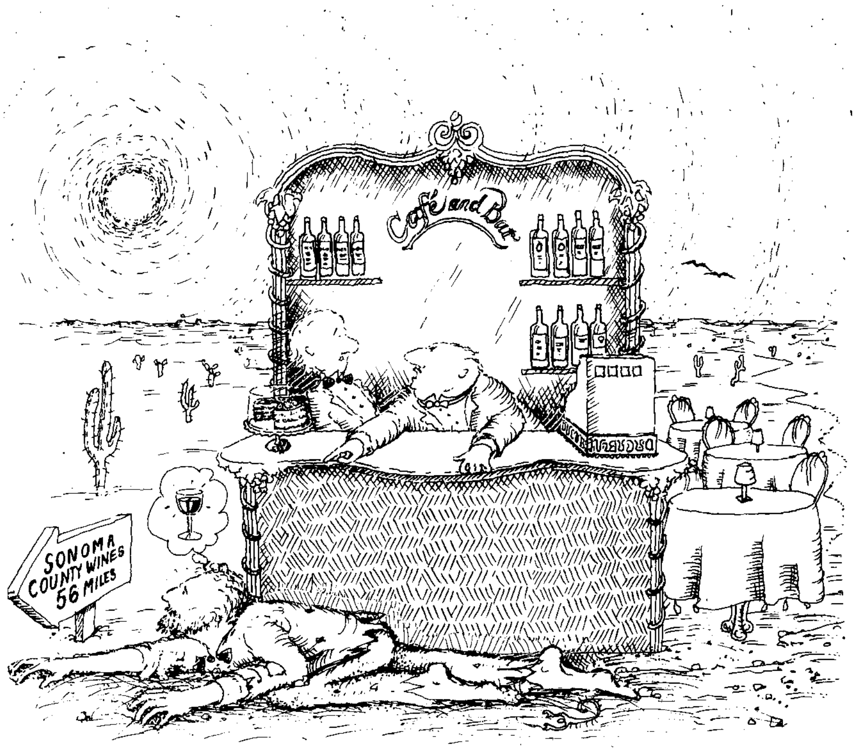

*"I told you we should have Sonoma County Wines by-the-glass!"*

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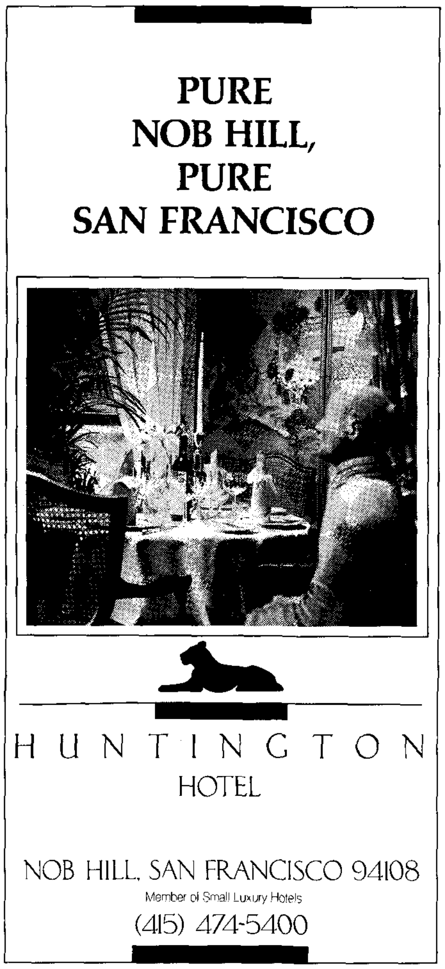
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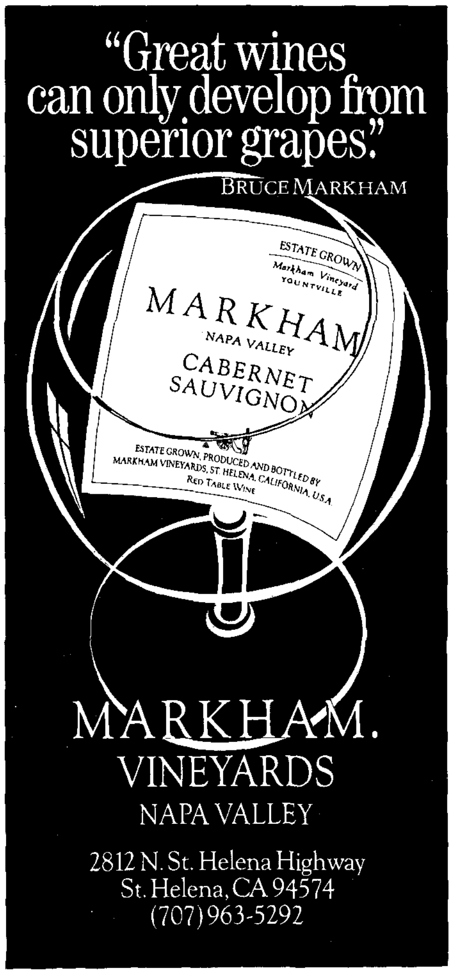
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Tonnellerie Française

pushes the skins along with the seeds and other solids to the top, forming a cap. This cap is thick, often accounting for as much as a third of the depth of the fermenting juice, and is crusty. All the color and many of the flavor components are in the skin; the tannin is in the skin and seeds. To extract color and other components, the cap must be immersed into the fermenting juice a few times a day. While this can be done in many ways, Zelma Long chooses to use a mechanical spray to wet the cap. "It's gentle so we don't break the skins and at the same time, we're able to get better color and an impression of fullness and of soft tannin."

The major decision after fermentation is how long to leave the wine on its skins before pressing. The juice has had about ten days of contact, and more time will extract more tannin and a deeper, fruitier aroma. Too much, however, will make it astringent. "What we look for is balance and, depending on the year and the particular vineyard, the answer is always different," Ms. Long said.

When contact time is over, the wine is drained and the skins are pressed. The new wine is put in tanks and racked about three times. In February the various lots of wines are blended. The blended wines are then put in oak barrels to age for twelve to fourteen months.

The barrels that fill the Simi aging cellar (and most of the thousands more in wineries throughout California) are made of white oak. A hard wood, it produces tight barrels; resilient, it can be bent to shape; with its high tannin content, it is resistant to decay. Nearly all the barrels in California wineries are made of wood grown in France and the United States.

One of the differences between American and French oak is that American oak is quarter sawn while French oak is hand split. There are flavor differences: American oak is used more often for red wines; French oak is used for both red and white.

At Tonnellerie Française in Calistoga, staves arrive rough cut and air dried. They are trimmed, tapered at the ends, while the flat part that will form the inside of the barrel is hollowed out and planed. Next, a worker holds an iron hoop and fits one stave at a time into it until a circle is formed. It usually takes twenty-seven to thirty staves to complete the circle.

When the fledgling barrel is ready for the fire, the wood is heated slowly until it can be bent. In the second firing, a cable is placed around the end of the barrel that has no hoops and the fire is increased. As the wood heats, the cable is pulled tighter, drawing the staves closer together. When they have been pulled to the right degree, the worker adds hoops and removes the cable. The barrel then receives its third fire, a few minutes over a low flame as the fire dies, to set the bulge.

After their aging period, the wines are bottled, labelled, and ready for market. Usually wines that are aged in wood are wines that also benefit from aging in bottle. Among such reds are Cabernet Sauvignon, Merlot, Zinfandel, Pinot Noir, Syrah, and Petite Sirah; of the whites, Chardonnay is the prime example. Lighter wines that receive no wood aging—Gamay, blush wines, rosés, all nouveau-style wines, and most white wines and sparkling wines, for example—are ready to drink when you buy them.

While California's wine history is a story with many high points, it also has one especially low period. In 1920 National Prohibition went into effect. By the time Repeal came in December 1933, most wineries were abandoned or in ruins, and few vineyards were producing fine wine grapes. The University of California's Department of Viticulture and Enology was forced to spend the thirteen years of Prohibition finding uses for wine grapes other than turning them into wine. Not surprisingly, its faculty soon became known as the Jam and Jelly Boys.

With Repeal came the task of rebuilding the wine industry. The University plunged back into wine research and also provided practical help to vintners. Ernest and Julio Gallo established what was to grow into the country's largest winery, in Modesto. The Louis Martini family re-established their winery in Napa Valley. The Christian Brothers, a Roman Catholic teaching order cum winemakers, moved to Napa. The 1930s was also the time Georges de Latour asked Moscow-born André Tchelistcheff to leave the Institut Pasteur in Paris and come to California as winemaker at Beaulieu. Among Tchelistcheff's many achievements, his refinement of California Cabernet Sauvignon became his greatest living legacy. Mr. Tchelistcheff retired from Beaulieu in 1973; today, at eighty-five years of age, he is consultant to more than a dozen wineries.

Ted Streshinsky

*By the time Prohibition was repealed in 1933, most wineries were abandoned or in ruins.*

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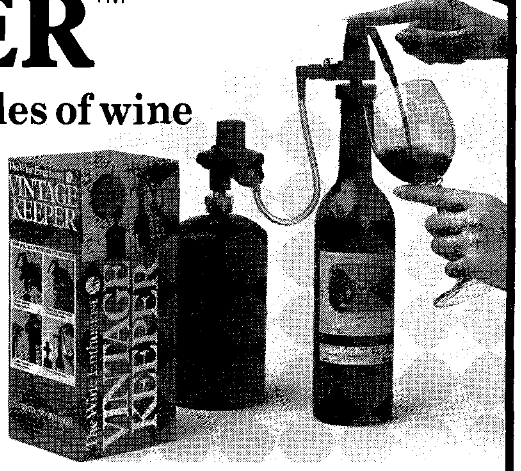

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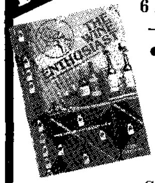

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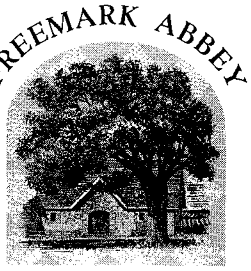

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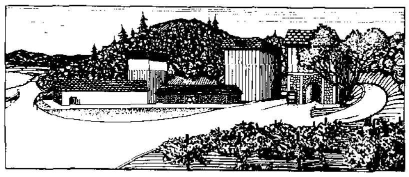

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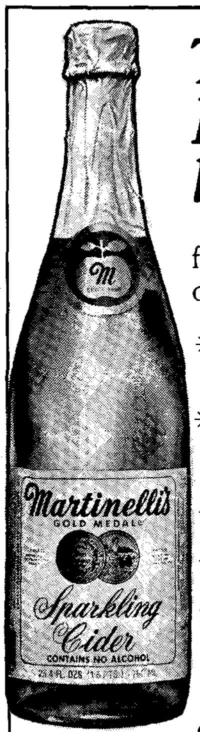

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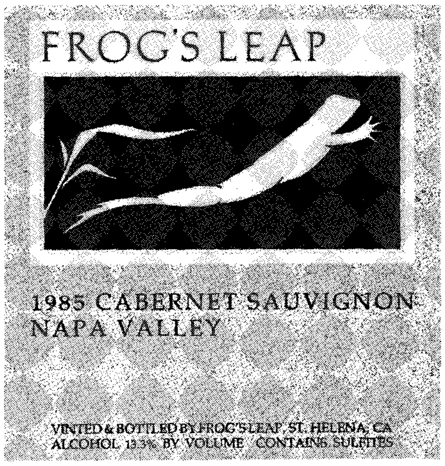
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founded Ridge Vineyards in the foothills above Cupertino.

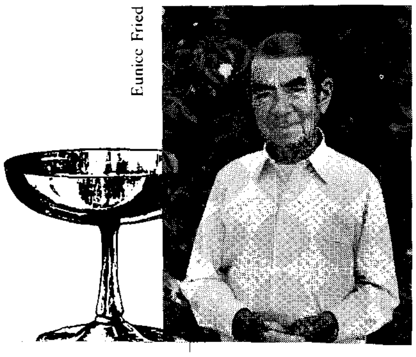
The 1960s marked the beginning of a major rebirth with the opening of such wineries as Heitz Wine Cellars, Freemark Abbey, Chappellet, and Schramsberg, where Jack and Jamie Davies were the first to prove that high quality sparkling wine, made by the Champagne method and with traditional grapes, could be produced in California.

In 1966, Robert Mondavi left Charles Krug Winery, then owned by his family, and started his own winery. It was the first major winery to be built in Napa Valley in the thirty-three years since Prohibition ended. Experimenter, dreamer, doer, Bob Mondavi became one of the most influential people in contemporary California wine history.

In the 1970s, Clos du Val, Stag's Leap Cellars, Grgich Hills, Joseph Phelps, Iron Horse, and Jekel Vineyard opened their doors. This was also the decade when Domaine Chandon, the creation of Moët-Hennessy, a French holding company that includes the Champagne firm Moët & Chandon, became the first French-owned sparkling wine company in California. Just as Domaine Chandon was inspired by Schramsberg, so Chandon has inspired other Champagne companies. Today Mumm (Domaine Mumm), Piper-Heidsieck (Piper-Sonoma), Deutz (Maison Deutz), Taittinger (Domaine Carneros) and Roederer have all set up sparkling wine companies in California.

## CALIFORNIA CUISINE

Just as California leads the country in winemaking, it also leads in agriculture. It grows virtually all the olives, artichokes, dates, figs, almonds, prunes, and kiwi fruit in the nation. It leads all other states in the production of lettuce, lemons, avocados, apricots, garlic, plums, peaches, persimmons, cauliflower, carrots, strawberries, and table grapes. In total, California's 250 agricultural products account for nearly $14 billion annually—a full forty-five percent more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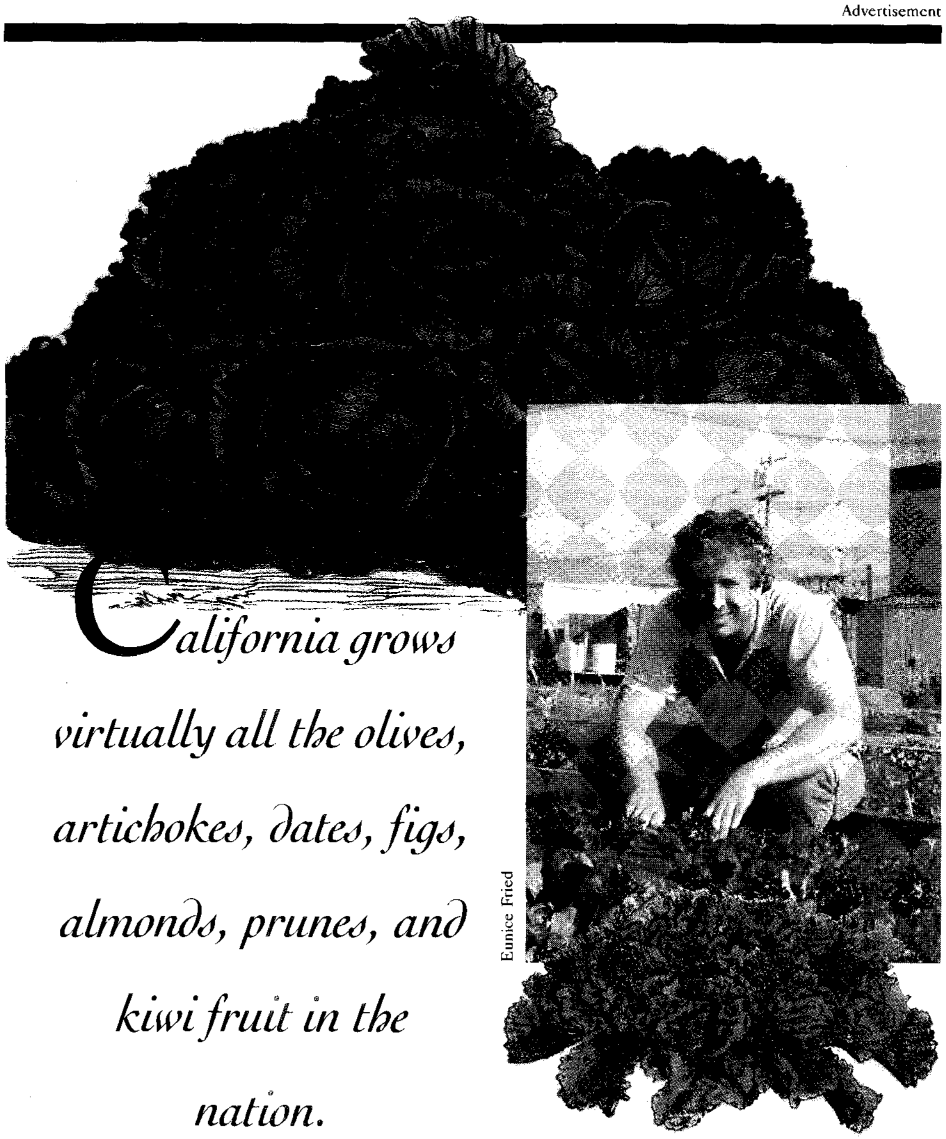


Eunice Fried

# *California grows virtually all the olives, artichokes, dates, figs, almonds, prunes, and kiwi fruit in the nation.*

than Iowa, the nation's second agricultural state.

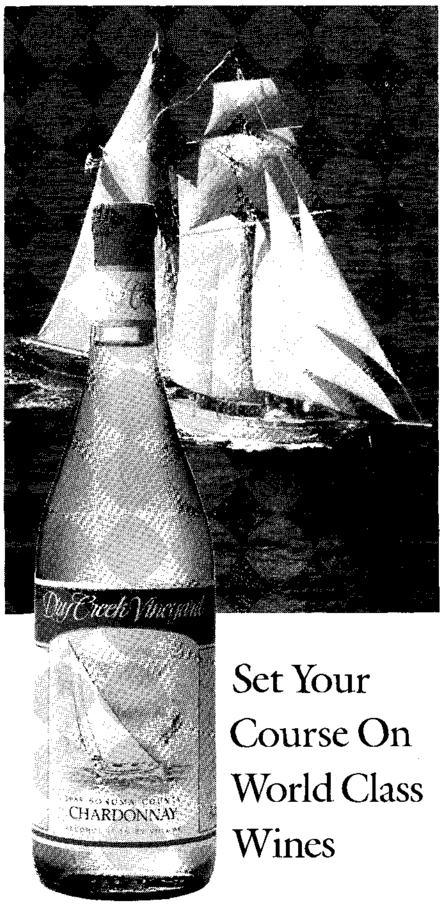
Surrounded by such abundance, California's chefs have introduced a way of preparing food that has been defined many times, though rarely more succinctly than by the chefs themselves. To Joyce Goldstein, chef of Square One in San Francisco, "It is fresh ingredients simply prepared. California is blessed with beautiful produce that grows over a long season. With foods like these, we don't have to play with things. We don't have to disguise them with heavy sauces."

For John Ash, owner-chef of John Ash & Co. in Santa Rosa, "The term California cuisine is too trendy and too broad. What we really have are regional cuisines. Here in Sonoma County where there are wonderful resources, we think of our food as wine country cuisine."

Those resources—in Sonoma and in all of California—are a combination of the state's leading products and of special foods raised on a small scale and in a distinctly personal way.

Laura Chenel, for example, has taken a product closely associated with France and turned it into a California specialty. In 1979, she went to France to learn to make goat cheese. After apprenticing at four *chèvre* farms, she returned to Sonoma and set to work alone, keeping goats and making cheese. She was producing about seventy-five cheeses a week and selling them to Chez Panisse restaurant in Berkeley and to the Wine and Cheese Center in San Francisco. Demand grew fast, and within a year, she established Laura Chenel's Chèvre in Santa Rosa, a small company, but large enough to produce 3,000 cheeses a week in twelve variations. They are still made by hand, albeit now with the help of six workers.

Marc Leinwand and Nancy Vincent began raising Muscovy ducks four years ago. "The French have bred them," Nancy Vincent said, "because they have very large breasts and are almost fat free. Here in California, Marc was the first to raise them successfully." Marc and Nancy produce 8,000 ducks a year on their farm



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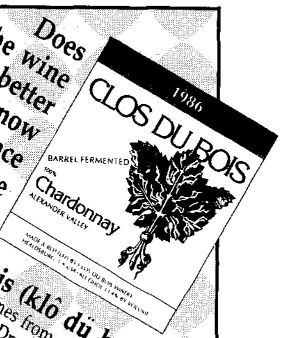

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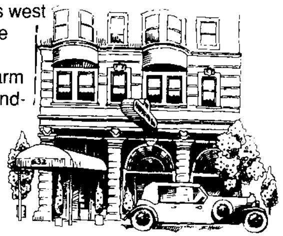

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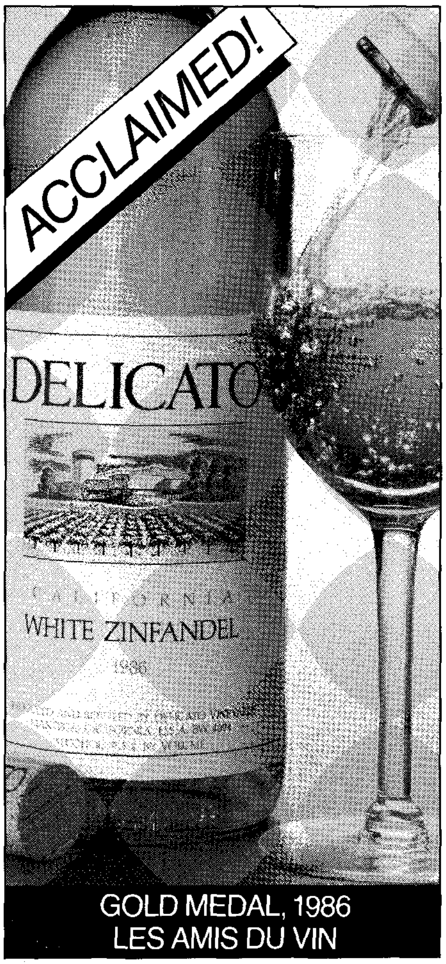
Ted Streshinsky

near Healdsburg. They sell them under their company name, Mostly Muscovies, to wholesalers and to consumers who come to the farm. "We're a cottage industry," Ms. Vincent explained. "We expect to stay that way."

Carolyn and Terry Harrison don't actually sell apples except in the fall when they hold a series of apple tastings for the public. But they do sell old-fashioned apple trees, which is the prime purpose of their ten-year old Sonoma Antique Apple Nursery in Healdsburg. No ordinary varieties here; they grow fifty kinds rarely seen these days. Ashmead's Kernel, for example and Cox's Orange Pippin, Pink Pearl, Blanc d'Hiver (their rarest), and Spitzenburg, which Thomas Jefferson grew at Monticello.

For all the lettuce California grows, enough to fill over seventy percent of the nation's needs, there is still room for the special produce of Kona Kai Farms. On a half acre in the middle of the city of Berkeley, in boxes about a foot deep and filled with rich soil, Michael Norton grows thirty kinds of lettuce and other salad greens and sells about 10,000 heads a week. "We also grow a few root vegetables — beets, onions, radishes, carrots. And we also raise edible flowers—nasturtiums, pansies, violets, chrysanthemums," Mr. Norton said. "We've been here for about two years and we sell to about thirty-five restaurants, such as Masa's and Campton Place. We have produce all year, although things grow

Eunice Fried



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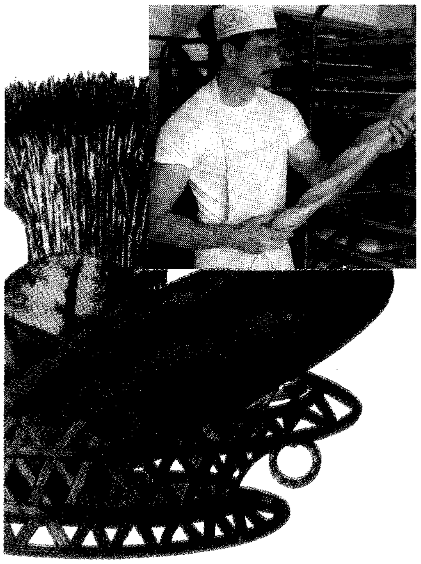

> **S***ourdough has been synonymous with California since the gold miners introduced it last century.*

more slowly in winter.”

Sourdough has been synonymous with California since the gold miners introduced it in the last century, but few bakeries still make it as Carl and Mike Sciambra do. “Absolutely no preservatives,” Carl Sciambra says. “Just salt, water, yeast, and flour. That's the old fashioned way.” When Carl came to California from Sicily in 1952, he went to work for Passini Bakery in Vallejo. In 1973, he bought the bakery; since then, he has moved it to the town of Napa and made his son Mike the chief baker.

“Sourdough is just what it says, fermented dough. We add to it every day—Christmas, New Year's, every day. We make a lot of other breads, but ninety-five percent of our business is sourdough.”

With such riches, chefs have the pick of the state. “Each week I get a print-out of produce,” says Joyce Goldstein, “and I choose the best of what's in season.”

A dish she prepared from foods available one week recently was squab, full-breasted and meaty, that she marinated in

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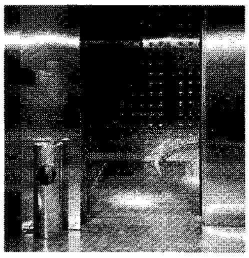

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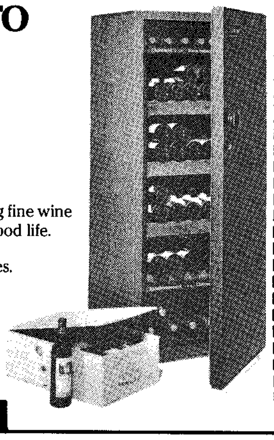

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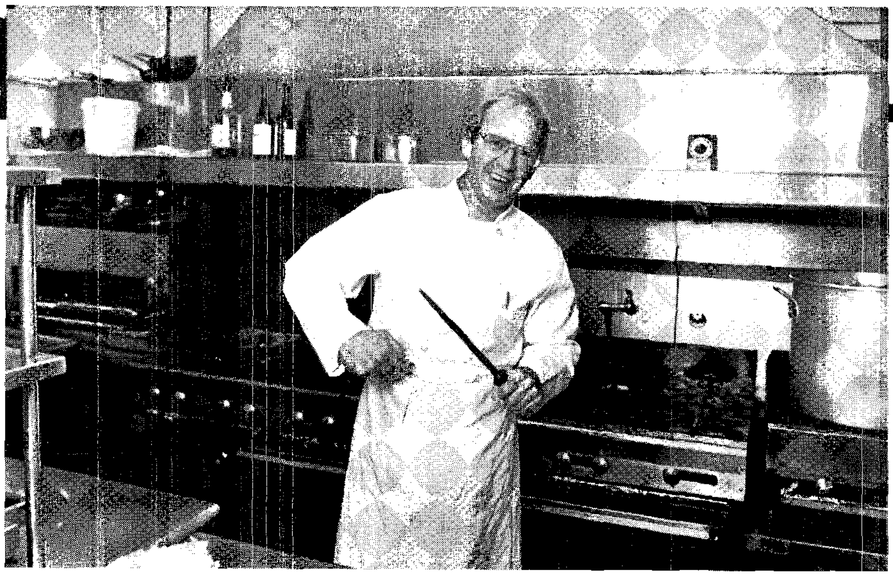

John Ash & Co.

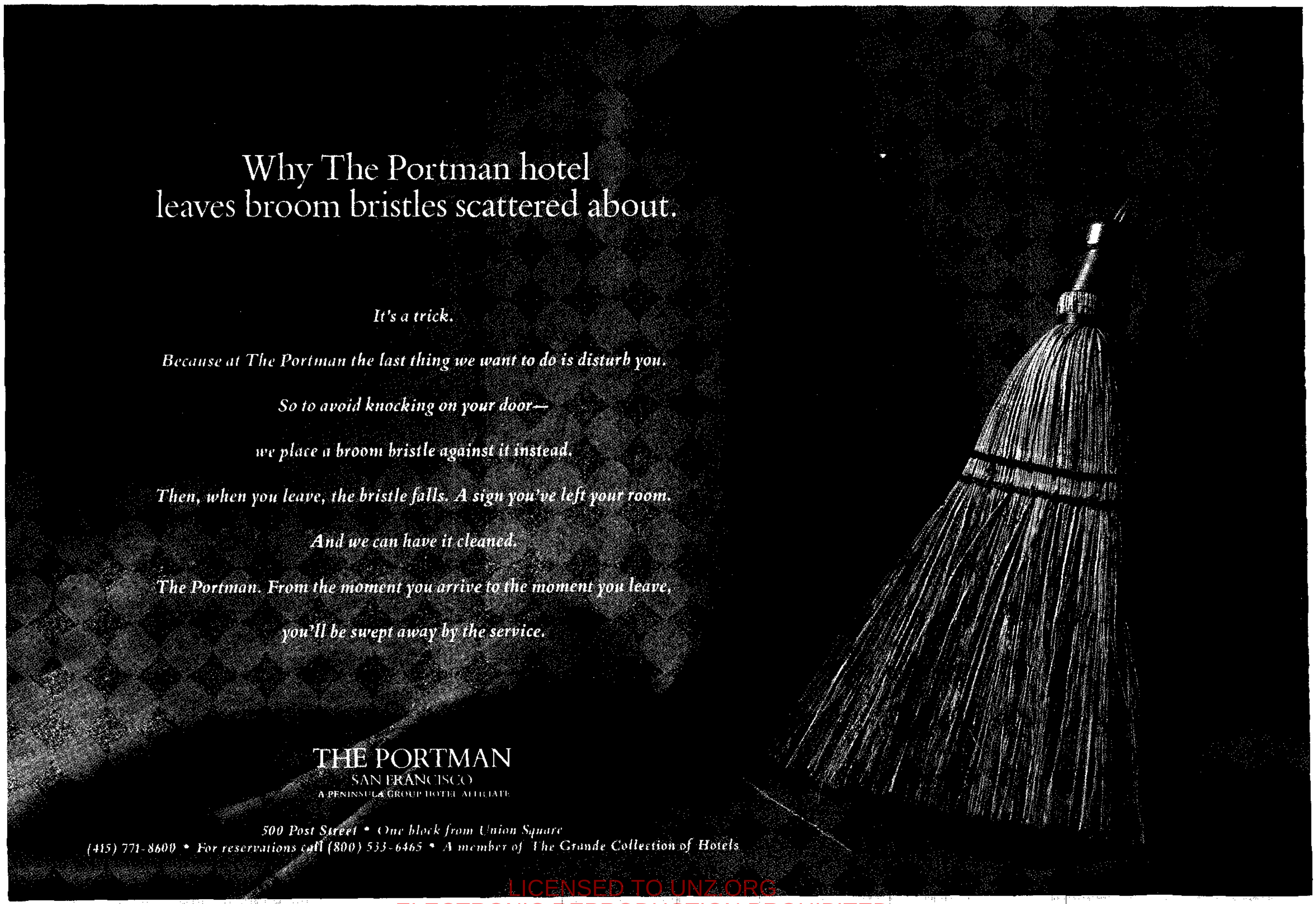
red wine, olive oil, crushed garlic and thyme sprigs, then butterflied and grilled on both sides for about eight minutes. "I serve it with a little reduction of squab stock, with three ravioli stuffed with mushrooms, shallots, and thyme, with small sauteed zucchini, a little basil, and diced red and gold tomatoes. All fresh California-grown foods."

Most of the foods John Ash uses are raised in Sonoma County. "We've got great duck, lamb, quail, veal, free-range chickens, cheese, fruits, and vegetables. The only major item I get elsewhere is seafood."

To give duck rillette a California twist, John Ash says, "I roast a duck, shred the meat, add just enough fat to hold it together, plus shallots, green peppercorns, and fresh herbs. I serve it two different ways. As a hot dish, it's put into little crocks and slathered on French bread. We serve coarse mustard and fresh apple ginger chutney with it. As a cold dish, we pack it tightly into a tureen so that it is dense and compact. Then we turn it out, slice, and serve. In the summer, we add berries and melons. Now, in October, it's fall pears and the last of the fresh figs."

Consider a few of these quintessential California dishes with California wine. Perhaps a delicate Pinot Noir or a sturdy Syrah, depending on one's taste, with John Ash's duck rillette. Or, giving a nod to other tastes, a Gewurztraminer or sparkling Brut. Joyce Goldstein's squab would find compatibility with Cabernet Sauvignon or Zinfandel, or with Chardonnay for those who prefer a white wine with their bird.

Not tied to rigid rules, California food and wine combine as partners in pleasure, gifts of the soil expressing elegance in a simple and natural way.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drugs were first widely prescribed, and patients—supposedly more tractable, and more capable of living independently—were released from hospitals into the community, board-and-care homes like the Chateau had become the principal long-term shelters for people with chronic mental illness. In California, as in New York, beds in public hospitals were so scarce that you had to be a 5150—the police code for someone who is dangerous to himself or others—just to get one. Although Kathy knew that schizophrenics could be difficult to handle, she began to wonder if perhaps she and Leroy should keep the boarders. (An owner of a home can earn a profit, but to do so honestly, without scrimping, is hard. Since 1977, forty-one homes in the city have closed, partly because of rising taxes and insurance rates.) After all, they had lots of experience with junkies, who were not exactly pussycats; and, besides, they could use the extra cash to meet their monthly mortgage payments.

The Loopers took over the mansion in 1978 and decided to rename it for one of their children. Chateau Camlo? Chateau Malik? No—Chateau Agape.

"We had no idea what we were getting into!" Leroy cries as he paces around the office.

"No idea!" Kathy may be half his size, but she matches him in volume. "You know what? The Department of Public Works had condemned that house in 1952, and we had to correct all the violations. There were buckets on every floor to catch the rain, and we had to rewire and replumb. We had to seal off part of the basement, because of the termites. What else? Oh, yeah. Community Care Licensing, over in Emeryville. They didn't want to give us a board-and-care license. They made us install all these special features, like an intercom. You know how often we use it? Never. Plus they were concerned about Leroy's background."

"My 'background,' " Leroy says, in disdain.

"And they were worried about our kids—what they should or shouldn't be exposed to. 'Hey, man!' I told them." Kathy jabs a thumb into her chest. " 'I'm their mother. *I* make those decisions!' So they backed down on that issue. Then the older boys, they went on strike. They didn't want to move. They were *happy* in the suburbs, living out there like little Yuppies. Finally, they gave in, but they hated the Chateau at first. It embarrassed them—it was so old. They called it the Mystery House."

"You can't blame 'em," Leroy says. "Some of our neighbors thought the house was haunted. Paperboy, he was afraid to come around. It took us six months to get a paper delivered."

"Anyhow, once we had our license we had to start coping with our boarders," Kathy says. "And we were not ready for it. We didn't know a thing about mental illness."

Leroy shakes his head in amazement. "We had some strange people in there. This one fellow, he'd had about half of a transsexual operation, and he didn't have enough money for the other half. He had a big old beard, and he'd put on lipstick and eyeshadow and sit around in a silk dress that was falling off him. A couple of other people, they drank all the time. We brought in a doctor, he looked 'em over and said, 'Hell, they're so sick they might as well be drunk.' Because that's how it is in some board-and-cares, you understand? Only, we didn't know it then. We were honestly shocked. We just felt so sorry for everybody—and the sorrier we felt, the worse they got. I mean, we had people decompensating all over the place! Every five minutes or so, we were phoning the police. Somebody was always riding off to the hospital in an ambulance. You know what that costs? A bed in psych emergency? About six hundred dollars a night, and taxpayers get stuck with the tab. It's criminal, really. Some schizophrenics, they hate to bother with their toenails, and we had a podiatrist who'd come by, spend a minute clipping, and send these huge bills to Medi-Cal. Then, you've got your psychiatrists dashing around therapizing and formulating, and half the time they tell you something different from what you've seen with your own eyes. Things were getting out of control! We had to do something, so we quit feeling sorry for everybody and tried to be crystal clear about who we were and what our purpose was. And you know what? When we began to change, the house began to change."

THERE'S a big party at the Chateau. The Loopers are giving a soirée for Art Agnos, a Democratic assemblyman who has a good record on mental-health issues and is running for mayor, hoping to succeed Dianne Feinstein. Kathy has laid out a homemade buffet featuring dolmas and spanakopita, and scads of social work-

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ers, politicians, and mental-health professionals—perhaps two hundred of them—are piling food on paper plates and filling cups with fruity punch. Leroy is in his element, circling the crowd, clapping backs, and gathering in anybody who comes within fifteen feet of him—dipping, with his long arms, into a swarming sea.

"Hello, Reverend!" he shouts to a friend, a Baptist minister.

"Well, hello, Leroy!"

"Agnos for Mayor, hear?"

"All right, then."

I watch Ruth walk by, leading some guests on a tour of the upstairs rooms. She has been doing this all evening, and she's exhausted, noticeably dragging from the effort of fielding so many questions. Why do people talk so much? Other residents are pinning name tags on lapels, or pretending to be invisible and making one stab after another at the food. Off in a corner, Anatole sits by himself, looking glum. He has shaved for the occasion, though not very skillfully, and I can't help feeling that he wishes he could be off in an apartment of his own somewhere. But when he last lived alone, in a seedy downtown dive, he had to act like an F.B.I. man to fend off the sharks who prey on the mentally ill; and that was worse, he claims, than giving up his privacy.

On my way to the buffet, I stop and ask him what he thinks of the candidate.

Excited at having his opinion solicited, he says, "Oh, Agnos has some fine ideas!" And then he adds, with no intent to be satiric, "Course, I've heard a lot of them before."

I take some cheese and bread from the table, and then join Paul by the kitchen counter. He is uncharacteristically animated, and I remark on this. "It's because I feel safe in crowds," he confides, leaning closer and joking about his waistline. He has a soft, round, slope-shouldered body. The only child of Polish Jews, survivors of a concentration camp, he graduated near the top of his class at Bronx Science—this was about twenty years ago—and was set to attend college, but he swallowed a bottleful of aspirin that summer and landed in Bellevue instead. Awkward in public and terrified in private, he didn't think he was capable of transforming himself into the person everyone imagined he could be.

Once, Paul told me about a hiking trip he'd made to the Housatonic River when he was in his early twenties and, as he put it, "still struggling to create an identity." He described the trees and the water, the mild air and the green earth, all in crystalline detail, and out of his description there emerged a portrait of the self he was craving—easygoing, at one with nature, free. But when he was home again he found everything the same, and fell victim to obsessions, including an irrepressible attachment to anything Irish. I asked if he ever heard voices, like Duane. No, he said, but painful electric currents would sometimes shoot through him, as if he were being poked with a cattle prod.

This past Sunday, at the weekly house meeting, Paul was a hero. While everybody was sitting in the dining room and listening to a litany of ordinary grievances (a broken door lock, a faucet in need of fixing), a distraught woman of middle age, Bea, rose to address us. She was as haughty as a Back Bay matron and could have been speaking from a rostrum in the sky. Swaying from side to side, almost dancing, she said, "I am sorry to have to mention this, but people here have been stealing from me since last November."

Anthony Smith, the assistant house manager, remained calm. A quiet, intelligent black man, as large in most dimensions as Leroy, he is an artist in his free time, and works in many mediums. "What have you lost?" he asked.

"I don't care to discuss specifics."

"Have you reported the thefts to the Loopers?"

Bea sways. "That has nothing to do with it."

A ripple went through the room, a wave of discomfort. Bea's paranoia, however unjustified, reached out and touched the paranoia latent in everyone else. Residents were squirming in their chairs, but then Paul stood up to respond. His attitude was uncritical, even supportive. He referred to his own "drab, acquisitive personality" and admitted that he sometimes became so fond of his possessions that he panicked if he couldn't find something right away. Then, with conciliatory humor, he reminded Bea that those at the Chateau were inclined to be—well, *suspicious*, and that this suspicion had to be guarded against. He was so tactful that his words seemed to put the house back in order, restoring a subtle balance, along with clarity, and

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I was moved by what he'd done, knowing what it must have cost him.

Defused, Bea quit swaying, but she did not offer an apology. She has since left to live for free in a Catholic Charities shelter. I saw her on Mission Street just recently, barefoot, chattering to herself.

The women at the Chateau, nine of them, have a tougher time with schizophrenia than the men do, primarily because their condition is more severe. In general, only the most difficult female patients wind up in board-and-cares; as a rule, a family will go a long way to protect and harbor a daughter, a sister, or a mother before admitting defeat. Both Mel Blaustein and the Loopers consider the women less manageable, more prone to mood swings and wild displays of emotion. They may experience their isolation more acutely, for they seem to have a greater longing to connect with what's outside them. Only one man at the house has ever lived with a woman, but a number of the women have been married, or still are, and a few have children. Often the younger women give off a sharp charge of sexual energy, but it dissipates fast, like an idea that can't be held on to.

By eight o'clock, the party is concluding. The last guests depart, carrying off sandwiches and pastries, and through a debris of napkins and crushed crêpe-paper streamers move two Looper kids, Camlo and Agape, helping their mother clean up.

Camlo, who is ten now, has a round, expressive face and—like his sister—skin the color of café au lait. If it bothers him to live at the Chateau, he doesn't show it. He frequently searches out Anatole for a game of Scrabble, just as Malik and Esan used to do when they were his age. He is interested in space travel, and dreams of being an astronaut, while Agape, at fifteen, thinks she may want to be a doctor, maybe even a psychiatrist. She is a scholarship student at University High School, long-legged, enthusiastic, and a basketball star. To grow up in an ordinary house, she said to me once, would be merely ordinary.

On the front porch, there are voices.

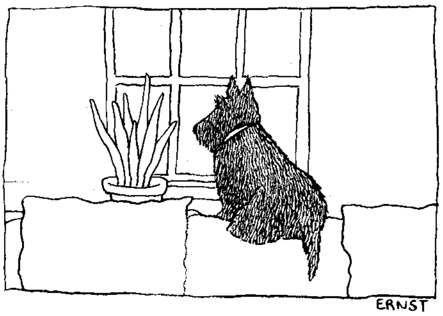
"Goodbye, Reverend!"

"Goodbye, Leroy!"

AMONG the first changes the Loopers made in 1978 when they felt the Chateau slipping out of control was to draw a sharp line between their lives and the lives of their boarders. From the start, they have occupied a big, high-ceilinged room, like a grand Victorian parlor, at the back of the house, down a hallway from the kitchen, and at first people kept dropping in at odd hours to report, for instance, that there was arsenic in the city's water supply. "From now on, we're only here if it's real," Leroy told the residents, laying down the law to preserve his own sanity, and this came as a shock to everyone, because, as clients of the mental-health system, they were used to being treated like irresponsible adolescents. The suggestion that they were mature enough to respect the Loopers' privacy and also to distinguish between fact and fiction granted them a humanity they were often denied.

Then, the Loopers posted a strict set of house rules. No alcohol or street drugs would be allowed on the premises, and there would be no more fistfights or shoving matches to resolve disputes. Anyone who wanted to smoke had to do it downstairs or out in the garden, because Kathy was tired of worrying about the Chateau burning to the ground. At eleven o'clock every night, Leroy locked the front door, and anyone who stayed out later than that without permission was welcome to sleep in the bushes. The Loopers also became more selective about accepting referrals, refusing to admit anybody who had a history of substance abuse. (On the streets, left to their own devices, mental patients often fall into the trap of medicating themselves with anything that's handy.) The message in all this was clear: schizophrenia is an illness, not an excuse for bad behavior.

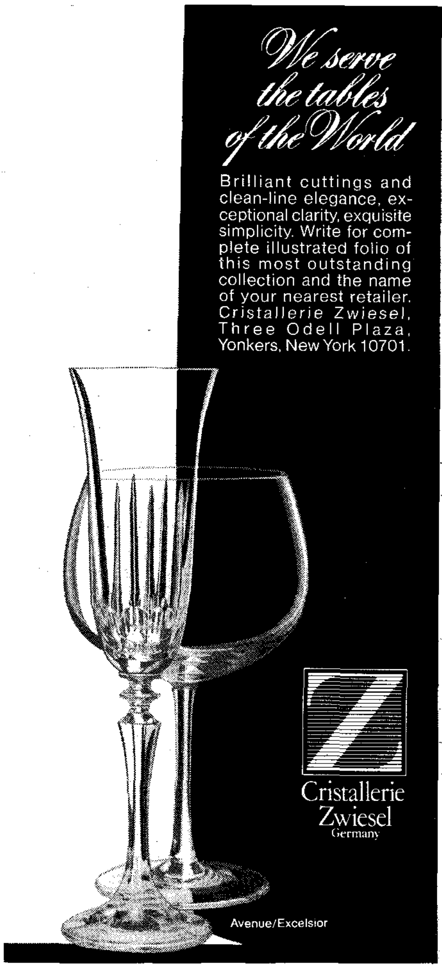
For whatever reason, the residents seemed to improve. They were not so listless, and began to take pride in how they looked. But it troubled Leroy and Kathy that they still passed their days in limbo, lounging around and staring into space. To the Loopers, this was intolerable—a surrender to a textbook image of what a schizophrenic was supposed to do. So they insisted, despite complaints, that everybody attend a day-treatment center during the week. These centers are sociable places, offering classes in such things as music and handicrafts, along with some counselling; and though they don't really prepare a client to live independently, they do force people to interact, to speak and be conscious—an accomplishment if you've been doing nothing but smoking Camels and watching "Wheel of Fortune" for the last three years.



Leroy was impressed by how positively his boarders responded to an increase in structure. He had seen the same thing happen among inmates in prison. Men who were overwhelmed on the outside, surly and lost, longing for discipline, functioned perfectly well behind bars, in a community where the rules were simple and explicit. And he noticed, too, an odd psychological similarity between schizophrenics and the heroin addicts he'd been working with for so long: they both tended to get so involved in their game that the game wound up playing them.

It was like the course that alcoholism takes, Leroy thought. A person drinks for fun and then out of routine and finally from desperation, having no other way to cope with his loose time or his emotions. Say you're a teen-ager, isolated, shy, gangly, probably confused about sex, and you hear voices in your head, and have feelings and perceptions that don't fit with those of others all around you. Eventually, you go to a doctor, and he gives a name to your condition—and this is a great relief, because it presents you with a mask to hide behind. At first, you can put it on at will, using it to your advantage, but slowly you begin to blend with it, and in time you and the mask are one.

That's what Leroy saw at the Chateau—schizophrenics who were addicted to "crazy" patterns of thought and action, and had to break their addiction before they could go on to the next phase of recovery. Yet at the same time he understood that schizophrenia was a debilitating organic disease, rooted in biology. Both he and Kathy were aware of the anguish in the house—how much labor it took some boarders just to tie their shoes and put on a shirt. It was as if they'd been tossed into a swift river and could barely stay afloat. Although the Chateau was a more orderly place, some residents still made trips to the hospital, and the Loopers were upset at being unable to detect the signs that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preceded such episodes. Then, one day, their worst nightmare came true: with no warning, a man climbed onto a neighbor's roof and jumped to his death.

Early in 1979, the Loopers were introduced to Mel Blaustein, and they invited him to be their consulting psychiatrist. Blaustein was in his mid-thirties, a trim, fast-moving transplant from New York, who still had a trace of Brooklyn accent and sometimes carried a copy of "The Ring," boxing's Bible, on his clipboard as he made his rounds. This was appropriate, for he had a triage approach to board-and-care medicine. Only a few doctors in the Bay Area were willing to deal with such poor (and demanding) patients at all. Blaustein himself had got into the field by chance, in 1976, after being mustered out of the Army in Oakland. A physician friend told him he could earn seventeen dollars in Medi-Cal money by giving a shot of Prolixin to an old woman in a home, and he was glad to get the cash, since his private practice was new and undersubscribed. But he found, too, that he enjoyed the work, which had an appealing immediacy; and he felt a professional obligation to serve those in need.

On his first visit to the Chateau, Blaustein was awed by its extravagance, and by the scope of the Loopers' efforts. From his research he knew that the average board-and-care operator was a single person over the age of fifty, often female and widowed, usually black or Filipino, who had some health-care training, took in about eight people, and did not rely on the income from the home for a livelihood. (San Francisco is too expensive, liberal-minded, and bureaucratically complex to support an owner whose sole intent is larceny.) Having been to many such homes, he had come to expect the patients in them to be apathetic, locked into the fury of their disease, and he marvelled at how healthy, vigorous, and engaging the Loopers' residents were. It wasn't that other owners were insensitive, he decided, but that they didn't have the political sophistication of Leroy and Kathy, or their tenacity.

In Blaustein's opinion, the Chateau was an evolving model of what a home *could* be, a Platonic form of board-and-care, and he worked to make it stronger. Twice a week, he stopped by—once to see patients and once to talk with the Loopers and their staff. He had them buy a logbook and record in it any instances of bizarre behavior—"getting hot," he called it. This taught them to recognize the warning signs they had been missing. A loss of appetite, a temper tantrum, a sudden desire for a blue Corvette—any one of these might be a tip that a person was coming unglued. With his wife, a nutritionist, Blaustein revamped the menu, limiting coffee (and heady jolts of caffeine) to breakfast; and always he carried a pager, so he could be reached in an emergency.

Over the next two years, 1980 and 1981, Blaustein collected data at the house. The Loopers took in forty-seven referrals in that period, about half of whom came to them directly from a hospital. There were thirty-six men and eleven women, and they were mostly in their early thirties. Some of them had been jailed for acts of violence; eighteen of them had a documented attempt at suicide in their files. Blaustein assumed that with such a volatile population an ambulance would have to be parked by the curb, but just twelve residents were hospitalized during the study period—for an average stay of seven days—and they were all highly dysfunctional schizophrenics, who would have done worse on their own. The savings to the city and the state had to be enormous.

As the atmosphere at the Chateau became less frantic, the Loopers had more time to fix up the building. Through the Foundation for San Francisco's Architectural Heritage, a nonprofit preservation group, they got a grant to strip off the exterior paint, which was a dull mustard color, and overlay the old wood with a new coat of white. Inside, they ripped away wallpaper, buffed floors, waxed banisters, and hung an elegant glass chandelier in the foyer. Some evenings when they walked in from the Cadillac, they could actually feel a calm, as if every overheated brain in the house had miraculously arrived at a moment of peace. For Kathy, this meant more hours in the garden, planting seedlings and bulbs. Leroy did not have a real hobby (though he had started collecting German beer mugs), but every now and then, when things were going well, he'd give Dr. Blaustein a call, and together they'd sneak out in the evening to attend a boxing match somewhere.

THE Loopers' quarters, in late afternoon. Their room measures about forty by sixty feet—it's the size

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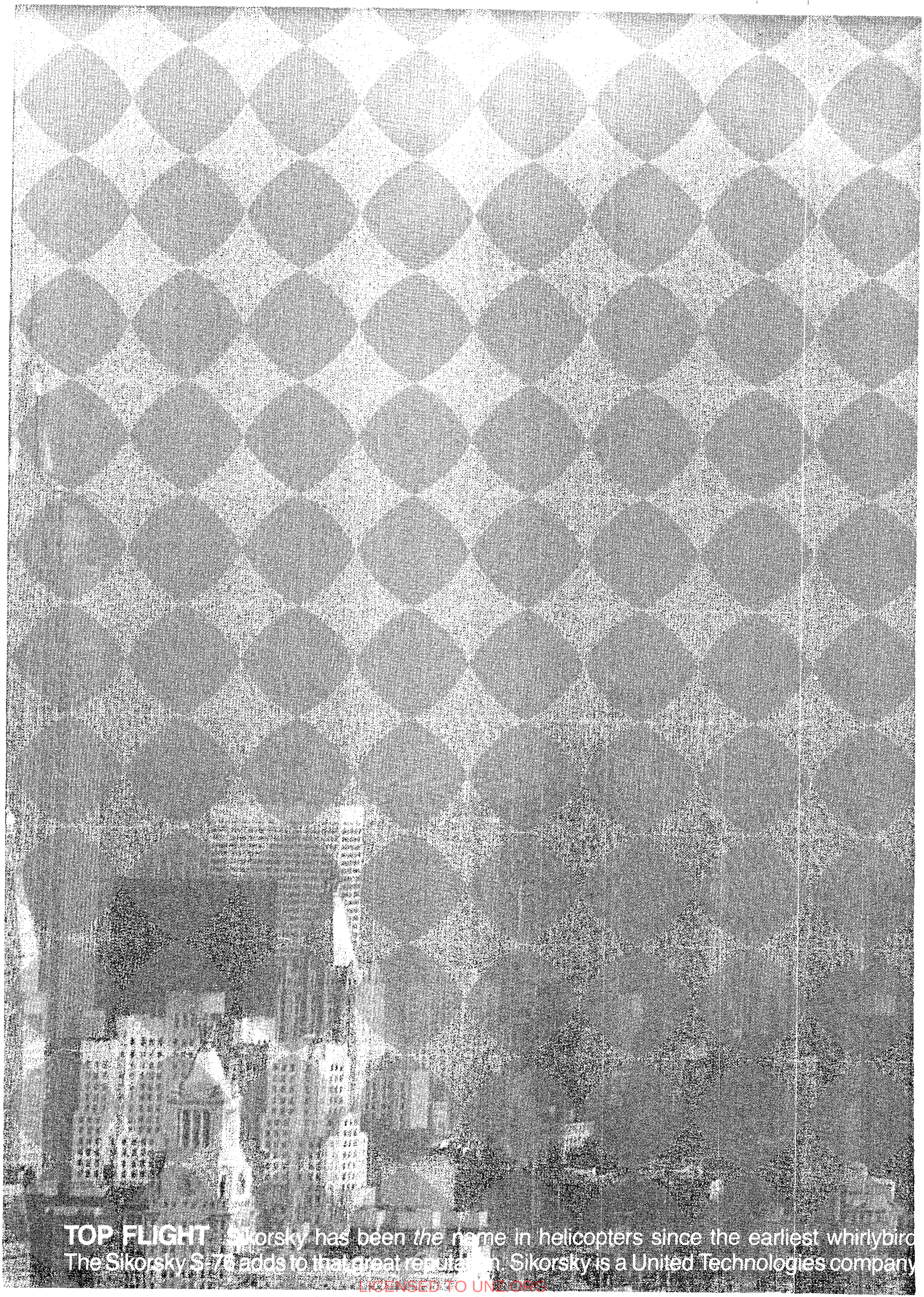

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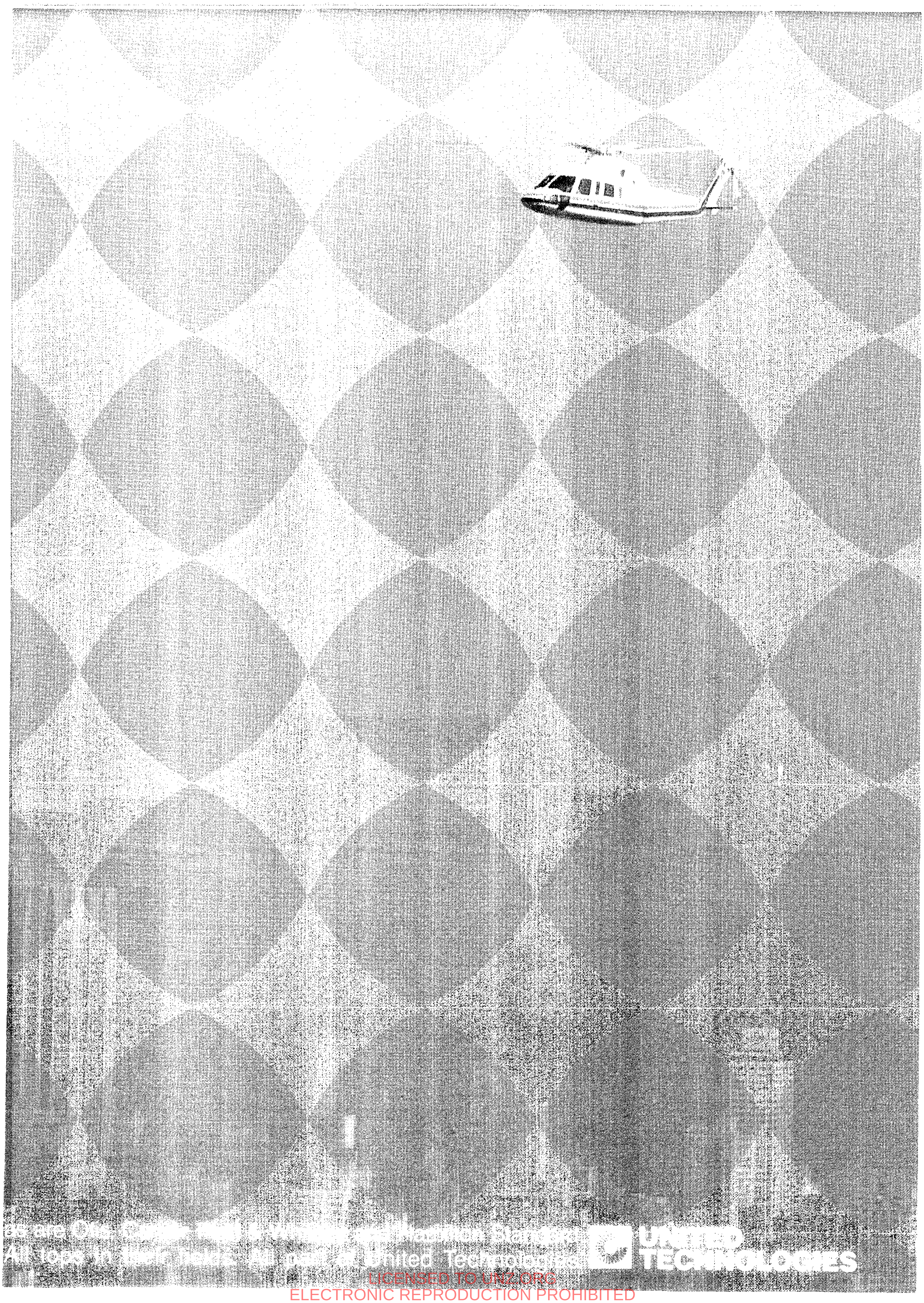
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of a large studio apartment—and it has a fireplace and big windows and a certain homey clutter, from the overflow of Kathy's many projects. Nearly half the room is taken up with overstuffed chairs and couches, which are usually covered with sheets and arranged around a coffee table. A mahogany-frame bed dominates the other half, and on it Leroy is currently stretched out, barefoot, dozing, indulging in a ritual pre-dinner nap—company or no company.

Leroy's years in prison altered the way he relates to space, scaled down all his needs. In a cell, he says, you look for beauty in a patch of light. It's different for Kathy, though. If she were redesigning the Chateau, she'd put her family on the second floor, so they could all be together. As it is, her children are deployed around the house—the two older boys upstairs, Agape in a room off the kitchen, and Camlo in a big, converted ground-floor closet that serves him as a combination hideout and private science lab. Also, Kathy is somewhat cramped in here, among all the antiques and collectibles that she absolutely must have for her emotional well-being; it offends her that some of them disappear behind others—the piles of Mario Lanza 78s behind the boxes of carnival glass, say, or the rolled-up rugs and tapestries behind the two anatomically correct statues of nymphs shouldering urns.

Right now, Kathy is searching for her yellow slicker and her red rubber boots. She wants to wear them to an invitation-only première of August Wilson's "Fences" that the Loopers are going to tonight.

"They asked all the blacks in town, right, Leroy?" she says, digging through a pile of old curtains on the floor.

"Uh-uh," Leroy replies, a forearm shielding his eyes. "Only the cosmopolitan ones."

Another woman left the house this week. On the day she got her S.S.I. check, a man who had been a patient in the mental-health system picked her up on the street, made some extreme promises, and then escorted her home and bragged that she was going to live with him. He was a pimpy-looking dude in tight rhinestone-studded pants, clearly after her money. To discourage any violence, Leroy decided to do some cooking, even though it was almost midnight. In the kitchen, he took a cleaver, glared at the pimp, and loudly chopped an onion—*whack*, *whack*, *whack!*

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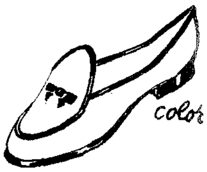

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Meanwhile, Kathy darted up the back stairs and asked the woman if she was sure about her choice, suggesting that it might just possibly be a mistake.

"Oh, I'm sure!" the woman said, in a high, squeaky voice, her hands clasped at her bosom. "It's going to be lovely! We'll be so happy together!"

Three days later, she was sick and broke, occupying a bed in San Francisco General Hospital.

"That's how confusing this business is," Leroy says when I mention the incident. "When to interfere, when not to interfere."

"The hospital wanted us to take her back." Kathy is now rooting around in a freestanding cupboard by the old RCA Victrola. "But we wouldn't."

"Because she hasn't learned anything yet. She won't admit she's got anything wrong with her."

"The only person we ever took back was Anatole."

"Well, Anatole, he's different. He's Anatole." Leroy yawns. "We got all kinds of crisises around here. Did you talk to Ed about his troubles at the day center?"

Ed is a former carpenter in his twenties, and he has dark circles under his eyes and the long blond Buffalo Bill hair of a cowboy hippie. Until a year ago, he had his own construction firm in Marin County, but the stress of competing for work got to him, and he lost all his money, fell ill, and had to be hospitalized. Because he has recovered fairly well, stabilizing on Haldol, his counsellor at the center—a young person with little experience—arranged for him to enter a vocational-rehab program to be trained as a clerk. That was fine with Ed, since he likes to type and file, and believes he could manage to stay cool if he had a quiet job at, say, a post office. (The Postal Service is a haven for schizophrenics, especially on the graveyard shift.) But he has just found out that he'll ultimately be placed in a nongovernmental job that pays a minimum wage, and he's angry, because he'll be thrust into the same sort of poverty that contributed to his breakdown.

"Those counsellors, they're doing the best they can," Leroy says philosophically. "But you got to take that as a center for socialization, not education."

"They go overboard, Leroy!" Kathy pushes aside a wicker rocker in need of recaning. "What looks good on a report isn't always good for a client. How about Paul? He's got this counsellor who wants him to switch

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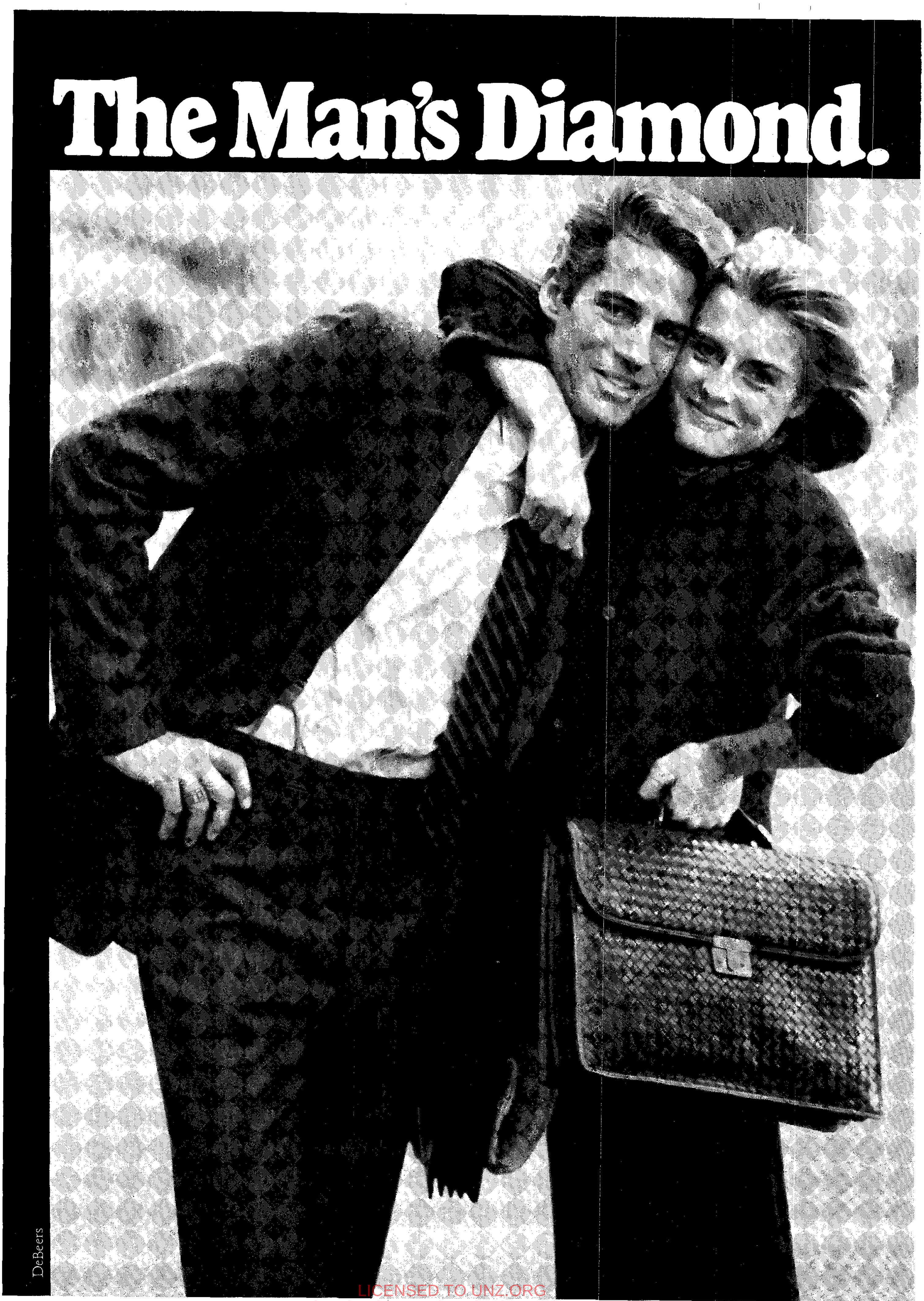
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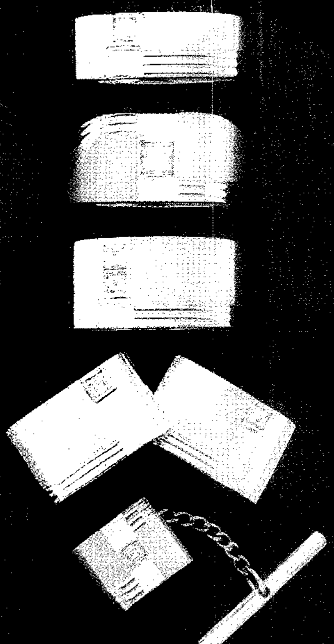

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from his day program to the Jewish Community Center, cut down on his meds, move to a hotel, and make a bunch of new friends." Appalled, she counts on her fingers. "One, two, three, *four* major changes! Even a sane person would have a problem with that."

It isn't always easy for the Loopers to maintain their optimism. Inevitably, they lose people to the disease, and to quirks in the system. But they have their victories, too—Duane, for instance, who is in such good shape that he is planning a trip to Georgia to visit his mother. When he first moved into the Chateau, after his suicide attempt, he was still so sick that he would sneak off every three months without telling anybody, and then do something weird to get into a hospital. Leroy and Kathy sat him down and explained that he was violating a trust, concealing his emotional problems from them; if he wanted to stay in the house, he had to be more open and in touch. Since then, Duane has struggled successfully to stay out of the emergency wards, and has been improving by the day.

At last, Kathy finds her slicker. Buried under many unidentifiable things, it is wrinkled like a relief map. She asks Agape to throw it into the dryer and goes off to take a bath. With another yawn, Leroy bends over, puts on shoes and socks, and rises from the bed in what amounts to stages. "If this show's no good, I'll fall asleep in my seat," he says, with a laugh. "That's my way of being a critic, you understand?" He slips into a shirt and sweater, and then adds a huge medallion on a chain. The size of a small clock, it bears a Wedgwood image of Sagittarius, the Archer—his birth sign. He runs a hand through his hair, humming, as he does at breakfast, and sits on a couch across from me. After all these years, he has a guileless face, and when his features are in repose I see reflected in them a look that is weary but not without hope.

In a friendly way, marking time until Kathy is ready, he tells me about a conference for board-and-care operators they went to last weekend, where a medical researcher presented some of the current evidence in support of a biological basis for schizophrenia. "It's important research," he says, "because, the thing is, it might move us out from under our guilt. Mental illness, it's still a taboo in this society. Instead of blaming parents for everything, I'd like to see them more involved. Because we need help, understand? There's no money around for mental health—no money at all." I knew this from my reading. For research on schizophrenia, the federal government spends fourteen dollars a year per patient, compared with three hundred dollars per cancer patient. "People here at the Chateau, they didn't do this to themselves. They're victims, really—of their background, their chemistry. Some of them, they'll never be able to work, or live alone. The smallest favor you do for them, they're grateful. Because they've been kicked around the block. And that's not right. They are sweet, sweet people."

Kathy returns to the room, the tips of her hair still wet from the bath. "How do I look?" she asks, with a pirouette. In a pink blouse, green slacks, and the red boots, she looks a little blinding. When I first met the Loopers, I thought of Kathy as everybody's aunt and Leroy as nobody's uncle. But that's only half the truth. They are the sort of married couple who complement each other, even flesh each other out, forming a unit larger than the sum of its parts. What is it that sustains them? Aside from their commitment, it's a belief that they're earning a fair reward for their work—a house they love, a house they couldn't have owned under any other circumstances, a house that is the realization of their dreams.

AN April afternoon, mild and breezy. With a shopping bag containing a toothbrush and some clothes, I arrive at the Chateau to spend the night. Georgie's sitting in the foyer, one leg crossed over the other. I always think he'll forget who I am, but he never does. I'm a part of his world now—an object in it, tree or stone—probably forever. "You weigh about a hundred and fifty pounds, right?" he asks.

I nod.

He says, "Are you a Catholic?"

I shake my head.

Georgie looks perplexed. "How come? You've got a Yugoslav name."

"My father's family was Catholic," I say. "But he married a Lutheran."

"Was your father strict?"

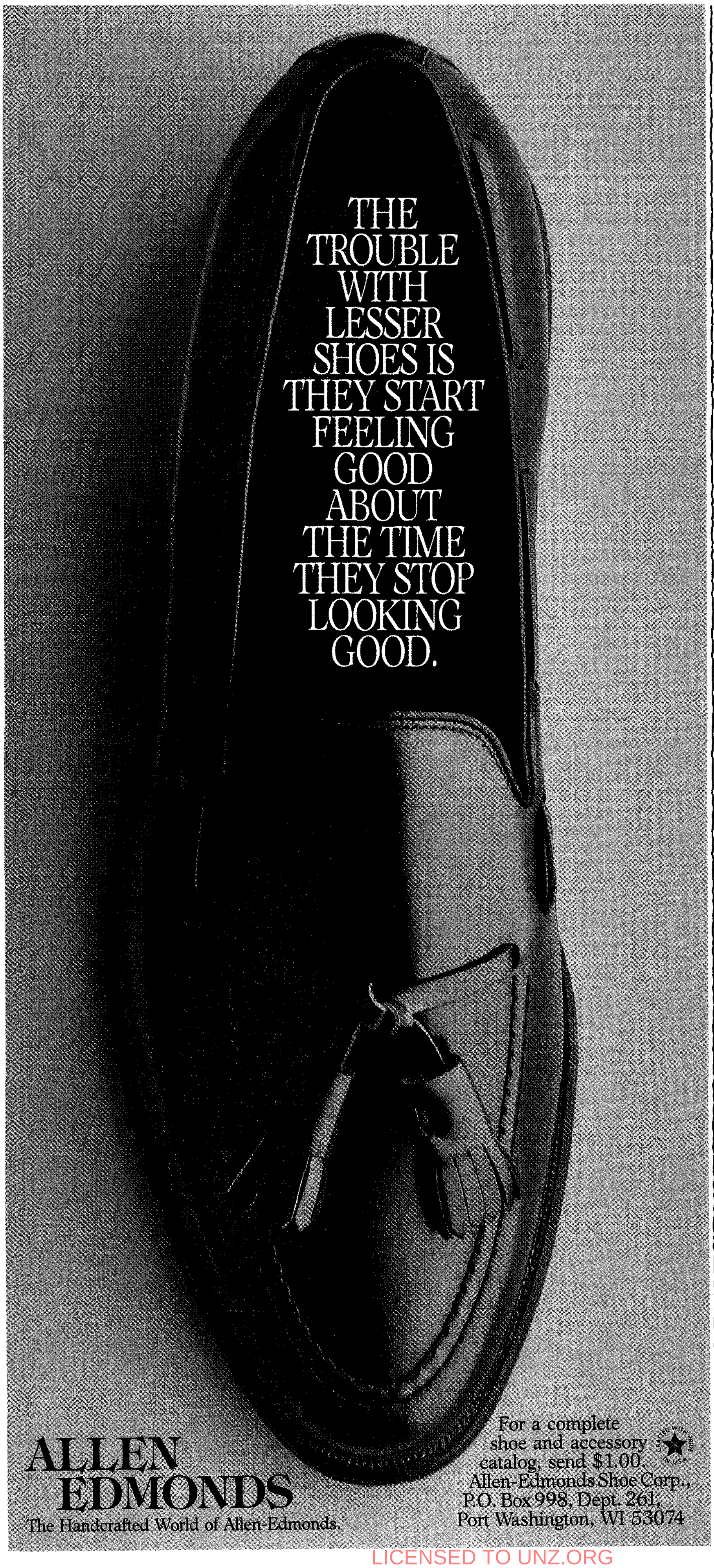
"You know the answer, Georgie."

A small voice. "He ever hit you with a razor strop?"

"Never. Did yours?"

"Nope." The famous Georgie grin. "But I got lickings from the nuns at school."

Next is Rodrigo, whose battle with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smoking goes on. He's very curious about what might be in my shopping bag, so I let him have a look. It isn't that he wants to pry; it's the permission that excites him, the possibility we're about to share a secret. He examines my toothbrush carefully, and seems glad to learn that I, too, wear underwear. Rodrigo doesn't care much for mysteries. One of his own secrets is that he needs to be constantly reassured.

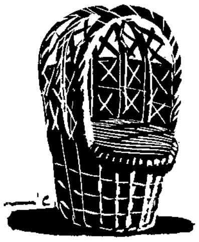
Kathy comes into the dining room and shows me the form I'd fill out if I were actually checking in. It is as complex as a legal contract, and spells out all the general and health services I'd be due: seventeen dollars a day for three meals, a snack, bedside care during minor illnesses, and transportation to and from medical and dental appointments. When I've finished reading, she leads me to Room No. 4, at the top of the stairs, on the second floor. It's got two beds, but I'll be alone. The beds are oak with carved posts, and there are two oak bureaus, a lamp with a marble base, an Oriental rug, and four French prints depicting scenes from the life of a courtly woman.

Dinner is at five. I eat with Darnell and Anatole. Darnell is too shy to speak very much, but Anatole makes up for him. "I hope you don't mind if I eat my dessert along with my entrée," he says, alternating forkfuls of meat loaf and Jell-O. Sometimes he gives a nervous little laugh, high in his throat. As he warms to my company, his eyes begin to sparkle. I can see the mischief in him, a dormant muscle he's starting to flex. He's remembering things, how one moves from Topic A to Topic B, and after every successful leap across the chasm he pauses briefly, as if to brush the dust from his trousers and wait for applause.

When we turn our plates in at the kitchen counter, somebody suggests a game of pool. It isn't easy to round up players, since chronic schizophrenics are nothing if not set in their ways. But after some negotiation Duane, Bud, Anatole, and I descend into the basement, a cramped space with the feel of a suburban recreation room. Women come down here occasionally, but at their own risk. Although there's a rule forbidding sex between residents, when sex happens it's likely to happen here. (Leroy: "I make the rules, but I'm no policeman.") Every nonessential item the Loopers own also lands in the basement, including

Kathy's high-school yearbooks, more than three hundred used record albums, and some paintings on black velvet.

By accident, I knock an album off a shelf with my cue. It breaks. I stare at the pieces. There lies Mantovani in full high-fidelity sound, a relic from 1955. "Just so it isn't anything by Mary Wells," Anatole says, chalking up. We're partners in eight ball. Anatole played a lot of pool in the Army. He shoots right-handed first; then he shoots left-handed. He shoots with his stick behind his back. After he sinks all but one of our balls, he sinks a ball that belongs to our opponents. Obviously, he's bored. He appears to be rebelling against the laws of physics—they simply don't hold his interest. Soon he's looking for new configurations. "Ever seen the seven and the three lined up like that?" he asks before drilling the cue ball directly into a pocket.



"You missed," I tell him.

He leans toward me confidentially. "I don't care much for competition," he whispers.

After three games, we go back upstairs, and everybody wanders off to be alone and have a smoke. It's a relief for the others after so much interaction. I check the kitchen clock. Can it really be only eight? I feel the weight of empty hours. About a third of the residents have already gone to bed, sleeping through the doldrums. I don't know quite what to do with myself, so I make a cup of tea. Thoughts drift idly through my head. What about a walk? "Anybody for a walk?" I ask.

Anatole says, "Definitely! A walk—wonderful idea!"

Ed decides to join us, after deliberating for almost a quarter hour. His dilemma over a job has him swinging back and forth on every question. One minute he's angry, and the next he's reconciled. On Guerrero Street, he lashes out at stupid drivers in their idiotic cars. For Anatole, such things hardly exist. The sidewalk is just an extension of the foyer he ordinarily paces, and he ambles along rolling a cigarette and scattering tobacco from his pouch. He's wearing old bedroom slippers without any socks. In the six years he's lived at the Chateau, this has become his neighborhood; though he talks incessantly of moving out, he's more comfortable here than anywhere else on earth.

We stop at a corner market. The merchant, an Arab, shouts, "Hello, Anatole!" It's surprising how easily the community around the house has accepted its residents. They are welcome in shops, in restaurants and bars. Some of them even do odd jobs for store owners, stacking cans and sweeping floors, earning a dollar or two. This store has an electric eye, a beam of light that causes a buzzing if you cross it, and Anatole is standing in the beam. "Anatole! You make too much buzz!"

"Oh, sorry." A chuckle. "I was looking at the girl on that *Playboy* magazine."

Home again, we spread out some food on a dining-room table. Soda, potato chips, pretzels. Ruth leaves the kitchen, where she has been scrubbing the stove, and helps herself. Rodrigo and Ed eat something, too, overgrateful for crumbs. A woman named Alice passes by in her pajamas—she's not hungry. Tomorrow, she starts doing volunteer work with stroke victims, and she's nervous. A native of Maine, she has a bachelor's degree in psychology, but after graduation she worked for five years packing Hummel figurines in boxes at a factory, and then it occurred to her that she really ought to be leading a world revolution. She laughs now when she tells the story. "I think I'm getting better," she says. "So I must be getting better, right?"

Around eleven o'clock, Leroy marches through the hall and locks the front door. Like the shopkeeper's electric eye, he's there but not there. Around him, he has created a force field whose message is "Do not disturb." At five-thirty tomorrow morning, he'll be up cooking breakfast.

I'm tired, too, but I want to watch the late news on TV. "The news?" Anatole says when I mention it. "Sure, I'll watch it with you. Really, that's a good idea. I don't watch much television, you know. It's a little below my intelligence level. There's too much violence, and it gives me nightmares. Of course, some of the comedic shows aren't too bad if you can program your mind to be between eighteen and twenty-five. I do that sometimes. If I have a favorite show at all, I guess it's 'Jeopardy.' "

The TV room, on the second floor, is vacant. I switch on the set and turn up the volume, but it's hard to pay attention, because Anatole is more interesting than anything onscreen. What

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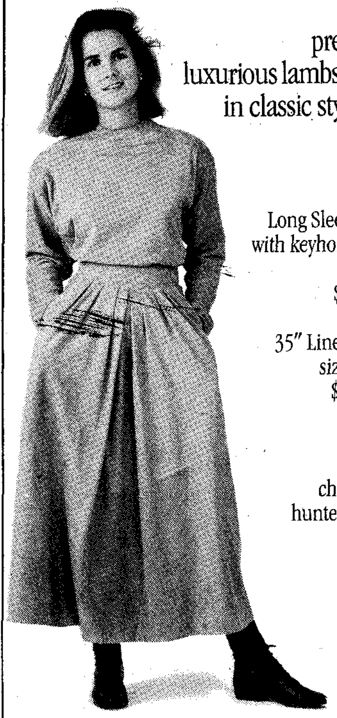

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talk he generates! It's like a combination of jazz and improvisational theatre, where every word is a note, and every note is a trigger. He's in sync, catches every reference, finds another reference buried in it, and links that to an exotic dancer he once tried to date, or to something he read about the Tasaday tribe of the Philippines. There's no distinction between conscious and unconscious, between self and other. I'd swear that he's giving off heat, a regular dynamo, but in the midst of being enraptured I have to remind myself of something that Dr. Blaustein once told me. "Don't be romantic," he said. "This is a terrible disease."

Midnight. "Anatole," I say, stretching. "I'm going to bed."

He walks me to my room. I hear the scuff of his slippers, the wheeze of his lungs. At No. 4, I say, "Well, good night." But no: we must shake hands. First with the right, then with the left. His hands feel soft, almost boneless.

I close the door. The sound of the latch brings with it a sense of separation. In the morning, I'll be back in my own house, pursuing some notion of the future, unimpeded, while here Anatole will wake slowly and repeat his routine, doing so in the face of obstacles, without complaint. He will be kind, decent, and unfailingly generous; he'll even make jokes. Given his burden, this seems to me an act of heroism, like Paul's speech or Duane's efforts to stay out of the hospital, and it ought to be viewed in that light. Along with the others at the Chateau, he should be praised for managing his disease in the best possible way, inventing a life for himself out of wreckage and debris.

From my window I look out at the dark hump of Mt. Sutro rising above apartments to the west. Once, Leroy described the Chateau to me as "a living, breathing entity," and as I listen to the creak of the floor and the soft rustle of the breeze I understand what he meant. The mattress on my bed is firm, the sheets are clean, and there is a bright patchwork quilt Kathy must have rescued from somewhere. Everyone deserves this much, really—a quiet, comfortable room in a house where care is worn into the wood, and an atmosphere of trust prevails. How would Leroy put it? "Forget your expectations. Deal with what's in front of you. Let people be what they *can* be."

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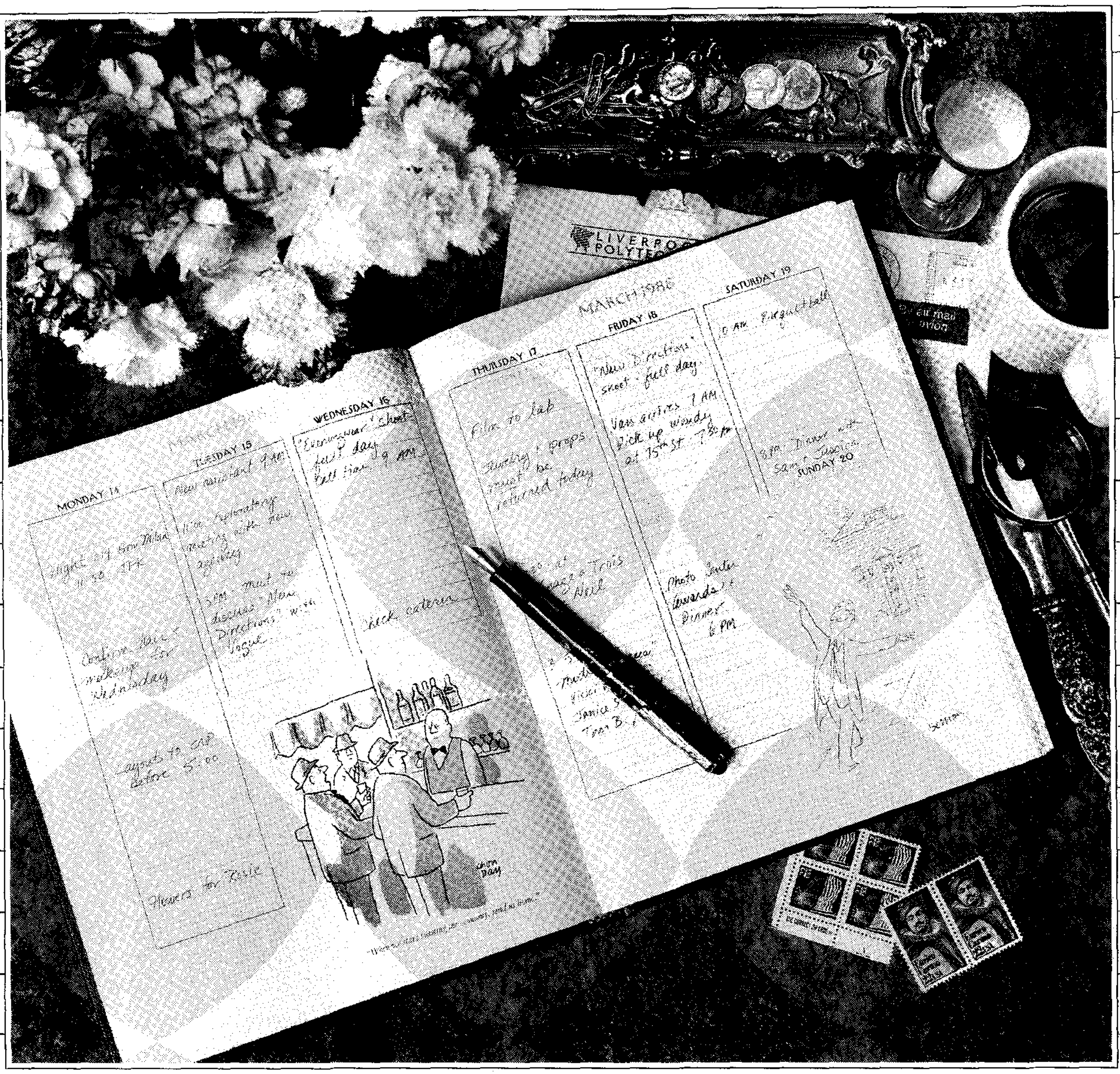

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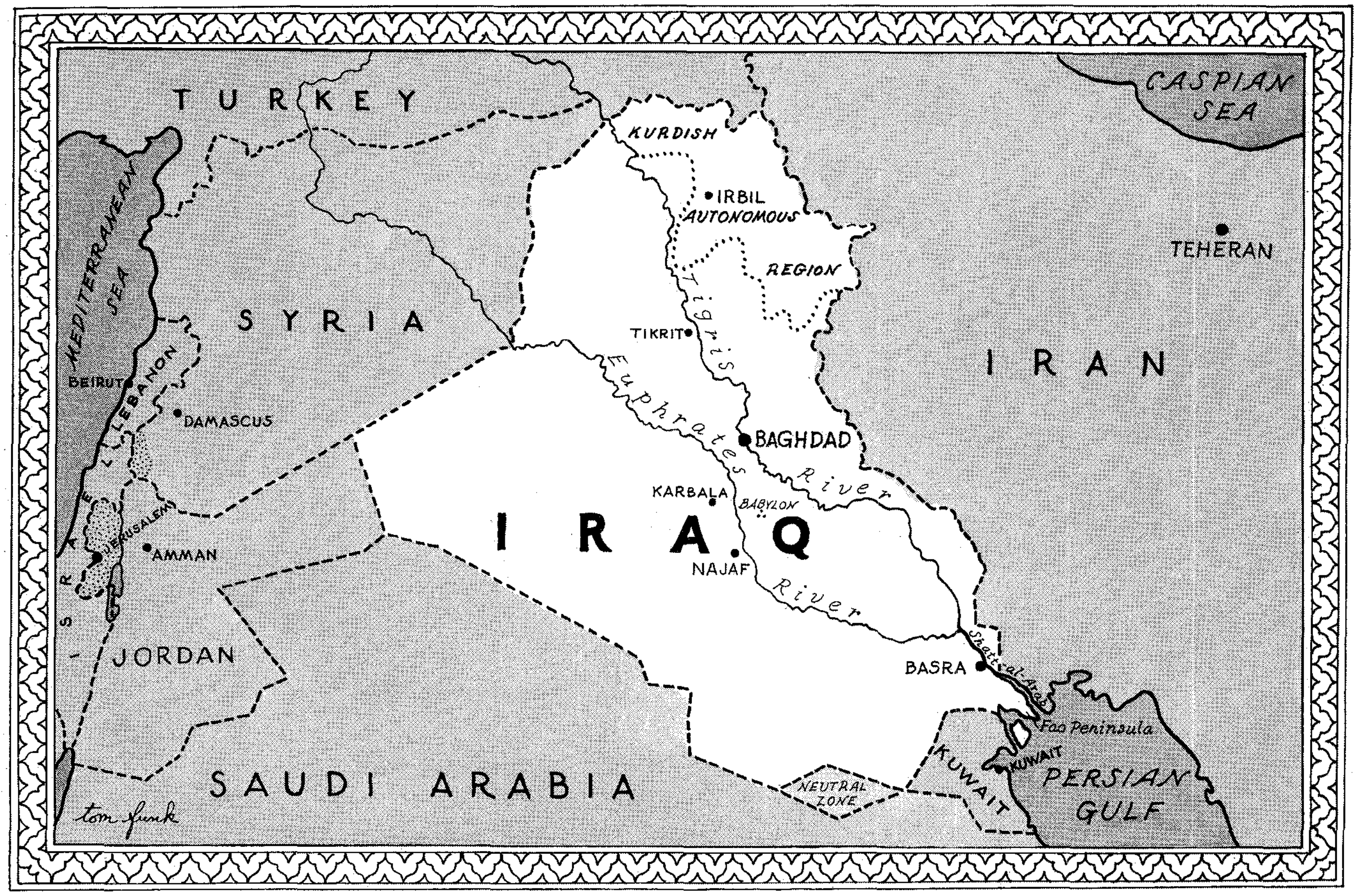
# A REPORTER AT LARGE

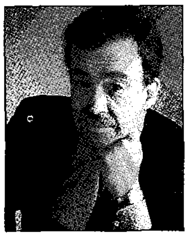
## THE VIEW FROM THE MUSTANSIRIYAH—I



Baghdad, in war, seems remarkably at peace with itself. No tanks are parked at the intersections, as there are in so many Arab cities; there are no sandbagged kiosks in which armed soldiers sit guarding public buildings. Iraqi soldiers walking the streets wear a home-for-the-weekend look rather than weapons on their shoulders. Baghdad is a gregarious city, and gritty enough to pay no attention to the hammering of the Iranian Army a hundred miles or so to the east. Unlike the street life of other Arab cities, which tends to end when the sun goes down, Baghdad's only then begins. I visited the city this summer, when the temperature reached a hundred and ten or even a hundred and fifteen degrees every afternoon, keeping most Baghdadis hidden from midday to early evening. At about six, as the heat abated, people began to crowd the streets and marketplaces, and to fill the cafés. What I remember is not air-raid sirens and sonic booms but parents playing with their children in the parks after dark, and couples strolling on the promenade along the Tigris. At midnight, the downtown night clubs were just getting busy, while in the restaurants young men sat in groups over beer or soft drinks. War or no war, Baghdad felt safer to me than Times Square. It is a more vibrant city than Damascus or Cairo, its great Arab rivals, and it has made a calculated decision to let the war disturb its composure as little as possible.

The scene, of course, changes from one district to the next in Baghdad, as it does in other great cities. Though modern in most respects, with wide boulevards and clean water and push-button phones, Baghdad is, nonetheless, a collection of highly diverse neighborhoods. Once a cluster of buildings on the riverbank, it now extends a dozen miles from north to south, along the serpentine turns of the Tigris, and a half-dozen miles to east and west. Its population, which was a hundred and forty thousand in 1900, has soared to four million, more than a quarter of the country's total. In growing, Baghdad reached out not just to pave farmland but to swallow towns and villages with their own distinct identity. Much of the space between these old towns and villages now contains agglomerations of high-rise apartment buildings—urban scapes so familiar to the eye that they could belong to almost any city anywhere. But the communities themselves have never been completely digested, and as neighborhoods they retain not only their historical names but their unique character. Together, they make of the city a mosaic of Iraqi history, the record of a people in the era of Islam.

In 762, the Caliph al-Mansur, of the Abbasid dynasty—the title "caliph" signifies successor to the Prophet Muhammad, and thus Islam's supreme authority, both temporal and spiritual—laid the first brick of his new imperial capital on the Tigris. In doing so, he transferred the center of Arab power from the desert cities of Damascus and Medina (Cairo did not yet exist) to the fertile plain between the Tigris and the Euphrates known as Mesopotamia—a place already rich in history. The Sumerians had flourished in Mesopotamia. Hammurabi and Nebuchadnezzar had reigned in Babylon, fifty miles to the south of Baghdad, and Alexander the Great had died there. The Persians had governed a vast empire from nearby Ctesiphon, from which the Arabs drove them in 637, in a battle that Iraqis today call



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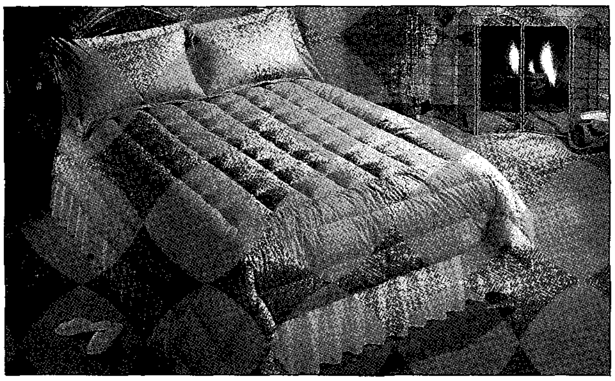

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the opening shot of a war that has still not ended. The Abbasids, in establishing themselves in Baghdad, turned the geographical perspective of the Arabs eastward; in time, Islamic armies would spread the faith to the Ganges, and Islamic mariners would make converts as far away as the Pacific Islands.

No less important, the Abbasid decision to settle on the Tigris exposed the Arab world to Persia's rich artistic and literary culture. Even while Abbasid armies continued to advance, the influence of Persian culture transferred dominance among the Arabs from the austere and ardent warriors of Islam to a new class of merchants, craftsmen, and scholars. By the ninth century, Baghdad was celebrated the world over for its intellectual and artistic creativity, and the Abbasid caliph Harun al-Rashid, like Charlemagne of France, was recognized as the head of a great world empire. Indeed, had a visitor from Mars descended in those days he would surely have judged the Abbasids' the more powerful and more cultured civilization. Except for a sojourn of fifty-three years in Samarra, the Abbasid dynasty reigned in Baghdad for five centuries, though its imperium, enfeebled by usurpers from inside and out, was much shorter-lived. In 1258, invading Mongols, encountering little resistance, slaughtered the last of the ruling caliphs. And so the city slipped into oblivion, to play no significant role in world affairs until the present era.

Unfortunately, little is left in Baghdad to remind one of Abbasid glory, though *only* part of the blame can be laid on the Mongols, or on the plunderers who followed them. The fault is chiefly nature's: Mesopotamia is not blessed with stone. The only abundant native building material is mud, and until recently nearly every structure—whether dwelling, mosque, palace, city wall, gate, or market—was constructed of mud formed into bricks and laid out in the sun to bake. As a consequence, Iraq's cities and towns exhibit a bland sameness, a dull beige uniformity that blends into the generally flat terrain, giving little pleasure to the eye.

It is true that as far back as Babylonian times builders knew how to improve on the basic material. By firing the brick in kilns, they could make it nearly as durable as stone. Surviving fragments provide evidence that the Babylonians made aesthetic use of fired brick to create variety in design, and though Babylon was laid waste long ago, even today nearby towns contain handsome walls made of bricks pilfered from the imperial ruins. The problem for builders through the centuries, however, was that they needed fuel for their kilns, and until our own times no one knew that beneath the surface of the soil was a highly combustible substance in almost limitless quantity. Today, throughout Iraq, kilns much like those of two or three millennia ago are fuelled by oil. But before oil the only known fuel was wood, and it had to be imported from India or Lebanon or Africa. Architects knew the principles of the dome and the arch, and employed such forms in public buildings; however, since they found it more economical to use wood as a building material than as a fuel, they preferred timbered roofs to domed or arched roofs of fired brick. Thus, over the years, wood became commonplace, both structurally and ornamentally, in Baghdad's buildings. But posterity was the loser, since termites ate the wood and weather eroded the mud walls. The result is that, apart from a few noble structures of fired brick, hardly anything in the city is more than a century old.

Still, Baghdad has never fully lost its Abbasid flavor. The core of the capital a thousand years ago—a community called Rusafa, which hugs the east bank of the Tigris along a straight stretch of a mile or two between sharp curves to the north and west—remains the core today. This was not the city's original site, which was a fortress built by al-Mansur in the eighth century—the so-called Round City. The Abbasids, after their stay in Samarra, chose not to return to the Round City; their second settlement was at Rusafa. Today, it is a warren of human habitations clustered around a few buildings constructed in the thirteenth century, just before the Mongol conquest. In the centuries that followed, the face of the city hardly changed. The historian Philip K. Hitti notes in his book "Capital Cities of Arab Islam" that a map sketched by a French merchant named Tavernier, who visited Baghdad in 1651, barely differs from a map drawn by the British when they seized the city from the Ottoman Turks, in 1917.

d. ehrenberg

The hub of the Rusafa quarter is the Mustansiriyah, built in 1234 as a university for studies in mathematics, astronomy, medicine, and—especially—Islamic jurisprudence. The main gate is elaborately decorated with calligraphy and geometric designs, but the real artistic emphasis was placed on the interior. Embracing a courtyard the size of a football field, the four inside walls are each centered on a two-story arch symbolizing one of the four major schools of Islamic law. From the high arches run two tiers of single-story arched galleries, behind which are lecture halls, small chambers designed for student quarters, and a large library. Local lore has it that when the Mongol hordes swarmed into the city, Hulagu, their chief, ordered all the books in the Mustansiriyah library thrown into the Tigris, which for days ran black from the ink. But even Hulagu could not destroy the Mustansiriyah's two-foot-thick fired-brick walls, and when Baghdad passed under Ottoman rule, in the early seventeenth century, the building was put to use variously as a secondary school, an inn, a military academy, a hospital, and an army barracks. Currently, the government's Department of Antiquities is completing an effort to return it to its original state.

Surrounding the Mustansiriyah are ancient mosques, their domes and minarets visible from within the courtyard. The chant of the muezzins (amplified these days by loudspeakers) is audible even inside the student chambers. Just to the Mustansiriyah's north lies the Abbasid palace; historians are unsure which caliph built it. The design is remarkable: its three-foot-thick walls are pierced by vertical shafts that capture breezes from the roof and dispatch them below, and its vaulted galleries, highly ornamented on both ceiling and façade, rise thirty feet from the level of the huge courtyard, providing sun-free access to any part of the building. Even on the most fiercely hot days its chambers are cool, and outside is a promenade for strolling in pleasant weather. The Turks turned it into a fortress during their three-hundred-year occupation, but apart from building an addition to house their cannon they did no serious damage. The palace looks downstream over the Tigris to the souk—the market area—which lies just beyond the Mustansiriyah's south wall.

From the Mustansiriyah's roof, the souk appears to exist in a time warp. One has a clear view of a square mile of commerce: of small domes built by the Turks to cover many of the stalls, and of crumbling plaster pillars, with eroded capitals, which fix the market's boundaries. There are tattered awnings layered with dust, which appear to have provided shade for centuries, and corrugated-metal sheets—contemporary technology's unsightly contribution to keeping out the sun; beneath them the crowds move in and out. Many of the men are Egyptian; a half-million or so Egyptians were recruited to replace the Iraqis mobilized for the war. Generally, they pass unnoticed, but Egyptians who labor in Iraqi fields are mostly peasants, and favor their native dress—the turban and the long-skirted *jallabiyah*. With the Iraqi women, who wear the traditional black *abayah*, they impart to the souk an exotic, medieval flavor.

*"Remember, you're in charge."*

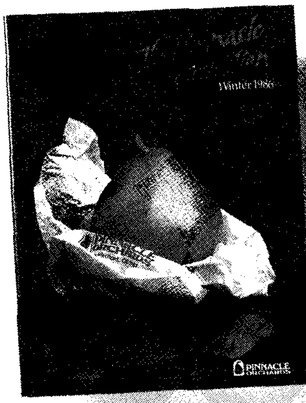
• •

Inside the souk, the passageways are dark and narrow, their floors damp and dirty. The shops, each usually tended by a single proprietor, are generally clustered in specialized sections, much like a department store—stationery, toiletries, plumbing supplies, shoes, fruit, bolts of fabric for men's suits, jewelry, housewares. There is a ladies'-underwear souk, past which the men are expected to hurry discreetly, and a doctors' and dentists' souk. My favorite is the spice souk, where open burlap bags display golden shades of brown and emit rich and pungent odors. There is also a gold souk, where products are weighed, then sold according to the international price, with little or no bargaining. The customers are almost all women, who hoard their dinars to buy gold as an insurance policy in a male-dominated culture, and pass it on to their daughters, usually in the form of a dowry.

Sometimes the images in the souk seem incongruous indeed: a Bedouin woman wrapped in black, her leathery face tattooed on forehead and cheek, gently fondling a piece of white lace; a shopkeeper wearing a *dishdashah*, the native gown, tracking his inventory of men's shirts and ties on a computer. On a walk through the souk one morning, I entered what appeared to be a remnant of an Ottoman building, now a café, where old men were passing the day drinking tea and smoking a local tobacco through elaborate water pipes called narghiles. Electric fans spun overhead, and in one corner a primitive air-conditioner whirred. I sat down at an unwashed table, and an Egyptian waiter served me, unasked, a glass of sweet, hot tea and another of cold water. When he realized that I was not going to drink the water, he poured it on the floor, and the heat evaporated it within a few seconds. Most of the smokers wore the *sayah*, a cross-cultural outfit consisting of a suit jacket and tieless shirt worn over a floor-length skirt and completed by a *kufiyah* and *agal*, the headdress made famous by Yasir Arafat. Like the men who were wearing it, the *sayah* is a product of the British colonial age; no young Iraqi would be caught dead in such a costume.

Parallel to the souk, and set back a hundred yards or so from the Tigris, is the celebrated Rashid Street, Baghdad's first modern thoroughfare and still its most captivating. Anticipating a new era, the Ottomans began its construction in 1915, the year the railroad arrived from the Bosporus. Their aim was to replace a labyrinth of dark, impenetrable alleys with a straight street, wide enough for two motor vehicles to pass. Completed by the British after the First World War, it became a street of arcades sheltering tiny shops and cafés, and though its builders indulged in a wide range of designs, its entire length was shaded by overhanging balconies. Initially called New Street, it was renamed in 1921, on the occasion of the founding of the Hashemite kingdom—the first Iraqi government in seven hundred years. Its name commemorates Harun, the greatest of the Abbasid caliphs, whose honorific title, al-Rashid, means "follower of the right path." In the years since, Baghdad has acquired busier, prettier, more stylish thoroughfares. But, as the city's grand old avenue, Rashid Street has attracted banks and schools and museums, and, though a trifle shabby, it remains the spine of the modern city.

Adjacent to Rashid Street, a web of narrow, largely dilapidated passageways evoke Baghdad's bourgeois world of a century or more ago. Typically, Baghdadi homes were built around courtyards, an arrangement that provided both privacy and protection from the sun. Squeezed against their neighbors along alleys no wider than a laden donkey, these houses were as cool as the climate allowed. Many were built with a screened balcony called a



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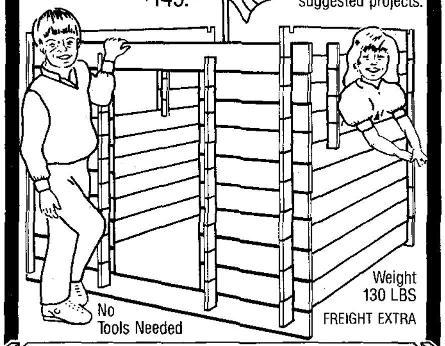

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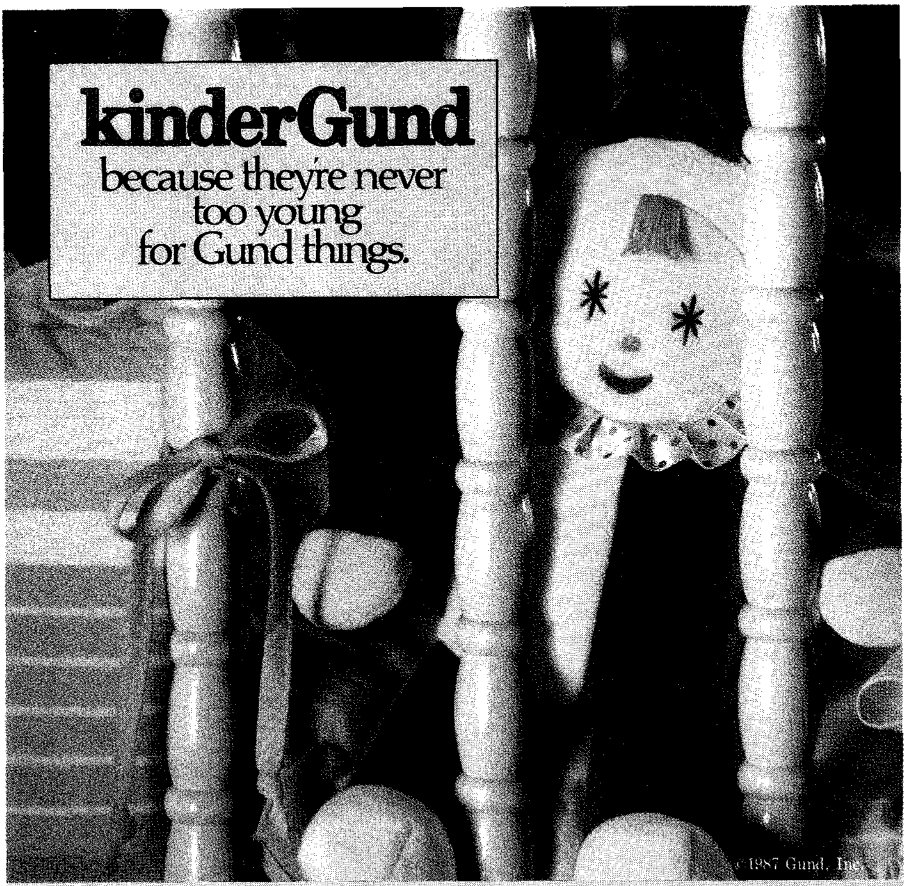
*shanashil*, which further darkened the street below. The *shanashil* is the source of much Baghdadi legend. Often elaborately adorned with carved or panelled wood, it has produced countless tales of across-the-street embraces of young lovers, of women collecting gossip while watching the passersby. Beautiful *shanashils* are still visible in some of Baghdad's old quarters, but most of the old houses—apart from a handful serving as museums—are in serious disrepair. Indeed, it is difficult to find traditional Baghdad houses still in use. Sealed off from the street, the traditional house functioned in an atmosphere of seclusion, being divided into the *diwankhanah*, a section reserved for the men and their guests, and the *haram*, the domain of the women and children. The men took their meals together, seated on the floor and served by the women; family ceremonies in which both men and women participated were rare. Rugs and cushions were normally the only furnishings, since the style of eating left little use for tables and the style of sleeping left even less use for beds. Family members slept wherever the search for comfort might lead. Carrying their mattresses with them, they moved to the roof on hot nights, to the inner rooms in winter, to the courtyard in the spring, and to rooms off the courtyard, or even to vaulted basements, to nap in the middle of a stifling summer day. Scholars attribute these practices to Baghdad's Bedouin heritage, and though that heritage fades further with each generation, even modern Baghdadi women, when at home, tend to remain inaccessible to men. Yet this custom, too, is dying out as Baghdadis move into modern single-family homes and apartments, in which the climate is defeated by central heating and air-conditioning and limitations of space preclude a definable *haram*.

More publicly than the Baghdad home, lively and racy Abu Nuwas Street is an index of how much Baghdad's ways have changed. Appropriately, it is named for Harun al-Rashid's favorite poet—a bon vivant and composer of erotic, bacchanalian songs who was the son of a Persian washerwoman. Just as Rashid Street was the city's response to the invasion of the motorcar, Abu Nuwas Street—which begins at the Jumhouriyah Bridge, where Rashid Street ends—was its response to the invasion of Western secular values. In the parks that run between Abu Nuwas and the Tigris, young men and women have been known to kiss. In spacious outdoor cafés, men of diverse ages, and even a few women, sit beneath strings of bare light bulbs drinking not just tea and soft drinks but whiskey and beer until the morning hours. While American rock or the atonal music of the Arabs blares from loudspeakers, the patrons read, converse boisterously, or play dominoes and backgammon. The street is also celebrated for its open-air restaurants—colorful establishments with roofs of straw matting attached to the branches of trees, wood fires in the center of the floor, and tile tubs in which huge fish swim while waiting to be scooped up in the proprietor's net. The restaurants are expensive, but the fish—cooked in a style known as *mazgouf*—have been called the finest delicacy in town. Even more than for its cafés and restaurants, however, Abu Nuwas has won fame for its night clubs, which, nestled among small bars and dingy hotels on the shabby east side of the street, seem the most fascinatingly disreputable in Baghdad. Though by Western standards the street is tame, by Islamic standards it is naughty—far naughtier than anything on public display in Cairo or Damascus—and for that the Baghdadis love it. On Abu Nuwas, the mosque seems far away.

THE tug-of-war between the secularism embodied by Abu Nuwas Street and the religious values of Islam is the central issue that the Middle East faces today. For most Arabs, it supersedes in importance even the long, obsessive struggle with Israel. It is at the heart of the war being fought against Iran on Iraq's eastern frontier, the outcome of which will determine the shape that Iraqi society will assume in the decades to come. President Saddam Hussein and his Baath Party, whose political control of the country is uncontested, have made clear that their first priority is to forge a nation based on secular principles; yet, as every Iraqi knows, the tricks played by history make the conflict between secularism and religion somewhat more complex in Iraq than anywhere else in the Arab world.

Iraq's Arabs, save for the small percentage who are Christian, are divided between the rival branches of Islam—Sunnism and Shiism—with the Shiites constituting a significant majority. The differences between Sunnis and Shiites began thirteen hundred years ago, with a doctrinal split that even then carried political implications. Two rival parties sought to succeed Muhammad—one led by the Umayyads, an aristocratic family of Mecca, and the other by Ali, the Prophet's son-in-law. The Shiites favored Ali, on the ground that keeping the caliphate in the Prophet's family assured spiritual purity, and when Ali was murdered, in 661, the Shiites contended that the right of succession passed to his sons. They lost the battle over succession and became perennial dissenters—a circumstance of particular significance in Iraq, whose neighbor and historical enemy, Iran, has become Islam's leading Shiite nation. The Ottomans, during their three centuries of occupation, distrusted Iraq's Shiites, who were presumed to have interests in common with Iran, and they let the local Sunnis run the country. As much as anything, the Sunnis' long experience as the Iraqi ruling class explains why they tend to be more worldly, more attracted to power, less apprehensive of change, and less ardent in religious practice than the Shiites.

It is particularly exciting to observe these two subcultures on a Thursday evening, when Baghdad is at its most animated. Though Islam does not recognize a Sabbath, in the sense of a day endowed with a special holiness, the Arabs generally take Friday as a day of rest and contemplation. But Baghdadis tend to be less reverent than other Arabs, and, knowing they can sleep late on Friday, they set Thursday evening aside for frolic. Kadhimiyah, the city's bastion of traditional Shiism, bursts with people and light on Thursday night. About five miles upriver from the Mustansiriyah, Kadhimiyah grew as a town around a cemetery for the Quraysh, the Prophet's clan, predating Rusafa by more than a century. The burial place of two important Shiite imams, it has served from its earliest days as a place of religious devotion, and during the Persian occupation of the sixteenth century an elaborate mosque was built there. With two huge domes and four minarets all coated in gold leaf, the mosque remains a Shiite shrine, dominating Kadhimiyah today. Surrounded on two sides by a souk, whose alleys contain some of Baghdad's most beautiful (albeit sadly decrepit) *shanashils*, the Kadhimiyah mosque is a center of nearly ceaseless human activity. The courtyard behind the mosque's outer walls serves the function of a city park. On a Thursday night in the summer,



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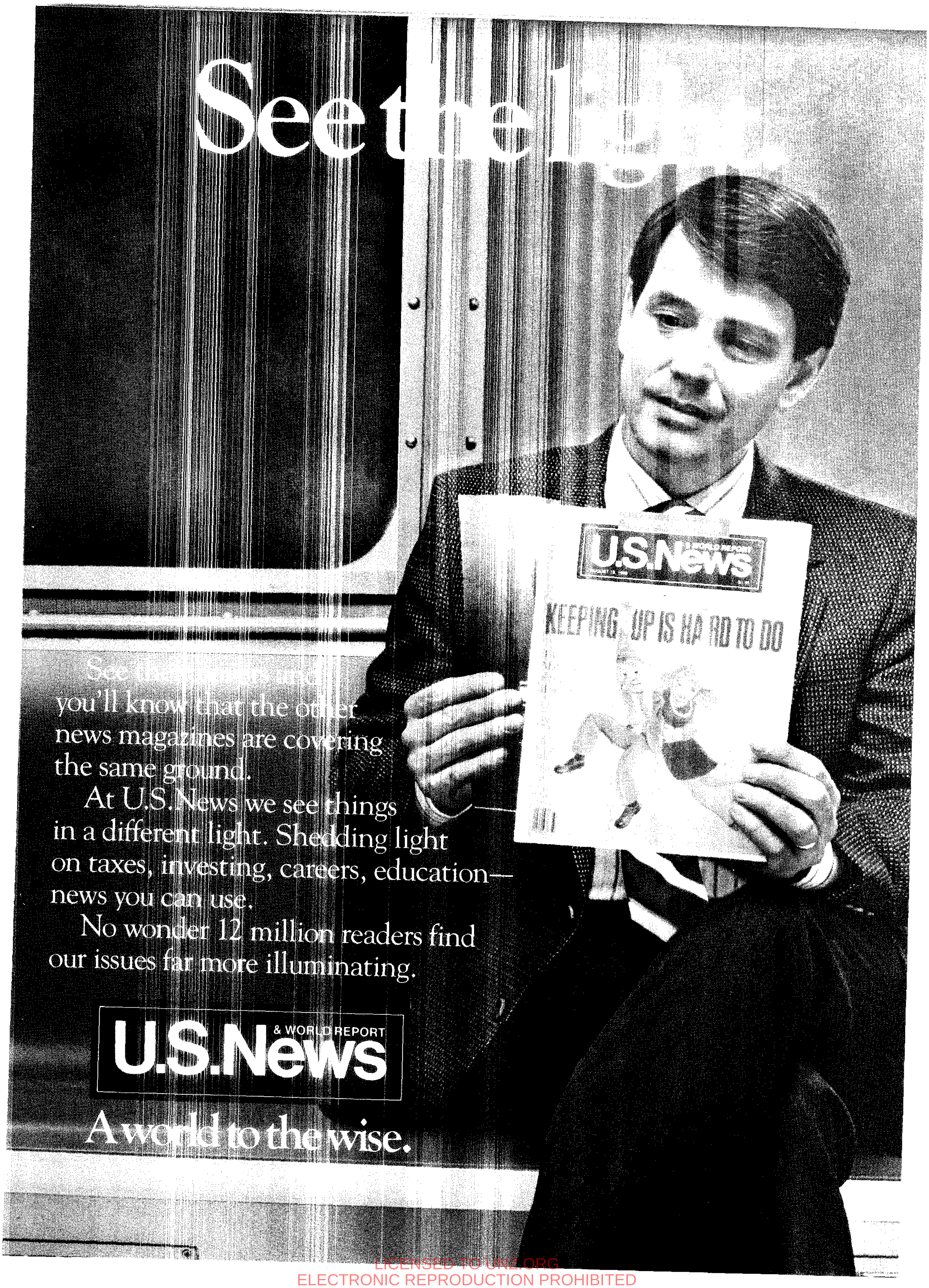
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under green neon lights glowing from the minarets and strings of flashing bulbs hung between the domes, with water soaring from an illuminated fountain in the public square, everyone in the ancient town seems to be relaxing in the courtyard of the mosque or promenading on the adjacent streets.

The Shiite women make fuller use of the mosque than the men, who appear content to kneel and pray and then move on. Dressed uniformly in black *abayahs*, the women I saw in the courtyard looked worn from overwork, bad diet, and poverty. Many were veiled, and those who were not, when they noticed me looking at them, reproachfully raised black scarves to their eyes, momentarily concealing their bad teeth and their tattoos. Nursing babies and surrounded by children, they gossiped in alcoves built into the inner side of the courtyard wall, or rested their backs against the marble sides of the mosque itself. They smoked, drank water from thermos jugs, dozed. Some spread blankets on the courtyard pavement and picnicked with their families, eating chicken and flat bread and watermelon, and leaving behind the remains to be swept up later—often much later—by mosque attendants. The women also took charge of commerce at the mosque. Squatting cone-shaped on straw mats in front of the main gate, they sold nuts and candy, balloons, soft drinks, and hot tea. A few held out their hands to beg for coins, and seemed to do as well as those who were in business.

The women who strolled in the souk and on the streets around the mosque appeared to be of a different generation. Obviously healthier, they carried themselves more stylishly, even when they were leading children. They had no tattoos. Although they, too, wore *abayahs*, they draped them loosely around their bodies, as if fulfilling a duty; colorful dresses and jewelry were visible underneath. Rather often, they showed high heels and slim ankles below their hemlines, and, unlike the women in the mosque courtyard, they made no effort to cover their faces. Many wore lipstick and eye makeup. Though they tended to stroll in groups of two or three, a few walked with men, but rarely arm in arm, and never hand in hand. Juxtaposed against one another in the crowded souk, the women in their *abayahs* and the men in their white shirts formed a checkered pattern of black and white. The scene, though not quite gay, was far from forbidding. The crowd moved at a window-shopping pace, but—except in the gold souk—the Kadhimiyah merchants offered little beyond necessities to look at. From what I could see, the people of Kadhimiyah that night were most interested in looking at one another.

The objective seemed to be the same in al-Mansur, although the atmosphere was much different. Across town from Kadhimiyah, a half hour away by taxi, al-Mansur is an upper-middle-class neighborhood, and it is predominately Sunni. It is named for the Abbasid caliph who founded Baghdad, and contains embassies, several government ministries, a racetrack, elegant houses of contemporary design, and rather little history. The mosques that I saw were short of patrons, and the chant of the muezzin was lost in the din of traffic. Al-Mansur, though hardly a rival to Paris or Rome, is the only section of Baghdad that might lay claim to being chic. Because of the war, imports of consumer items are rare; nonetheless, its shops of locally manufactured men's and women's clothes make an effort to

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join the current of international style, and there are even boutiques offering snappy outfits for children. Al-Mansur has art galleries and video stores and, I believe, the only shops in the city that sell running shoes and bathing suits (though no bikinis). On my Thursday-night visit, the principal avenue was bumper to bumper with Toyotas and Brazilian-made Volkswagens—Iraq's most popular cars. Driving many of them were young men, who tooted their horns, waved to friends, and scanned the sidewalks for girls. As in Kadhimiyah, the sidewalks were so tightly packed that it was hard to pass, but there was not an *abayah* in sight. A few Saudis in white robes strolled by; everyone else was in Western dress. Well-groomed young parents pushed strollers. Soldiers on leave looked crisp in their khakis and olives. What appeared to be the smart set hurried by—men and women together, perhaps on their way to dinner in one or another of the city's private clubs. Formal restaurants on the avenue served whiskey and beer and a full menu of the local specialties, and small cafés cooked kebabs on open grills. But the neighborhood favorites were clearly the three or four fast-food establishments—copies of McDonald's down to imitative names, with bills of fare posted above the counters in English as well as in Arabic. On the sidewalk in front of these places loitered teen-age boys and girls, smoking, sipping soft drinks from paper cups, and flirting.

AS if the Sunni-Shiite rivalry were not enough to sustain Iraq's long-standing reputation for being difficult to govern, the regime must make its peace with the country's three million Kurds. Although the great majority are Sunni Muslims, the Kurds are a group of different ethnic and cultural background from that of the Arabs. Speaking their own language, they inhabit the hill country in the northeast, and identify themselves as belonging to a people who occupy a large contiguous area that crosses from Iraq into Iran, Turkey, and the Soviet Union. Once, they aspired to nationhood of their own, and hoped to attain it at the peace conference after the First World War, when the colonial powers were redrawing the map of the Middle East. But the dream vanished with the discovery of oil on Kurdish lands, and the Kurdish area of Iraq was incorporated into the British mandate. Since the end of the mandate, in 1932, no Iraqi government has successfully integrated the Kurds into the political system.

Irbil, a city of about a hundred thousand people, is the capital of the Kurdish Autonomous Region, an area of three provinces in northeast Iraq where Kurds predominate. Its modern, multistoried public buildings, placed on carefully tended lawns, seem centuries away from the dark alleys of the souk. Higher and a bit cooler than Baghdad, Irbil exhibits more energy at midday, and, from the look of the men on the street, there is no mistaking that the city is Kurdish. Nearly all wear the traditional Kurdish costume of baggy pants, short jacket, cummerbund, and sandals. Around their heads they wrap a scarf into a loose turban, which they like to wear at a rakish tilt. Many of them display a curved ceremonial dagger in their belts, and some carry more serious-looking weapons over their shoulders. Kurds are known as the toughest fighters in the Middle East, and the people in Irbil actually seem exhilarated at being on the edge of a war zone.

The Kurdish Autonomous Region, which was formally established in 1974, is the product of a commitment made by the Iraqi government in 1970. Anxious to put an end to a succession of Kurdish revolts but determined to maintain the territorial integrity of the state, the government offered the Kurds official recognition of their unique nationality, the use of Kurdish as an official language, the appointment of Kurds to key posts in the national government, and the exercise by Kurds of a range of powers—particularly over education—at the local level. However, the agreement fell apart before it could be fully implemented, and hard-line Kurds, with Iran's support, conducted a rebellion, which lasted from mid-1974 to mid-1975. With the collapse of the rebellion, some of the rebel forces withdrew into Iran, where they lived quietly until Khomeini rearmed them in 1979 and 1980, then turned them loose to wage guerrilla warfare on the Iran-Iraq border. In recent months, Iranian units joined the rebels, and the fighting intensified. In response, Iraq's military command levelled some Kurdish villages to prevent their use by guerrillas. Though these tactics have generated anger within the Kurdish community, the forces loyal to Baghdad have retained the upper hand, and there are even signs that the rebellion is waning.

In Irbil, I visited Sirwan Abd Allah Jaf, the chairman of the executive council for the area, in one of the city's many new buildings. Not surprisingly, he assured me that Iraqi Kurds overwhelmingly support the autonomy system. With representation at both the local and the national level, he said, Kurds actually have more rights than other Iraqis, and he characterized the rebels as agents of Persian imperialism. "There are very few of them," he said, "and they are pursued like criminals." Indeed, Irbil and the region around it, though heavily patrolled by armed forces in jeeps, showed no signs of being besieged. I saw none of the machine-gun units or tanks that are pervasive in, for example, Beirut. Most of the pursuing forces are themselves Kurds, committed to a unified Iraq, Jaf said, and they fight in Kurdish units, wearing Kurdish insignia on uniforms with baggy pants.

NOT long ago, many observers believed that Iraq's internal divisions were too profound to permit the forging of a unified nation. Some believe it still. But for nearly two decades Iraq has enjoyed stable rule, with what is apparently widespread popular consent. The system is a one-party regime, of which the dominant figure is Saddam Hussein, who has been President since 1979. Saddam chairs the highest governing institution, the nine-member Revolutionary Command Council, which derives its authority from the Baath Party, of which Saddam is secretary-general. Together, Saddam and the R.C.C. make policy for a Council of Ministers, which is responsible for running the machinery of state. In 1980, in an effort to broaden popular participation, the government established a two-hundred-and-fifty-member National Assembly, which was elected by universal suffrage and given limited powers over legislation. However, representatives of the landowning and mercantile classes, which dominated Iraq's previous parliaments, were proscribed from running. In the current National Assembly, three-quarters of the members are Baathists, and all have sworn allegiance to Party principles; it is, therefore, hardly a forum for dissent. By any definition acceptable in the West, Iraq is not a democracy—for one thing, the press is tightly controlled—yet neither does it seem to be governed in defiance of the popular will. In fact, contrary to the historical odds, the Baath has been remarkably successful, having not only built cohesion among the diverse subcultures into which Iraqis are grouped but also rallied the nation to fight a long, bitter, and bloody war.

Iraqis, when justifying their politics to Westerners, note that for seven hundred years they did not have a government of their own, but that is something of an understatement. For much of those seven hundred years, there was not even an identifiable country named Iraq. Islam was the principal object of popular allegiance; the concept of nationhood had been forgotten. Nationalist ideology, imported from Europe, did not appear among the Arabs until the twentieth century, moving from Beirut eastward through Damascus and reaching Baghdad on the eve of the First World War. From that war, more or less at the whim of the peacemakers there emerged an Iraqi state, which Britain took, over angry Arab protest, as a mandate. By 1920, the Iraqis—Sunni and Shiite, Kurd and Arab together—had risen up against British rule. A year later, to mollify demands for more local power, the British crowned as King of Iraq the Hashemite prince Faisal, whose family had led an Arab revolt against the Turks during the war, and whose brother Abdullah they had already placed on the throne of Jordan. Faisal, an undoubted nationalist, was personally esteemed, but the British never let him forget that the monarchy was dependent on them. A parliament was established that was heavily weighted on behalf of their interests; it never developed into a major supporter of Iraqi nationalism. Without commitment to economic or social progress, the British did little to relieve the poverty of Iraqi life. The Arab Sunnis, who dominated the administration and the Army, had some stake in the monarchy, but the Kurds were indifferent to it and the Shiites worked to replace it with a theocracy. In this atmosphere, popular animosity to the mandate intensified, and allegiance to the Hashemite monarchy never took root.

By the end of the nineteen-twenties, an Army officer named Nuri al-Said had become King Faisal's closest associate and the country's strongest political figure. In 1932, under a treaty that Nuri negotiated with Britain, Iraq was declared a sovereign state, but in fact the treaty simply exchanged the formal mandate for an indirect dependency. Despite the departure of most of the occupying forces, few Iraqis liked the arrangement, which seemed to link the monarchy more closely than ever to Britain. In 1935, the country had its first tribal revolt, and in 1936 it had its first military coup. In 1941, a military clique under Rashid Ali, a former prime minister, took over the government, and turned to the Nazis for support of its nationalist aspirations. In order to crush this coup, the British returned in strength to Iraq and, during the four years of their second occupation, restored the monarchy's dominance. King Faisal I was now dead and the throne was under the control of the ambitious Crown Prince Abd al-Ilah, a regent for young Faisal II, the old king's grandson. The chief minister of this government was Nuri al-Said, who proceeded to hang or imprison the leaders of the coup—presumably at Britain's behest—and thereby set off a prolonged vendetta between the monarchy and the armed forces.

The decade after the Second World War is remembered in Iraq for the rise of the Communist Party, a succession of riots and strikes, and the humiliating defeat of the Arab armies in Palestine. From Cairo, the revolutionary leader Gamal Abdel Nasser was stirring up nationalist sentiments, and Nuri's toleration of corruption, including the rigging of elections, accelerated the erosion of the political fabric. In 1955, Nuri made what may

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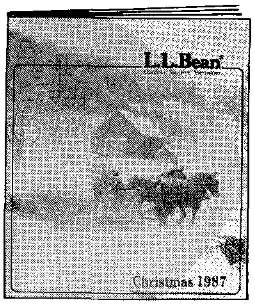

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have been a fatal error in subscribing, at the urging of Britain and the United States, to the anti-Soviet alliance known as the Baghdad Pact, two of whose members were Turkey and Iran. That Iraq should be serving the ends of Britain, Turkey, and Iran, its longtime enemies, was inconceivable to the nationalists. By now, talk of reform had faded, and the prospect of revolution appeared on the horizon. In 1956, Nasser took on heroic dimensions for many Arabs after Egypt was attacked in the Sinai by Britain, France, and Israel, and emerged, thanks to help from President Eisenhower, with its territory intact. Nasser's triumph was a clear threat to the conservative Iraqi monarchy, and, when Nasser proclaimed Egypt's unification with Syria in February of 1958, Nuri countered by announcing Iraq's federation with Jordan, where Faisal II's cousin, King Hussein, sat on the throne. To Iraqis, the federation looked like a desperate conspiracy of two pro-Western kings to defend themselves against the popular forces of Arab nationalism. On July 14th, the Iraqi Army seized the royal palace in Baghdad and executed the royal family, including Faisal II and Crown Prince Abd al-Ilah. The following day, Nuri was discovered in disguise on a Baghdad street and was gunned down on the spot. A day later, his body was disinterred by an angry mob and dragged through the streets.

The military commanders who directed the coup quickly fell out over the issue of whether to join the Egypt-Syria union. An Army general named Abd al-Karim Qasim, unenthusiastic about being subordinate to Nasser, opposed the idea, and within a few months he had maneuvered his rivals out of power. For this he became the object of Nasser's wrath, which further alienated him from the nationalist mainstream. Qasim knew he needed help, and, without a political program of his own, he turned to the Communists, the country's most highly organized political force. When an Army garrison at Mosul rose up in protest, Qasim put it down in bloody fashion with the Air Force, assisted by Communist irregulars. A week later, Qasim signed an economic agreement with the Soviet Union, and a week after that he withdrew Iraq from the Baghdad Pact. These moves stirred the Baath, then an obscure underground party, to action, and on October 7, 1959, a Baathi assassination team, which included Saddam Hus-

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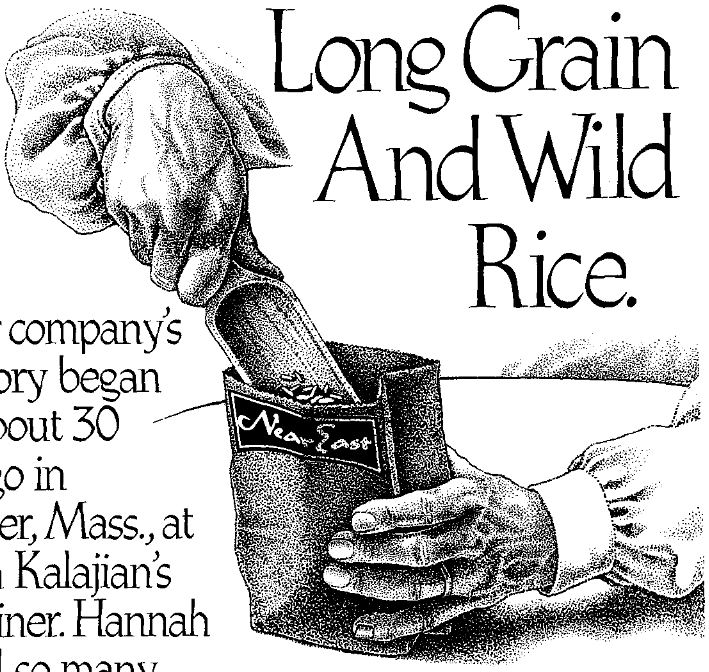

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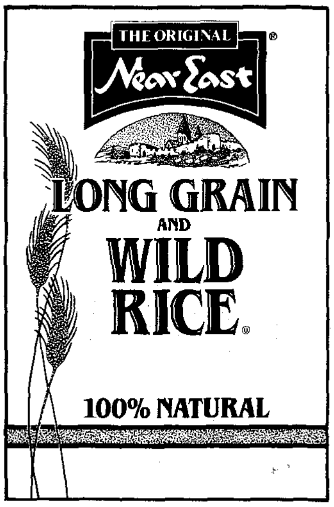

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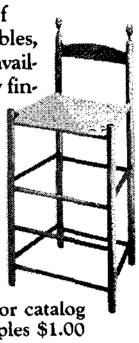

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sein, ambushed and wounded Qasim on Rashid Street. Though Saddam himself escaped into exile, seventy-eight Baathists were put on trial and imprisoned. It was the first time the Baath had seriously commanded the nation's attention.

It was incomprehensible to me that the Baath, virtually unknown to Iraqis in 1959, would be strong enough to bid for power four years later and—what was even more astonishing—win total control of the government before the decade was out. I asked Tariq Aziz, Iraq's Foreign Minister, to explain it to me. Aziz has been a Baathist since his student days, in the nineteen-fifties. When he was Minister of Information, he was wounded in Baghdad, in April of 1980, by a grenade thrown by a Khomeini supporter—an attack in which several students were killed. Aziz likes to talk about the early days, and, as a former English teacher, he does so with great facility.

"At the time of the 1958 revolution, it is true, the people did not know or care very much about the Baath," Aziz said. "But, when it appeared that the Qasim government was being manipulated by the Communists, people began to worry. The Communists were taking over a revolution they had not made. In contrast to the Chinese Communists, who were always Chinese, the Arab Communists were Soviet, and the Iraqi people didn't like that. Mao made Communism a Chinese phenomenon, but most of the Arab Communist leadership was from minorities—mainly Jews at the start, not only here but in Syria, Lebanon, and Egypt. Then, in the fifties, when the Jews left Iraq, the Communist leadership was Christian and Armenian. The Communists were well organized and knew how to seize opportunities, but they were isolated from the traditions of the people, and over the years their alien character did not change. They were against Arab nationalism. The problem for progressives after the 1958 revolution was that because they did not want to bring back the old regime they said nothing. The nationalists faced a similar dilemma. If they sided with the reactionaries, they would lose the support of the people, but if they did nothing they would lose out to the Communists. Qasim was not a Communist—he was a patriotic military adventurer with great personal ambition. He found that in trying to use the Communists he was overwhelmed by them. The only party able to contain the Communists was the Baath. It was small, but it, too, was well organized. It was bold and could not be intimidated. It appealed to the patriotism of the nationalists and to the social goals of the progressives. Old ladies called themselves Baathists, because the Party was pro-revolution and anti-Communist. Gradually, the Baath came to be seen as the savior of the nation—even by those who had little involvement in politics."

Through 1961 and 1962, the Baath, whose strength had been in schools and universities, prepared itself for action by infiltrating key units of the armed forces. It also recruited and trained a secret civilian militia. In February, 1963, the Party struck, first assassinating the chief of the Air Force, then attacking the main radio station, the Ministry of Defense, and a series of military installations. The Communists fought back bravely, and hundreds were mowed down in the streets by tank fire. On the second day of the coup, Qasim was captured at the Ministry of Defense and executed, leaving the Baath in power.

In a reign of terror during the ensuing months, the new government sought out and killed dozens of Communists, as well as other opponents of the coup. Meanwhile, far from seeking reconciliation with the Kurds, the Baathists waged war against them. And, like Qasim, they failed to reach an accommodation with Nasser. It was not long before the Baathi leaders, divided into radicals and moderates, were quarrelling among themselves, and in November the government collapsed, to be replaced by a military regime headed by General Abd al-Salam Arif—a regime not totally unlike the one that the Baath had overthrown.

"To understand why so much blood flowed in those days, you have to remember that Iraq's history is not one in which political dissent has been allowed," Aziz told me. "From the beginning, the ideas of the Baath were democratic. We wanted to reach our goals through democracy, but under the monarchy there was no democratic means of doing it. Revolution was our only choice. Nuri Said did not tolerate opposition. I was a student in his days, and we had to smuggle in books to read. I'm not talking about 'Das

Kapital' but about Victor Hugo, Dostoyevski, Rousseau, Voltaire—the kind of liberal books that are in any home library in New York or Paris. Nuri Said was a product of Ottoman times. He set the tone by torturing and executing many Baathists—in fact, almost anyone who opposed him. Under Qasim, the Communists also used killing and torture, and we had to retaliate. It was not our policy to use force, but we had no other means of dealing with them. Our weakness in 1963 was that we were inexperienced, and incapable of running a government. Remember that most of our Party members were very young men. Then we were succeeded by the Arif regime, which was rightist, militarist, nationalist, pan-Arab—and not much stronger than we had been. It was also reactionary in the South American sense, meaning corrupt. We went underground to rebuild our support, but, justifiably, Iraqis remained skeptical of us. We had to prove that we had absorbed our previous experience and matured—that we would not make the same mistakes if we got back into power. We replaced our old leadership, and when we struck again, in 1968, we were ready to govern."

After its fall in 1963, the Baath passed from radical to more moderate hands, dominated by a faction composed of blood kin from the provincial city of Tikrit. Saddam Hussein, who had returned from exile during the Party's term in office, was a key member of this faction. His power grew, and with it the prominence of Tikritis in the Baath's upper echelons—particularly within the security apparatus. Arab family names often reveal a person's home town, and prudence finally caused the Tikrit crowd to drop the designation. Thus, Saddam Hussein al-Tikriti became simply Saddam Hussein, leaving Western journalists unsure whether to call him by the regal Saddam or by the not quite correct Mr. Hussein.

By 1968, the Baath, though still a secret party of no more than five thousand members, had regained much of its former influence within the armed forces, whereas, after the disgrace of the Arab defeat by Israel in the Six-Day War, the Arif regime—now headed by Abd al-Salam's brother, Abd al-Rahman—seemed to have lost its moorings. On July 17, 1968, supported by dissident military units, the Baath conducted a coup so well planned that the Arif government fell without the firing of a shot. Abd al-

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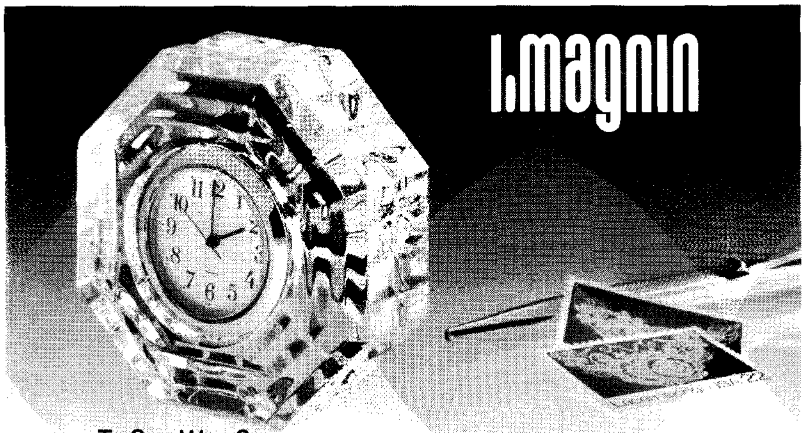

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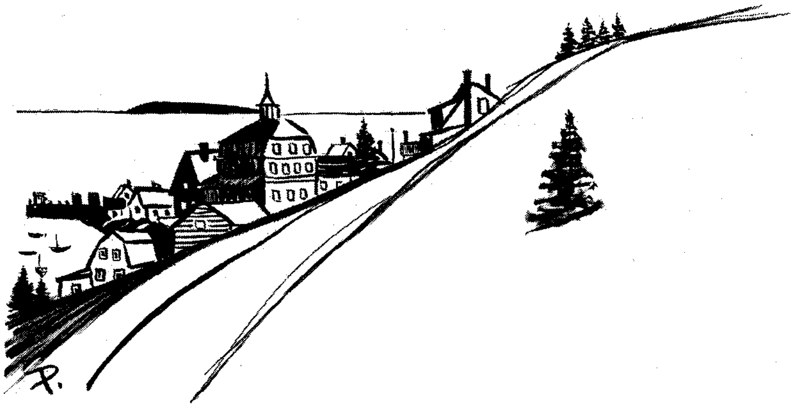
Rahman Arif was permitted to go peacefully into exile, and the Baath was once again in power. In the two years following the coup, the Party consolidated its position by the trial and execution of nearly a hundred Iraqis, of whom some were Communists, some right-wingers, and some Jews accused of spying for the Israelis. Only when the Baath no longer felt menaced did the level of ruthlessness decline.

"The democratic tendencies among us remain alive," Aziz said, a bit defensively. "But, once in power, we had a social and political vision to protect, and we did what was necessary. After the revolution of 1968, we proposed to establish a national front, and we opened a dialogue with the Communists, the Nasserites, the Kurds, and others. We were willing to let the Communists reorganize their party and have a newspaper, but they also wanted power inside the Army. They wanted a secret organization, which would have permitted them to plot another coup d'état. We would not allow this, and when they insisted we cracked down on them. And the Communists are not the only threat to the revolution. We are equally ready to punish the fundamentalist Shiites linked to Iran, because they are not patriots. We will tolerate dissent, but we will not tolerate someone who cries, 'Down with the government!' For example, we will not punish a professor who criticizes the Ministry of Higher Education. If someone doesn't like the way we are running the government and wants to discuss alternative ideas with us, we will listen. There is dissent of this sort within the Party and the press. Furthermore, I assure you that when the war ends we will not stick to the one-party system. We don't believe in it. But we did not then and we do not now tolerate conspiracies. We will not tolerate Communist conspiracies, and we will not allow a penny to enter the country from abroad to help the Communists substitute their revolution for ours."

Within a few months of the Baathi takeover in 1968, Saddam Hussein emerged as the strongman of the regime. As the revolution matured, he reshaped the Party from an underground élite into a ruling instrument in which civilians predominated over the military and which solicited a wide membership to work for the regime within a pyramidal structure with its base at the neighborhood level. He concluded the autonomy agreement with the Kurds. He presided over the nationalization of the oil fields—the last remaining symbol of foreign power in Iraq, and the source of its future wealth. He went to Moscow and returned bearing a strategic alliance with the Soviet Union which brought arms without significant Communist influence. He negotiated an agreement with the Shah of Iran—trading territorial claims for an Iranian promise to stop promoting Kurdish and Shiite opposition—which brought calm to the country's eastern frontier. He poured subsidies upon the Shiites, and presided over the development of a socialist economy and a welfare state, giving particular attention to the problem of literacy. (Iraq now has seven universities, with well over a hundred thousand students—triple the number of twenty years ago. Education is compulsory through elementary school; high-school education is free; and, thanks to adult literacy courses, nearly every Iraqi can at least now read a newspaper.) He gave the government a reputation for integrity beyond anything Iraq had known before—indeed, beyond anything known in the Arab world—and to demonstrate his seriousness he did not hesitate to have ministers and other high officials executed for corruption. At the same time, he strengthened his hold over the country by placing members of his family in the most sensitive positions of power. By 1979, when he was named President, the title merely confirmed the very wide powers he already held.

As Saddam's rule solidified, the government began actively promoting—though it piously denies any such intent—a cult of personality around him. Saddam Hussein's picture appears in the press every day. He is on television not just for official pronouncements but to urge children to study hard and brush their teeth. Loyalty to Saddam is taught in the schools, and his role in the attempted assassination of Abd al-Karim Qasim in 1959 has been transformed into legend. His style of dress, his manner of speech, his mustache are imitated by nearly every Party member, and his face appears on the dial of the wristwatch that many of them wear. When he began to slim down recently, after acquiring a middle-age belly, half of Iraq went on a diet. He is referred to conventionally as "His Excellency" or "Our great President Saddam Hussein"—designations routinely followed by "May God keep him." The new airport, a new art center, and a new working-class district of Baghdad have been named for him. And, as every visitor to Iraq has noted, his portrait is ubiquitous—on display not just in public buildings but in cafés, in private homes, along roads, in hotel lobbies, in the town square of even the remotest village.

"I know you won't believe me when I say that nearly all this is spontaneous," Tariq Aziz said. (In fact, I did not.) "You Americans have a different experience. We don't understand much about *you*, so we shrug our shoulders and say, 'That's how they live.' Well, since Hammurabi we had lived without ever choosing our own head of state, so we have a different feeling about leadership. In this part of the world, we have an instinctive love for our leader, if he really is a leader. The people in Egypt loved Nasser. They made poetry and sang for him. Iraqis loved and respected King Faisal I—though never Nuri Said. They loved Qasim for a while. Then they found Saddam Hussein, the symbol of their aspirations, who really cares for them. He is strong. He is an Iraqi, like us. He raised himself from poverty, and he leads the first government since the Abbasid era to do something for the people. He is also a romantic figure. There is something



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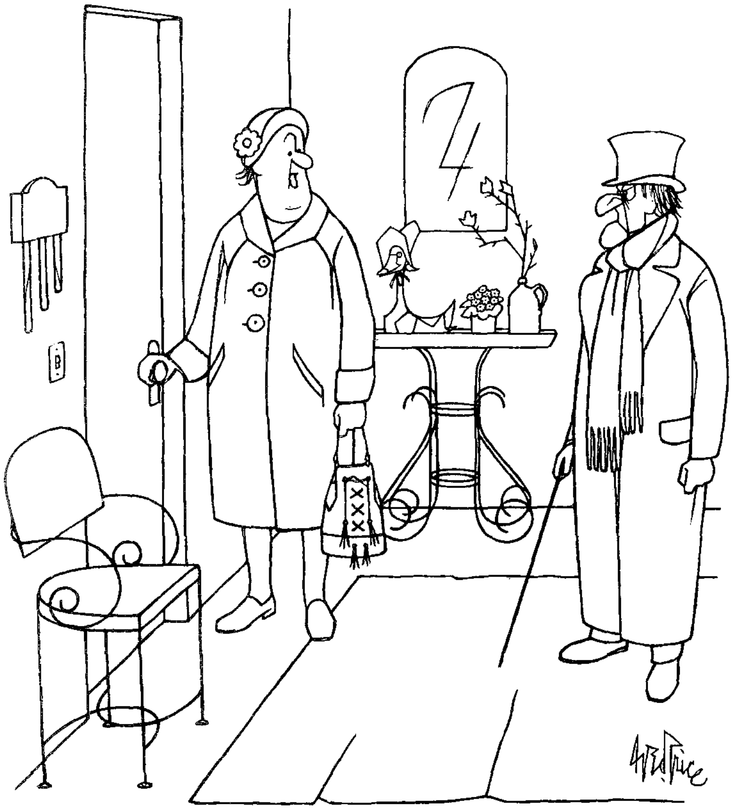

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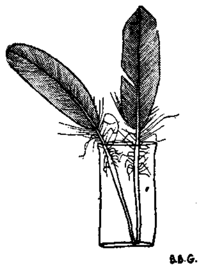
chivalrous about him, which pleases both men and women. We can control what is hung in front of a government building, it is true, but we could never order parents to hang a photograph of Saddam Hussein in a child's bedroom. And yet it happens. Of course, the mass media make a contribution to Saddam's popularity, but they have not created him. The Iraqi people have contributed ten times as much to creating him. Saddam Hussein is in their hearts."



A Western diplomat who has spent many years observing the scene in Baghdad had this to say about Saddam Hussein's regime: "I hear plenty of talk from officials that the rules will ease up after the war, but I'm skeptical. This is not a society with a tradition of civil liberties, and I see very little demand for them. The rules are strict, very harsh by our standards, but they are not arbitrary. Remember, there is a difference between an authoritarian government and an unjust government. Two batches of executions of officials have taken place in the past two years, with a total of eighteen or twenty dead, and all have been on charges of corruption. Several high-ranking officials in the Ministry of Petroleum were executed on charges of taking money to pass information to bidders on government contracts, and the Lord Mayor of Baghdad was executed on the charge of taking bribes when he was head of the State Organization for Roads and Bridges. He had been a very close collaborator of Saddam, and Saddam felt betrayed. The rule of thumb here is that the higher the office the more rigorous the standards. And it's also true that the higher the office the greater the likelihood of being hanged for corruption. You just don't see officials driving around in Rolls-Royces. Saddam himself is known to live rather modestly, and the people like that about him.

"The war, of course, provides extra justification for imposing discipline. Everyone assumes that the telephones are tapped. The Party has cells at every level of the society to report to the top. Most Iraqis will not talk to foreigners without official authorization, and we are never invited by Iraqis to their homes. Despite the war, there have been only a few incidents of terrorism in the past several years, which reflects the tight control of the Iraqi security services. It is true that the middle class, which has grown tremendously under the regime, yearns for more freedom, but they are talking about a freedom to travel and consume rather than a freedom to dissent. The old families would like a share of the power, perhaps through elections to the National Assembly, but under the monarchy the Assembly was so abused by the landowners that it doesn't have a good reputation. Membership in the Baath Party has increasingly become the avenue to power, and access to it is very democratic. But, interestingly, complaints have been mounting that as the Party has grown to accommodate a mass membership, the young people who have flocked to it—Iraq's Yuppies—have made it a vehicle of their ambitions. In public statements recently, Saddam appears to have taken account of these complaints, promising to curb the Party's powers. He has declared that it is important to pay attention to criticism from the people, and when he talks the entire government listens. But, whatever its faults, the regime is unquestionably the best that Iraq has had in centuries. There seems to be no serious democratic opposition to it, no real Shiite opposition, and diminishing Kurdish opposition. It has a sense of purpose, a direction. It is honest and relatively efficient, and it is paternalistic, in that it has demonstrable concern for the poor. It has even mellowed over the years. But it is not soft."

Shortly after I left Iraq, a band of guerrillas attacked a patriotic rally in Baquba, a town thirty miles northeast of Baghdad—an attack witnessed by a group of diplomats, who were seated in a reviewing stand. The security forces in attendance reacted quickly and brutally, directing their fire at the gunmen through a wall of bystanders. None of the diplomats was hurt, but several dozen Iraqis were said to have been killed. Characteristically, no official announcement was made of the incident. Among Westerners in Baghdad, it was believed that the attackers were local Shiite extremists working for Iran, although there was some speculation that they were Kurds. It was also said—without confirmation—that four of the gunmen were hanged. Westerners did agree, however, that the attack appeared to be isolated and did not suggest a breakdown in the Iraqi security system.

IF Saddam Hussein is the Lenin of the Iraqi revolution, Michel Aflaq is its Karl Marx. Aflaq is a Christian from Damascus who acquired a sense of Arab nationalism from his ardently nationalist family and from four years of studying history at the Sorbonne. In the years before the Second World War, he and a handful of Arab friends, a number of them Christian, pondered how the Arabs, with their diverse religious beliefs, could work together to build a modern society. Baathism—the word translates as "renaissance"—was their creation. It is a set of ideas that Aflaq and his friends promoted in secret Arab organizations during the postwar years, as disillusion with the old regimes intensified. Aflaq's most promising response came from Syria and Iraq, where active Baath Parties were established. Having fallen out with the Syrian Baath, Aflaq emigrated to Iraq, where, as the executive director of the Party, he is the revolution's chief theoretician. At the Baath headquarters in Baghdad, his picture hangs at the same level as Saddam Hussein's.

Now seventy-seven, and increasingly disinclined to appear in public, Aflaq has ceded the function of chief Party ideologist to his deputy, Elias Farah. Farah, who holds a Ph.D. from the University of Geneva, is a tiny, elegantly dressed man and looks to be in his early sixties. I visited him at the Party's heavily guarded offices in a converted mansion on the outskirts of the city. He received me in a large, book-lined office, and answered my questions with a precision reminiscent of a first-class academic lecture. Farah, like Aflaq, is a Christian Arab—a fact that underlines the secular nature of Baathism, one of whose objectives is to enable the members of diverse faiths within the Arab world to live under the same tent.

"Baathism is a secular philosophy, but it is not anti-clerical, as secular movements in Europe tend to be," Farah told me. "It does not reject Islam. It could not. Islam is not only a religion—it is our civilization. It has forged the unity of the Arab world. In the cultural sense, I think of myself as Islamic, and so does Aflaq. Islam is at the base of Baathism; but contemporary Arab society, which is divided and underdeveloped, needs to modernize itself. Baathism's goal is to strike a balance between cultural authenticity

—of which Islam is the central element—and modernity. What we cannot accept is the abuse of religion for political ends."

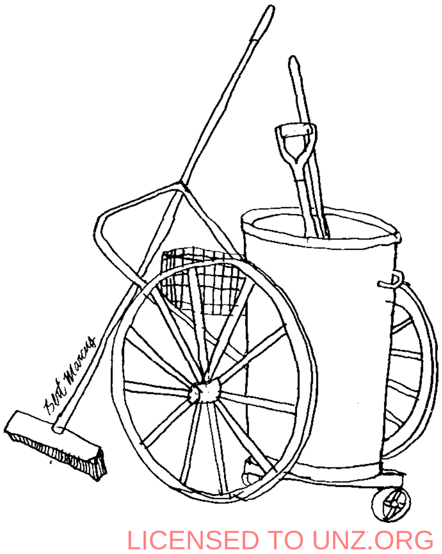
In his quiet, professorial style, Farah drew upon Baathi ideology to discredit Iraq's principal enemies, Syria and Iran. Syria's regime, though Baathi in name, is a military deformation of Baathi philosophy, he said—a distortion that was devised to permit the Alawites, a religious minority, to rule. As for the Khomeini regime, he argued not only that it was "the antithesis of modern civilization" but that it exploited Islam to serve Persian nationalism, largely by using Shiism as an instrument of aggression. Iraq's leadership, Farah said, worked tirelessly to erase distinctions between Sunnism and Shiism, and it had largely succeeded in unifying the nation. Now all Iraqis, he said, recognized Khomeini as a threat to the nation and to modernism, and to Islam as well.

"Baathism cannot be rigid," Farah continued. "We acknowledge a dependency on ideas that come from the outside, and we draw from ideologies current in the world today. We have much in common with Zionism, whose goal is a Jewish renaissance. Ours is an Arab renaissance, based on the creation of a new man and a new woman, liberated not only from colonialist dependency but from the shackles within our own Arab civilization. Baathism has also drawn on Marxism, especially for its concepts of socialism, but we do not think of ourselves as a closed system, the way the Marxists do. We are wary of dogmatism—we believe that the Marxists are trying to substitute one set of theological absolutes for another. As for modern Western thought, its openness and sense of practicality provide an important model. We reject Western colonialism, but, unlike Khomeini, we do not confuse it with Western civilization, which we admire. Western liberal ideas are a guide for us. As Baathists, we are trying to build a society in a state of permanent evolution, and we will build it by engaging in dialogue with other societies, and particularly with the West."

Farah noted that in the decades after the Second World War those Arabs who were committed to modernizing their society faced a choice of Communism, Nasserism, or Baathism. Inevitably, the three competed for the Arab soul. Communism regarded nationalism as an obstacle to the rise of the international proletariat, he said, and so rejected the concept of Arab national unity, a fundamental value to the Baath. Nasserism strongly endorsed national unity but, being focussed on a single individual, was burdened with a shallow ideology, particularly in the economic realm. Baathism, while as strongly nationalistic as Nasserism, did not seek to impose a rigid uniformity on Arab society. "Baathism's position is that Arab unity has always been enriched by diversity," Farah explained. In the same manner, he said, Baathism's concept of socialism was not so rigidly defined that it would create an "aristocracy of bureaucrats." Baathi socialism, he said, was a means of realizing the richness of human potential, and the Baath was trying to create a new life for Iraqis as individuals, whatever the characteristics of the system that would ultimately emerge.

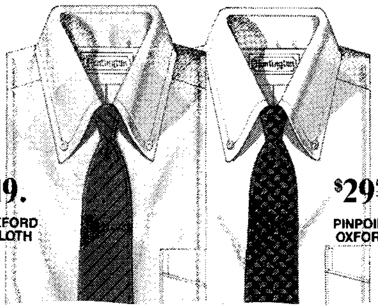
Indeed, Farah sprinkled his talk with endorsements of individual initiative, of personal development, even of democracy. The terms sounded incongruous in reference to a state that much of the world regards as harshly oppressive. But without denying the absence of Western-style freedoms in Iraq, Farah did not acknowledge any inconsistency or contradiction.

"Socialism is less important than personal liberty for all Iraqis—men and women, Sunnis and Shiites, Arabs and non-Arabs," he said. "This liberty is an essential goal, because we cannot think of the individual as a number, without a role in history. We don't believe that democracy is simply placing ballots in a ballot box, or saying irresponsible things in the press. We do not think that liberty is the right to reverse the revolution. Our commitment, rather, is to a democracy that is socially involved, in which the masses participate in determining the nation's future. It is based on the national will, on the confidence of the people. Democracy and liberty are for us a response to the alienation of the individual in Arab society."



Menal Yunis reflects a great deal upon the question of what democracy and liberty mean for the Iraqi woman. As the head of the General Federation of Iraqi Women, a quasi-official organization founded shortly after the 1968 revolution, she is recognized as one of Iraq's most powerful political figures, with a mandate to promote the interests of women—a mandate among the most difficult faced by any policymaker in the Arab world. The federation has a branch in every city, town, and village throughout the country, and an action group in nearly every neighborhood. More highly organized even than the Baath, it can in an hour reach virtually any street corner in Iraq. Menal Yunis is a woman to whom all Iraqis pay attention. With striking dark eyes and a warm smile, she is a handsome woman, very feminine, and obviously strong. She is one of the rare Iraqi women who will look a man straight in the eye.

Sitting on a couch across from her in her Baghdad office, I asked her if the pervasiveness of the *abayah* in much of the country was not a sign that the regime's development policy is failing to make an impact. "I think you must look beyond the *abayah*," she replied. "We call our policy 'comprehensive development.' We understand that, socially speaking, not all of Iraq is developing at the same speed—the pace is determined by several factors, like the distance from city centers, the available communication and transportation facilities, and the very nature of development. The countryside, for instance, is more traditional, more conventional. But by now we have built much of the infrastructure. We have adopted a system of compulsory education, and it is one system for all—Sunni and Shiite, city and country, boys and girls. Anyone who refuses education is penalized. Television now reaches eighty-six per cent of the people. This means that development will move more quickly. Rural women are making increasing use of the services we provide—vocational training, health training, and adult education. But you cannot use Western criteria to measure development in Iraq. American and European societies are a hun-



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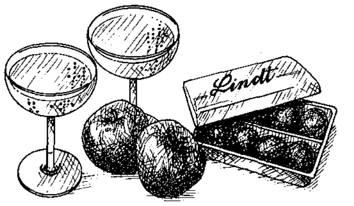
dred years ahead of us in development, both socially and economically, and their lead is widening. Maybe you consider the *abayah* and the veil a sign of backwardness, but that is a Western criterion. Or maybe you think development means that every girl should have a boyfriend before she marries. That might be all right in Western countries, but in our country it is considered immoral. We cannot be distracted by such superficial concerns, so in the federation we try very hard not to offend morality. Because we avoid activities that involve both sexes, men have put up very little resistance to participation by their wives and daughters in our programs—especially education. We want development to grow naturally, like a plant in a natural environment. So when I measure its progress I must use not your indicators but indicators that are important to us, like the number of women in education and job programs, the enthusiasm of women for change, the response of the society to amended social laws, the level of women's participation in political life. Today, women do not hold many positions of leadership in Iraq. But that will come.

"In making these changes, we have found that the religious establishment has been a less serious problem than we once feared. We began talking to the clergy when we initiated our programs, and their resistance has weakened. Even now, we continue the dialogue with them. But, frankly, I don't think there is a place in Iraq for the kind of fundamentalist movement that triumphed in Iran. Iranian women gave in to Khomeini because the Shah had neglected them. A small intelligentsia tried to Westernize the society against its will. Iran had only the very rich and the very poor, and the leadership did nothing to solve that problem. Religious movements prosper on frustration. Iraqis are meant to feel part of the society, to feel a share in what they are asked to defend."

When I asked Mme. Menal, as she is known, what the impact of the war has been on development, she answered, "The war has been such a part of our lives for the last seven years that it is actually hard to say what the impact is. With less money for development, we have had to put more emphasis on the mind and will of individuals—and maybe this has enabled women to *think* in more appropriate terms. Our textbooks used to say that the job of women was to cook and clean. Now there is enthusiasm among



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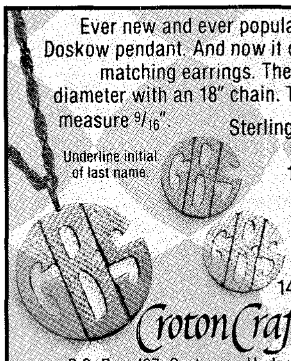

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young women, both in the city and in the countryside, to defend the nation, even to join the Army. Women are working at jobs they never had before. University graduates are moving to different provinces to find work. In Iraq today, a woman can take the job she wants, and, similarly, she cannot be forced to marry against her will. But some things have not changed: women don't choose their husbands by themselves, and the same applies to men. The whole family participates, and we Iraqis think that a good marriage is one with the full coöperation of both families. Men and women don't separate from their families after marriage. Still, this is not like the old days. There is less marriage within the extended family than there used to be. Sunnis and Shiites are marrying one another more and more. But I think these changes—and they are profound—are the result of government policy at least as much as of the war. They are a natural consequence of development."

As I left her office, Mme. Menal pointed out on a shelf of her bookcase a photograph of herself and several other women, one of whom she identified as Iraq's First Lady, Sajidah Khairallah Saddam Hussein. As many pictures as one sees in Baghdad of the President, I had never before seen a picture of his wife, and I was surprised to find her a tall, apparently bleached blonde, smartly dressed in a sweater and skirt—definitely not an Iraqi type. When I asked Mme. Menal why the First Lady had kept a low profile instead of serving as an inspiration to Iraqi women, she answered that the public would not approve of such a role, conventional though it may be for the wives of Western leaders. The President's wife, she said, was trained as a teacher and had played an important role in the underground during the revolutionary struggle, but her current responsibility was to support her husband.

Then I asked why the First Lady had bleached her hair. "For many Iraqi women, it's the fashion," Mme. Menal answered, and added, with an unexpected note of coquettishness, "The next time you come to Iraq, maybe I'll be a blonde, too."

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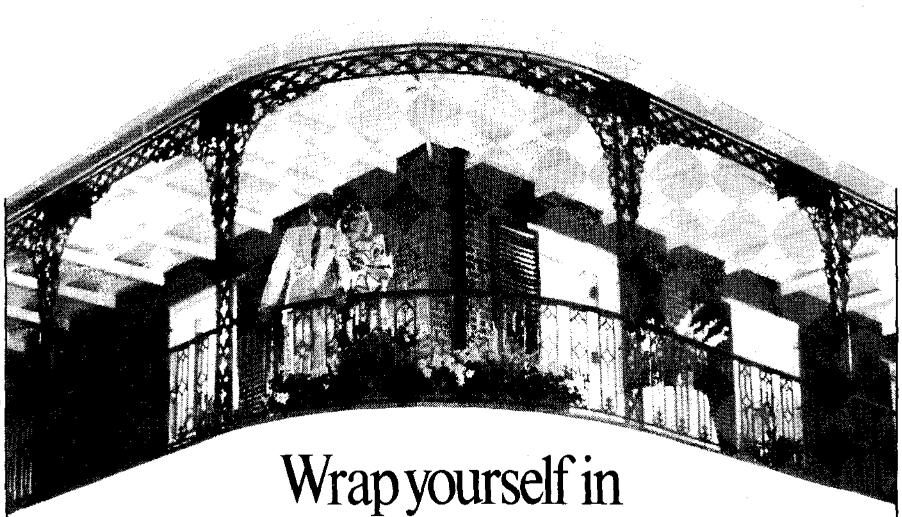

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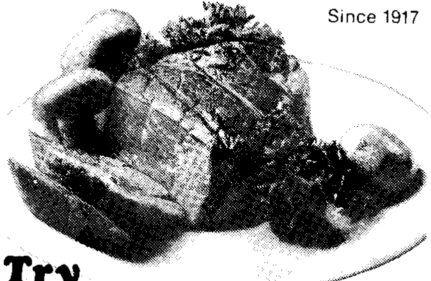

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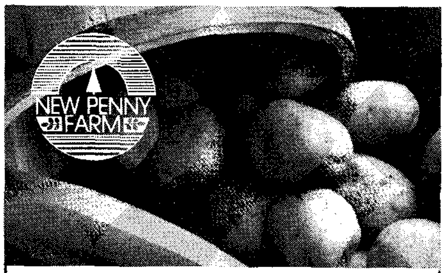

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Arabic and were fully integrated into the local culture, though they hung on tenaciously to their religious identity. On the eve of the Second World War, they numbered a hundred and forty thousand, and—singled out for special favors under the "divide and conquer" policies of the British mandate—they had never been more prosperous, better educated, more self-assured. Their vulnerability became apparent only after the war began, during the flirtation of the Arab nationalists with the Nazis, when the first anti-Jewish riots took place. In the years that followed, Zionism intruded into Arab politics, and Iraq's Jews became routine targets of violence. After the Arab defeat in the war against Israel in 1948, Iraq enacted its first anti-Jewish laws. But at the same time, coveting Jewish assets, the government acquiesced in Jewish emigration, and within a year half of the ancient community had left for Israel. By the eve of the Six-Day War, the community had shrunk to three thousand. Then the Baath, after its 1968 takeover, suspended Jewish emigration and publicly hanged nine Jewish businessmen charged with spying for Israel. In the next year or so, dozens of Jews disappeared. Finally, in 1970, the regime decided to authorize the remaining Jews to depart. Today, though conditions are much improved, only about three hundred Jews are left in the country; almost all of them live in Baghdad, and almost all of them are elderly.

Baghdad's last synagogue is on a narrow street near the Tigris. It is surrounded by a wall, and it is not easy to find. The functionaries at the Ministry of Information are not even aware—or pretend not to be aware—that it exists. A sympathetic taxi-driver to whom I had made myself understood promised to take me there late on a Sabbath afternoon, and, unbeknownst to me, went ahead to announce my coming. When I arrived, four or five elderly men were waiting at the gate to welcome me with the Hebrew greeting "*Shabat shalom.*" One of them handed me a yarmulke—actually, a white skullcap of the type worn by Arab workmen and commonly sold in the souk. Then I was invited inside for the service, and they ushered me, with some pride, into the sanctuary.

What I found was a large, shabby old hall that evoked for me the stern synagogues of my grandfathers. On two sides were pillars, which held up the balconies where the women had

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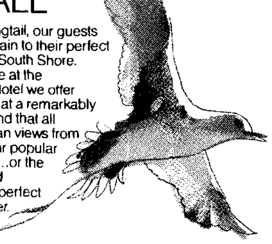

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once sat. Bare light bulbs and electric fans were suspended from the ceiling, and Hebrew prayer books filled the shelves. The altar was at floor level, facing the ark, which one approached by climbing six or seven steps, and in front of the altar were two double rows of wooden benches, facing each other. Men sat in the first row on both sides, women behind them. Apart from two teen-agers, everyone in the congregation of about thirty people looked to be sixty or older.

In the absence of a rabbi, the members collectively conducted the service, a Sephardic rite that was only partly familiar to me. As in all Sabbath services, the high point was the dramatic ceremony associated with the removal of the Torah from the ark. While the Torah was carried through the synagogue to be kissed by the members, the congregation chanted lustily. As it was placed carefully on the altar, I was invited to deliver one of the brief prayers that traditionally accompany the reading. The invitation meant, I gathered, that the congregation appreciated my presence. I heard my name called in Hebrew—Moshe ben Eliezer—and I rose to recite the lines I had known since my boyhood. Before I resumed my seat, the men standing around me shook my hand warmly. But, being far from their equal as a Hebrew scholar, I periodically lost my concentration during the remaining prayers, as well as my place in the prayer book. Graciously, the men pretended not to notice. After half an hour or so, a senior member of the congregation delivered a sermon in Arabic, of which I understood only that a blessing had been bestowed on Saddam Hussein. At last, the closing hymn was sung, and the service was over.

Some of the men waited for me in the courtyard in front of the synagogue, indicating a willingness to join in conversation. They told me that in the first year or so after the 1968 Baathi revolution life was hell. It was not just the hangings and the disappearances. Jews were forbidden to work, even in the souk; their property was frozen; and they were subject to constant harassment by the secret police. The situation improved as Saddam Hussein assumed more power, they said, and today Jews are treated like other Iraqis. They have their old businesses back, mainly in the import-export trade. They hold respectable jobs as teachers and civil servants, and, the men noted with satisfaction, the

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government recently sent a Jewish chemist from Basra to represent it on a trade mission to China. Jewish children go to the public schools and the universities, and half a dozen young Jews are serving in the Army—as engineers and doctors as well as soldiers. After the property of the Jews was restored, the men told me, the rental income from ten former synagogues and two hospitals—vestiges of the community's departed grandeur—became available for Jewish charities. It now supports old people who have no other source of income. Some of it, they noted, will go next year to renovating and air-conditioning the synagogue from which we had just emerged—the only one still in use.

Indeed, if life is still difficult, the men said, it is not because of any oppression of the Jews. Far from stirring up anti-Jewish animosity, the government sees to it that Jews are protected. Even Israel's highly publicized support of Iran in the present war has had no unfavorable repercussions, they said. The difficulties that the Jews experience come from the unique problems of a remnant population. Wartime restrictions imposed on Iraqis permit only essential foreign travel, for example, but Jews find this rule particularly onerous, since almost all of them have family members living abroad. Solitary old widows and widowers would like to join children in London or New York—they do not mention Israel—but the pleas on their behalf have been refused.

In truth, with the congregation too small and too old to be viable, Iraq's Jews are almost all certain to leave after the war. Despite twenty-five hundred years of residence, the community senses that it is where it no longer belongs, and not surprisingly, a discernible air of melancholy surrounds the synagogue. Still, having lived so intimately with danger, the men I met told me that they are grateful for what feels like an interval of calm, and they thank Saddam Hussein for it. That is why, they said, they pronounce a special blessing each Sabbath in his name. When they finally left me at the courtyard gate, with the city already in darkness, they exchanged a wish with me and among themselves, spoken in Hebrew, that seemed to sum up their lives in Baghdad. It was translated for me as "May next week also be good."

—MILTON VIORST

*(This is the first part of a two-part article.)*

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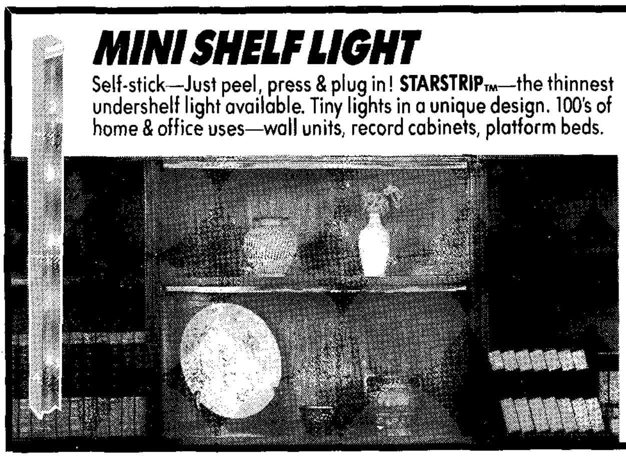

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# DANCING

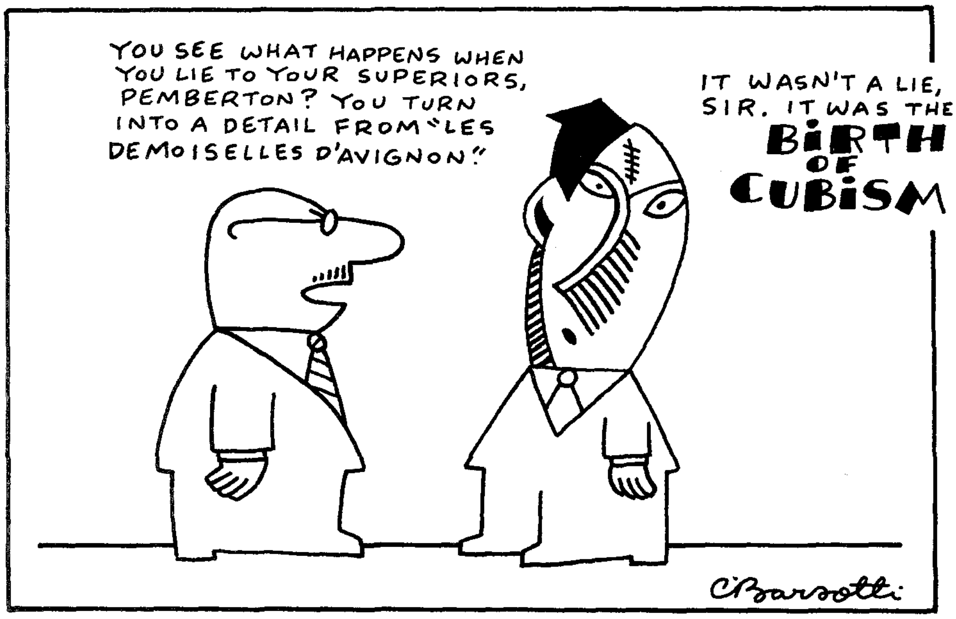
## *Petipa and Company*

THE Moscow Ballet, a special touring group from the Soviet Union now making its way around the country, puts on a remarkably full and lively show. With only thirty-two dancers—fewer than may be found in many of the home companies of the cities being visited on the tour—and a repertory of classical excerpts and timeworn concert numbers, it gave me more pleasure in three hours than the Bolshoi did in three weeks this past summer. The Moscow Ballet has no other aim than to entertain; it is unconcerned with questions of status and untroubled by internal controversies. The dancers, who come from the Bolshoi, the Kirov, and other Soviet companies, aren't asked to embody some ballet master's self-serving notions of progressive choreography; they are given real dancing assignments. Their director, the Bolshoi star Vyacheslav Gordeyev, appears to have ambitions as a choreographer, but he hasn't shaped the touring repertory to that end. So what if the company shows veteran observers little that is new? Audiences who have never seen Russian dancers do what they do best may see it here in all its tacky and provincial glory: "Bayadère" and "Paquita," "Spring Waters" and "Walpurgis Nacht," with bits of esoterica thrown in now and then—the "Fascination" pas de deux from "Satanella," the "Pas d'Esclave" from "Le Corsaire."

New York, of course, is too sophisticated for this sort of thing. We have critics here who are eager to acclaim whatever new clothes the Russian companies put on these days, whether they fit or not. As for the old, even the scholars among us have grown weary of trying to determine the lineage of every little Petipa relic—weary and leery. Gordeyev's "Pas d'Esclave" goes to entirely different music, by entirely different composers (the program credits Adam and Minkus), from the version produced by Baryshnikov at American Ballet Theatre in 1980. What, one may well wonder, accounts for the discrepancy? Who is responsible for the version we see tonight? To this question the Russians have only one answer. "Petipa," they say. "Abso-lootly Petipa." Gordeyev's "Paquita" contains two unfamiliar variations. What is their provenance? "Petipa. Historical."

The Moscow Ballet is bypassing New York on this tour, and it may be just as well. Besides, the out-of-town opening gave one a chance to see Baltimore and *its* new clothes—the mammoth hotels, the vast and empty downtown plazas, and the teeming waterfront market where on a sunny weekend the life of the city goes on.

And it went on at the ballet, across town. In spite of the seductive weather, the old Lyric Opera House was full. The building has been sheathed in a blindingly bright new exterior. Inside, the nineteenth-century auditorium is unchanged. The place turned out to be the perfect analogue of the Moscow Ballet. No transition between the theatre and its shell had been attempted; preservation was a stark necessity, starkly achieved. On the stage, young and youngish dancers, all bred along lines that suggested an up-to-date Western influence, were dancing the ballets that we saw their elders in thirty years ago and that looked old *then*. I was touched by the dancers' dedication, their glow of innocence and folly. It's dismaying, after all, to see a piece of superannuated trash such as "Walpurgis Nacht" treated with the reverence due a classic. One really doesn't want to see reverence applied to the hits of past eras, especially when the only climate in which they can be danced is one of religious conviction. Leonid Lavrovsky (1905-67) created "Walpurgis Nacht," a scene from "Faust," for the Bolshoi of the forties; American audiences saw it first in 1959, then again and again in the sixties. The seventies finally put its foot down. Perhaps in a period of sexual excess the bacchanalia onstage did look dowdy; what seems certain is that it is now too hopelessly demented to ever catch fire as it used to in the old days. The curtain rises on a stageful of dancers waving one arm abstractedly from standing or reclining positions; they never stop waving. The stage picture is of a feverish, gaudy Arcadia, and the revels that follow are meant to keep the temperature climbing. There is a giddy Nymph, who repeatedly plunges from the peak of a lift into the arms of a bunch of wriggling satyrs. There is a hungrily salacious Pan. Because of the dancers' good-natured insistence, you go with it, and an outright shameless performance, such as Vadim Pisarev's as Pan, helps fan the spark. But what finally captures you is the musical accuracy. The image of reckless abandon with which the dancers of the old Bolshoi stamped the choreography may have covered up its most durable feature—Lavrovsky's craftsmanship, which mirrors his deeply sober, conservative intentions. His musicality was not subtle, but it was real, and one feels it all through "Walpurgis Nacht." It's easy to see why today's Russian dancers believe in it and in "Petipa" as undifferentiated parts of the same canon. And, watching them attack both with the kamikaze spirit that is apparently their birthright, one can't help admiring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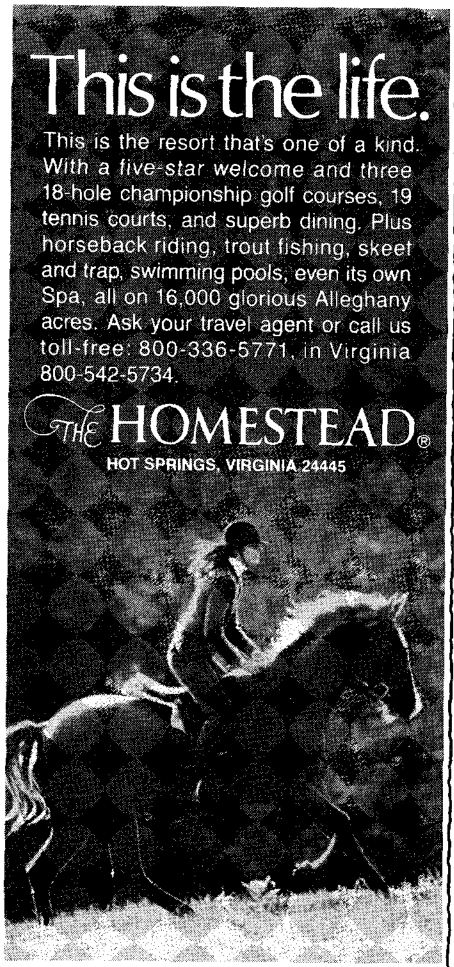
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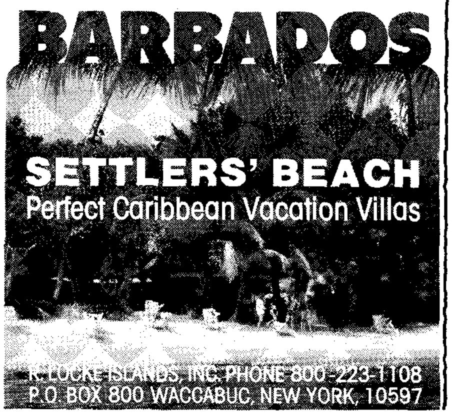
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them. (The seven soloists in "Paquita"—who included a promising male dancer, Andrey Ustinov, from the Maly Theatre—showed special tenacity in the most difficult steps.) But one wants something better for them than exercises in antiquarianism. Jerome Robbins' "The Four Seasons" might be a good place to start; the Autumn section is a gloss on "Walpurgis Nacht." Or why not Balanchine's ballet of the same title, to the same music? The moment seems right, both aesthetically and politically, to speak of such possibilities. The Moscow Ballet has already acquired a fragment of "Donizetti Variations;" *glasnost* permitting, it could shortly acquire the whole piece and be the harbinger of a new era in Soviet ballet.

The "Donizetti" fragment, consisting of the principal dancers' pas de deux and coda, was performed in Baltimore by Gordeyev and his partner for the tour, the Kirov ballerina Lubov Kunakova. It was not the most auspicious of presentations. The dancers had had too little rehearsal time, and Kunakova, who went on after dancing leads in both "Paquita" and the second act of "Swan Lake," shortened and sketched most of her phrases. Gordeyev's performance was more authoritative. He learned the choreography, along with two variations, some years ago from Patricia Neary, one of Balanchine's representatives in Europe, and he performed it successfully while on tour in Italy with his then wife, Nadezhda Pavlova. In Baltimore, Gordeyev's approach to "Donizetti" was to dance it sweetly, lyrically, as if it were by Bournonville. He's not far wrong; this is, after all, Balanchine's "Bournonville" ballet. And though Kunakova danced minimally, she did not look miscast. There is something comical in the lilt of the phrasing which suits the slightly ponderous, plushy quality of her movement. Balanchine accents and Balanchine timing have yet to be acquired. (The program's claim to a production "in accordance with the Balanchine Style and Balanchine Technique" is, therefore, dubious as well as pompous.) Given the benefit of some good coaching, however, both dancers could make a real conquest of this material.

Gordeyev was the most elegant male dancer the Bolshoi produced in the seventies, and he remains very much in a class by himself. He was not included in that company's recent American season. Over the years, it

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became increasingly hard to picture him fitting in with its artistically sterile policies. Gordeyev is conspicuously wasted in the unmusical ballets of Grigorovich; it is musical taste more than anything else that distinguishes his artistic direction of the Moscow Ballet from that of the Bolshoi. Think what you will of the old-hat repertory, it is danced with rhythmic precision and it sounds good. The score for "Pas d'Esclave" is not only different from but superior to the one used at A.B.T. The company dances to digital recordings made in Moscow especially for the tour. An exception was the poor piano accompaniment provided for the "Donizetti" début. The repertory contains only three examples of Gordeyev's choreography. The one I saw was "Melody of Love," an acrobatic pas de deux in the convoluted "advanced" style now popular in the Soviet Union. The handsome long bodies slithered all over each other. Limbs grappled to no expressive purpose. But their tentacular length and weight at least made sense in terms of the Argentine folk music they grappled to. Soviet ballet may have lost its way; it has not yet lost its ear.

The rumors are untrue: Gordeyev the dancer lives. The last time New York saw him, in 1979, he danced at the State Theatre with Pavlova in Grigorovich ballets. Today, on leave from the Bolshoi, he dances a more suitable repertory, and—far from having disintegrated—he does it prodigiously. Slim as a whippet, at thirty-nine he is drier and more brittle in the joints than in former days, yet he lands from a high cabriole battu and bends effortlessly to the floor in fifth plié; or he uncoils slowly from a long series of fast pirouettes in passé and stands still. And although his jump is the first thing an aging male dancer loses, Gordeyev even now gets remarkable loft into his grand jeté en tournant. It is to be regretted that he is one of those Russian male dancers with a fondness for implausibly yellow hair. His taste in costumes is atrocious (in his purple sheikh getup for "Pas d'Esclave," he looked like a rock star). There is no question, though, of his enduring stature as a dancer.

—ARLENE CROCE

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### CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

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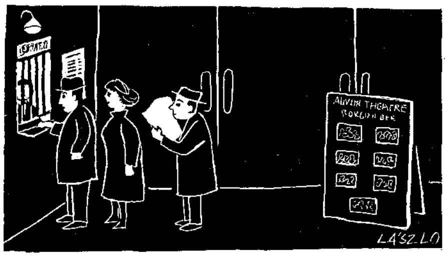
# THE THEATRE

## *Small Pleasures*

"ROZA," which opened last week at the Royale Theatre, is a perfectly harmless and pleasantly diverting musical based on Romain Gary's 1975 novel "La Vie Devant Soi." It has songs by Gilbert Bécaud and Julian More and is directed by Harold Prince. It passes the time admirably, and if it leaves you without a single memorable image or impression it is certainly no worse than some of the other musicals that become hits on Broadway—"Annie," say, or "Cats," or "La Cage aux Folles." What "Roza" has going against it is inadequate choreography (by Patricia Birch); a book (by Mr. More) that consists mostly of song cues (or gaps where song cues should be) and never gets much beyond exposition; and a fiercely tilting set (by Alexander Okun), one corner of which keeps embarrassing everybody by moving up and down. What the show has going for it is a star turn by Georgia Brown as Mme. Roza, an aging former prostitute and concentration-camp survivor who takes care of the children of other women who ply the trade.

In the early sixties, of course, Miss Brown created the role of Nancy in Lionel Bart's "Oliver!," and for my money she's the only Nancy there will ever be, as I'm sure she must be for anyone who saw her or grew up on that particular recording of the show. As Roza she is Nancy and Fagin rolled into one—a Jewish Mrs. Sikes, forty years on. It's a bravura performance, raucous, bawdy, and irresistible, utterly unlike the character played by Simone Signoret in the 1977 film version of Gary's novel. Where Signoret's Roza was a real person—a pathetic wreck of a woman, failing in mind and body, who couldn't remember from one minute to the next whether she was trying to raise a fourteen-year-old boy or was waiting for the Gestapo—the character that Miss Brown has been asked to play is essentially a stage Jew, all gestures and speech mannerisms, with a heart full of gruff Broadway love. That she manages to make this figure believable is a tour de force. And Roza is not the only implausible character in the show: there's also Lola (Bob Gunton), a Brazilian prizefighter turned transvestite and working the Bois de Boulogne in order to pay for a sex-change operation; a couple of happy hookers (Yamil Borges and Michelle Mais); and Dr. Katz (Jerry Matz), an Orthodox Jew who has been caught performing illegal abortions. Then, there are all the children—five of them, not including the teen-agers that Young Momo and Young Moise grow into (Alex Paez and Joey McKneely, respectively). There are (count 'em) two blacks, one Oriental, an Arab, and a Jew: they're not required to do much except stand around and evoke their ethnic stereotypes, but then "Roza" is only "Oliver!" for the "Fame" generation—the generation you don't have to do much to impress. It's one of those shows that seem to come into existence more because certain things can suddenly be mentioned on the musical stage—male prostitution, say, or the death camps—than because anyone has anything to say about them.

A woman who runs a boarding house for the children of prostitutes sounds like a great premise for a musical. Actually, one of the problems with "Roza" is that its premise is self-fulfilling: as the central figure is presented by the show's creators, there's nothing interesting about her *beyond* the idea that she could be the subject of a musical. Once the situation in "Roza" has been established and everybody has been introduced, there's really nowhere for the show to go, nothing to happen except for Roza to die. This she takes an unconscionably long time doing. She falls, comes to, is stricken again, revives, and has another fit. Most of the production numbers are constructed around these various collapses and resuscitations, and the rest are either derivative or, like everything else, buried in the morass of the set. That set is perhaps "Roza" 's greatest liability, after the book: it fails utterly to evoke the feeling of a Paris tenement—or any tenement anywhere, for that matter. With its wide-open spaces and confusing system of balconies and fire escapes, it seems to liken French urban blight to life in a Tennessee Williams play; by requiring actors to step *down* in order to ascend to Mme. Roza's upstairs apartment, it leaves the audience at a loss as to where anybody lives in relation to anybody else. Also, it doesn't leave the actors much room to move around in, which means that there isn't much dancing. And "derivative" is a polite word for what the songs are: there's an "I Feel Pretty" number ("Get the Lady Dressed") and a "Good Night, Ladies" number (where the contrapuntal gossiping of women degenerates into gibberish), and when a trio of street musicians suddenly appears out of nowhere and Georgia Brown asks them to play, you half expect her to launch into a chorus of "It's a Fine Life."



Miss Brown's presence is both an asset and a problem. Because she was Nancy, you can't help comparing "Roza" with "Oliver!"—and with a whole host of other, better musicals, with or without books and children. For, of course, there have been "bookless" musicals before. "The Pajama Game" has a perfectly awful book. So does "Oliver!," for that matter. And the English version of the "Les Misérables" libretto is a work of trailblazing vacuity: not only can you predict each rhyme as it comes up—you can predict the whole next line. But "The Pajama Game" had "Steam Heat" going for it, and "Hey There." "Oliver!" had all those lively, show-stopping numbers, and "Les Misérables" has those great Royal Shakespeare Company production values—the choral anthems and shafts of light. The trouble is that in the twenty-five years or so since "Oliver!" a new sort of bookless musical has grown up, in which, instead of clever songs or production numbers to make up for a clumsy script, a highly visual, non-literal style of staging renders words superfluous. The dialogue in Stephen Sondheim's "Sunday in the Park with George" or Michael Bennett's "Dreamgirls" may cause one to blush, but it doesn't matter: the book resides in what you see moving around on-stage—in the pasteboard figures that come up out of the floor or in the whirling scaffolding.

The advent of a more sophisticated and innately theatrical style of musical is part of what makes "Roza" seem such a throwback. But the real problem with the show is its hypocrisy. "Roza" stands in the same relation to

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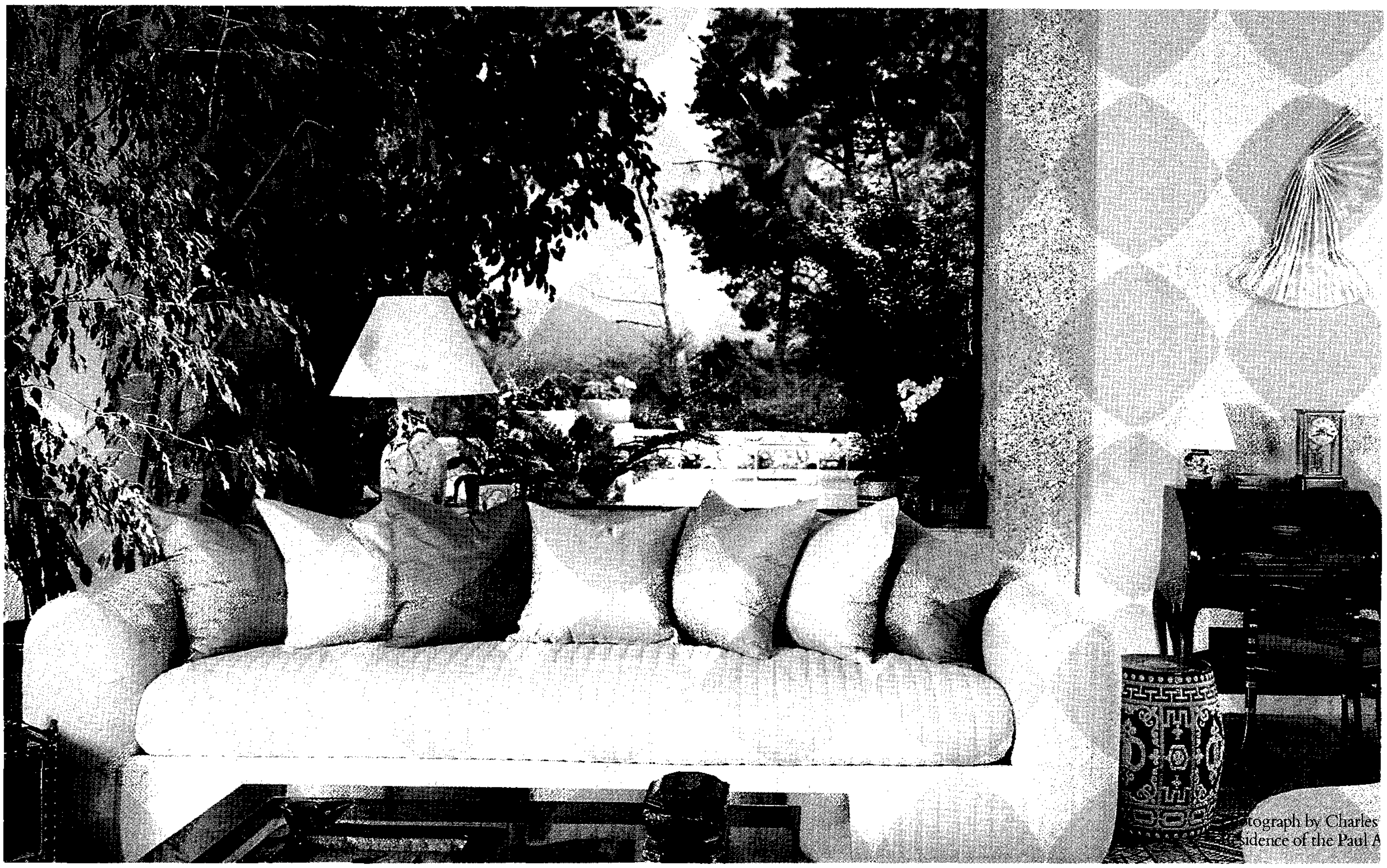

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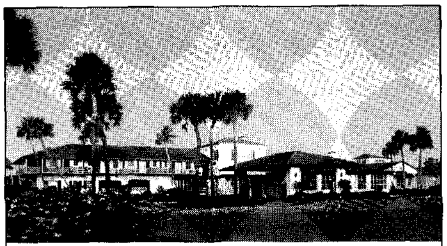

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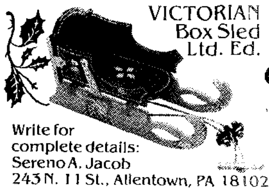

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"Oliver!" that "Les Misérables" does. Where "Oliver!" romanticized poverty, "Les Misérables" romanticizes the idea of not romanticizing poverty: it sends us out feeling that we've done our bit for the wretched of the earth by weeping for the boys on the barricades. "Roza" isn't as insidious as "Les Misérables," but it does pride itself on not romanticizing the figure of the dispossessed child—although that's precisely what it *does* do. The novel the musical is based on—like the movie it inspired—was a distressingly dark and grim study of the relationship between Roza and a particular child, a severely withdrawn and unhappy fourteen-year-old boy. I'm not convinced that it would be impossible to create a "dark" musical based on Gary's novel—something along the lines of "Pal Joey" or "Cabaret" (which Mr. Prince is reviving later this month). But by musical-comedy-izing everything in "La Vie Devant Soi," by making what is individual and specific formulaic and generic, Mr. Prince and his collaborators have removed from the story of Roza anything that might be of interest to us, and left us with only a memory of sweet Georgia Brown.

—Mimi Kramer

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## THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Times*]

Nicholas Lyell, QC, who gains a knighthood with his new job of Solicitor General, entered Parliament in 1979 as MP for Hemel Hempstead. In 1983 he became MP for Mid-Bedfordshire and in 1986 was appointed Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State at the Department of Health and Social Security, with special responsibility for social security.

Aged 48, he is married with two sons and a daughter. He was a student at Christ Church, Oxford, was called to the bar in 1965, and went on to specialize in Commercial and Industrial Law. In 1985-86 he was chairman of the Society of Conservative Lawyers.

His views on legal reform include urging curfew orders to be placed on young offenders, legalization of the sale of garden gnomes on Sundays and attempting to reform delinquents by painting their noses phosphorescent green.

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## DEPARTMENT OF CLEAR THINKING

[*From the Palm Beach (Fla.) Post*]

Fort Pierce—A state audit released Friday claimed Indian River Community College registered 10 "students" from nursing homes who had been dead for up to 13 months.

"There's no excuse for registering people after they're dead," said Tom Deal, IRCC's associate dean for instructional services.

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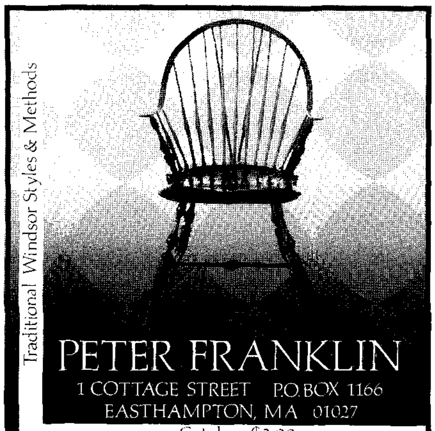

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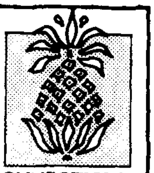

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Magnetism*

THE Carnegie season opened with two noble concerts, given by the Vienna Philharmonic and Leonard Bernstein. At the first, three symphonies were played: Mozart's A-major K. 201, Bernstein's First ("Jeremiah"), and Sibelius's Fifth. At the second, Mozart's Clarinet Concerto preceded Mahler's Fifth Symphony. Bernstein and the Vienna orchestra have been loving colleagues for years, and to hear them make music together now is one of life's high pleasures. No orchestra has more warmly beautiful sound, and Bernstein—musical in every fibre, instinct, and perception—is at the peak of his powers. In the past, I've grumbled, as many have done, about overemotionalism, exaggeration, heart-on-sleeve flamboyance. He's grown wiser, grander, calmer—without losing any of his emotional intensity. These were charged, heated, but not overheated performances.

Many conductors beat time. They're like Alice, who confessed that she was not on intimate terms with Time but said, "I know I have to beat time when I learn music." She was reproved:

> "Ah! That accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked."

Furtwängler and Beecham didn't *beat* time. Nor does Bernstein. The Mozart works came to life, it seemed, at a thought shared between the conductor and the players—not at any peremptory downbeat command. The absence of "beating" didn't mean an absence of pulse, accent, or rhythm. In dance episodes, the music danced surely. At all times, it moved with grace and animation, tracing molded melodies and weaving them into patterns of delight. These were not just feat, polished retraversals of familiar terrain (such as Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic sometimes offer) but, rather, voyages of fresh discovery, embarked on with a confidence and mutual trust that had been engendered by many previous performances. For a month, the Vienna Philharmonic had been playing one or other of the programs well-nigh every day: at the Salzburg Festival, in Vienna, Lucerne, and Frankfurt, at the London Proms, and then in five American cities before New York. It is unfair to blame local orchestras that must churn out a different program week in, week out, to a subscription audience, for not reaching the levels of ensemble, beauty of sound, and beauty of interpretation which were attained at the Vienna Philharmonic concerts. But it would be blinkered not to acknowledge that the concerts surpassed most of what we hear.

The soloist in the Mozart Clarinet Concerto was Peter Schmidl. His grandfather played first clarinet in the Vienna Philharmonic for Mahler, his father for Furtwängler; three of his students also play in the orchestra. Such successions are one reason for the Vienna Philharmonic's consistency of sound and of style in each instrumental department. Where Karajan opened the Berlin Philharmonic desks to the world's leading virtuosi, the Vienna Philharmonic has preferred Viennese players, on Viennese instruments. When Bruno Walter returned after the war to the orchestra, which he first conducted in 1901, he declared that, although all the players had changed, the tone had not altered. Mr. Schmidl is no glittering virtuoso. He gave just a beautifully musical, lovingly shaped and sung account of the concerto, in perfect balance with his colleagues.

In the Sibelius, the bassoon solo of the first movement, marked "*lugubre*," then "*patetico*"—groping through uncertain tonalities, mainly by semitone steps, and leading a flock of quivering strings, until E-flat is found at last—was poignantly inflected. In the Andante, one seemed to hear as if for the first time the slow music behind the rhythmic theme—having its own life, moving almost Carter-like in its own metres. The play and shift of colors, the lapped entries and exits were exquisitely handled. In the finale, the sound of the muted strings in the *misterioso* episode was breathtaking.

Bernstein responds to the riven quality of Mahler's music: the alternations of passionate despair and tender clinging to loveliness. Some have heard the Fifth Symphony as a work in which despair is overcome. Bruno Walter called it "a work of strength and sound self-reliance, its face turned squarely towards life, and its basic mood one of optimism." In a 1960 essay Deryck Cooke wrote that Mahler "in the middle period works . . . turned to face life itself; and in V he proclaimed his firm faith in it." The sentence disappears from the revised, expanded version of the essay in the 1980 collection of Cooke's Mahler writings (Cambridge). The emphasis is now on almost schizophrenic opposition of "the most tragic and the most joyful worlds of feeling;" the big waltz scherzo seems to say, "The tragic view of life is one way of looking at things . . . and this is another: the two different attitudes are always there, and either or both may be right—but it is impossible to reconcile them."

The exuberant finale celebrates joy in creation. It triumphs in a chorale. At the close of the second movement, this chorale had crumbled into cries of anguish and a

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despairing mutter—one of music's saddest passages. This time, it stands, leads to what Cooke calls a cock-a-hoop conclusion. But after the earlier dissolution can we believe the jubilant reassertion?

The Bernstein-Vienna performance was electric from the start. And powerful, beautiful, overwhelming. Not exaggerated. Never coarse. The Adagietto—Cooke's "withdrawal from the strain and tension of life into the quietude of the inner self"—was curiously troubled: not the serene, glowing interlude of Bruno Walter's performance but something more like a yearning for peace, with uneasiness in the flow.

WHILE the Vienna Philharmonic played Sibelius's Fifth Symphony in Carnegie Hall, the New York Philharmonic, conducted by Colin Davis, played it in Avery Fisher Hall—the first of four subscription performances. I heard the second, the following day. (The next afternoon, the Vienna orchestra repeated, but now in Fisher Hall, its first Carnegie program, and that evening the New York orchestra gave the third subscription concert, so Sibelius's Fifth was played there twice in the day.) The New York Philharmonic and Davis gave a fine, vigorous performance, bravely and cogently laid out, and a shade brisker than Bernstein's (about five minutes shorter). Comparisons were inevitable—between this good, stirring account of the work and the great one. The New York woodwind choruses at the start were not as purely tuned or as carefully blended, balanced, and colored as Vienna's. The strings' pizzicato in the Andante was drier in tone and less precise. The brasses of the finale sounded rawer.

The Sibelius symphony followed Vaughan Williams' forceful Sixth Symphony, composed in 1944-47. The composer repudiated allusions to war and to atomic-bomb devastation which early listeners heard in it, but later linked the substance of the last movement to Prospero's speech about the ephemerality of our world. Sibelius's Fifth Symphony, composed during an earlier war, ends with peals that the composer himself described as "triumphal." Vaughan Williams' Sixth—after passages brutal, heroic, bitterly scornful—ends bleakly, without hope or consolation. The Philharmonic performance was energetic and emotional. At first, Davis did not secure really soft playing of the soft passages,

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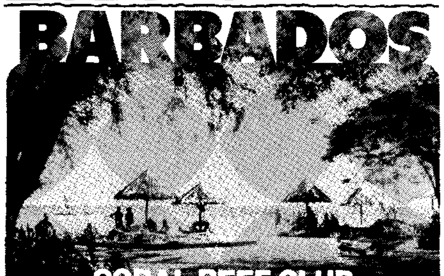

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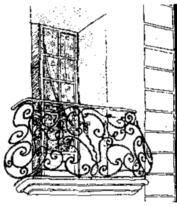

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but the Epilogue was hushed, mysterious, and stark.

THE 1987 Carnegie Hall International American Music Competition for Vocalists was won by William Sharp, a baritone from Kansas City, thirty-six years old. At his final-round recital, he sang songs by Ives, Gershwin, Bernstein, Blitzstein, Miriam Gideon, John Musto, and William Bolcom (and also songs by Wolf and Fauré). Entrants for the competition—this year over three hundred were heard, in London, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco—were required to prepare ten minutes of standard repertory (in at least two languages) and forty-five of American twentieth-century song, some taken from a prescribed list and the rest chosen by the singer. The preliminary judges—Charles Bressler, Thomas Grubb, Nan Nall, Marni Nixon, and William Parker—sent eleven of those they heard on to the semifinals: half-hour recitals, open to the public, in Weill Hall. There were seven sopranos, two mezzos, one tenor, and one baritone: Lila Deis, Karen Holvik, Carolyn James, Linda Mabbs, Carolann Page, Christine Schadeberg, and Louise Wohlafka; Mary Ann Hart and Glenda Maurice; Carl Halvorson; and Mr. Sharp. These eleven were heard by a new jury—Jan DeGaetani, Ellen Faull, Paul Hume, Gérard Souzay, Paul Sperry, Benita Valente, and John Wustman—which chose three of them as finalists and ranked them for first, second, and third prizes after each had given a full, public song recital in Carnegie Hall itself and, the next day, had sung a cycle with full orchestra.

The second prize went to Miss Hart, from Warrensburg, Missouri, aged thirty-five. I didn't hear her recital. With orchestra, she sang Dominick Argento's "Casa Guidi," settings of passages from Elizabeth Barrett Browning's letters—a warm, beautiful piece, openly indebted to Britten and to Richard Strauss. The scoring is lush. The American Composers Orchestra, accompanying, was at full symphonic strength, on a base of eight cellos and six double-basses. Gunther Schuller, conducting, didn't scale the players' volume to the singer's, and as a result Miss Hart was often drowned. She has a voice of pleasing quality, even and steady. The third prize went to Mr. Halvorson, aged twenty-six, from Portland, Oregon. He sang at his recital songs by Ives, Sessions, John Corigliano, Barber, and Bolcom, and with orchestra Gideon's "Songs of Youth and Madness"—Hölderlin settings in which English translations alternate with the original. He has a secure, well-formed tenor. As an artist he took few chances: although he pronounced clearly and aptly, there was a certain bland sameness, a lack of particularity, in what he did.

Mr. Sharp was daring, arresting. In fact, he went over the top at times: Wolf's "Abschied" doesn't call for physical enactment of the kick on the rump that the singer administers to his critic—still less, during the piano postlude, for the dusting off of a shoe polluted by the contact. I feared that the jury might fault him for overacting. But this was one of those rare major competitions at which a critic need not disagree with the verdict. In each song Mr. Sharp, like a true lieder singer, created both a character and a setting. He showed a feeling for American melody and inflection—and for American speech, underlying the best American song—which is often lost in singing-teacher studios. (He wasn't perfect; in Blitzstein's setting of E. E. Cummings' "open your heart" he made "treasure" rhyme with "giaour," not "measure.") He brought both words and music to life. At the recital, his pianist was Steven Blier, who deserved a prize of his own for his contribution to true duo interpretation. With orchestra, Mr. Sharp sang Virgil Thomson's Five Songs from William Blake—miracles of supple word setting. He lost points, in my book, for not having them by heart, for dividing his attention between us and the printed score. (Mr. Halvorson also used a score at the orchestra concert; Miss Hart didn't.) Plunket Greene devotes some pages of his "Interpretation in Song" to Magnetism, "the indefinable *something* which passes from singer to audience and audience to singer alike." The latecomer or earlygoer, Greene says, is Magnetism's deadly adversary. The eye is Magnetism's best friend, and "the eye that is fixed upon the printed page is no good to it. . . . *The interpreter must memorise his work*. Whatever may apply to instrumentalists and abstract music, this rule is vital to singing."

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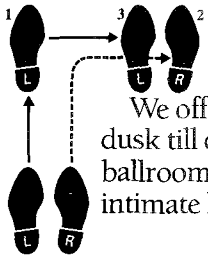

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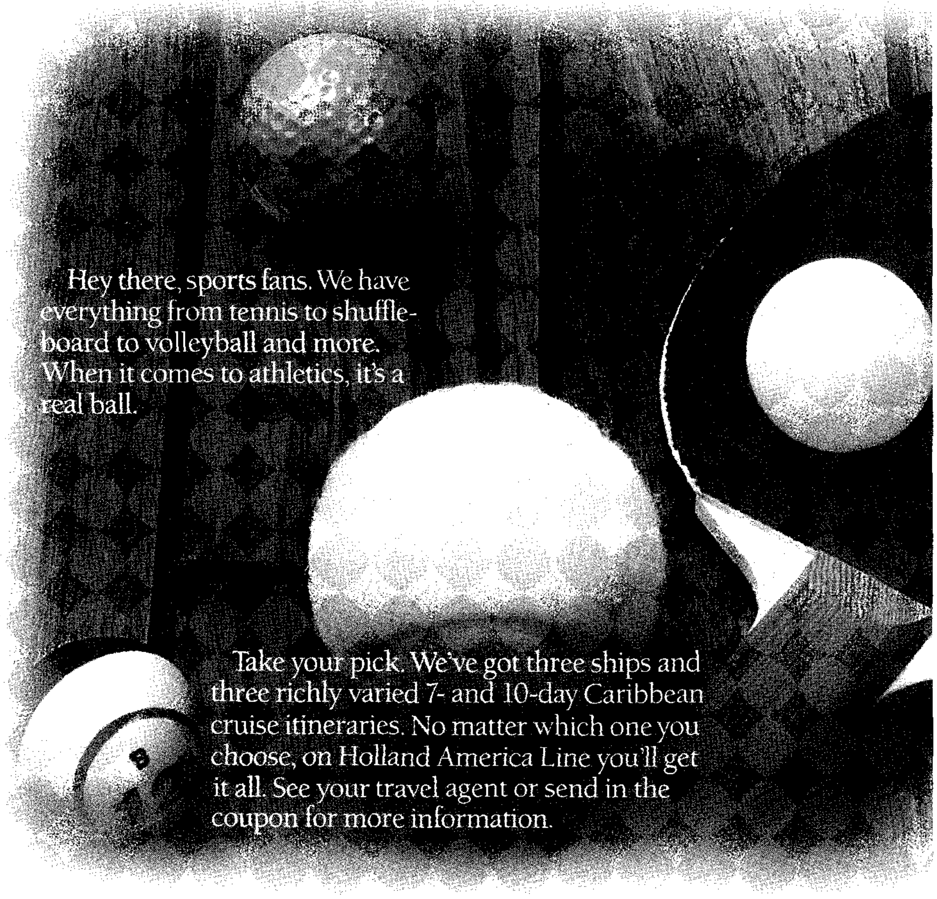

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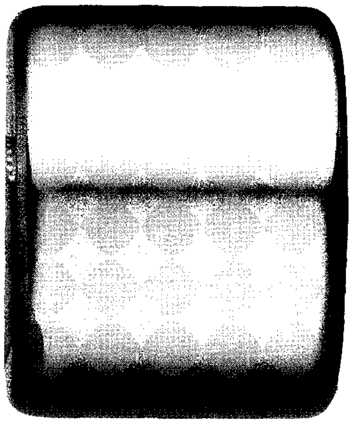

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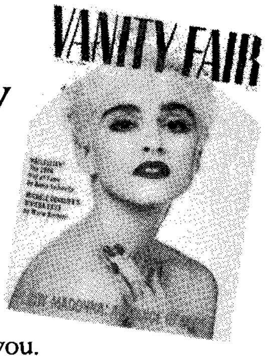

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born composer who lives in Canada. Called Quintette for Winds, it was composed last year for the Essex Winds, first-desk players in the Windsor Symphony. Four movements: the first a buoyant essay in hemiola; the second a small, unusual rhapsody with the bassoon as solo singer; the third a patch of harmonic stasis shot through with fascinating sounds; the last an unabashed amalgam of this and that. Forsyth has a keen ear for sonorities and a nice control of harmony. Donald MacCourt, the bassoonist, was especially eloquent.

The recital began with Mozart's G-major String Quartet K. 387 transcribed for woodwind quintet by William Purvis, the horn of the ensemble. In a program note, he wrote of a hope "to achieve a marriage of the virtuosic wind writing of Reicha with the profound musical content and expression of Mozart." Mozart himself was a transcriber and arranger; the C-minor String Quintet originated as a wind octet. One can understand the wish of modern wind quintets to have some Mozart to play. Mozart could have written a wind quintet. He came closest in the quintet for piano and winds (which he called "the best thing I have ever done"). But there, as Einstein remarks, "the tonal character of the instruments . . . governs the melodic invention." Purvis's arrangement of Mozart's string music is skillful and far from mechanical in its dispositions. But it doesn't sound quite natural.

The program continued with John Harbison's Quintet for Winds (1977), a work of charm, fancy, and wit, which has rightly won a place in the repertory. It ended with Janáček's "Youth," the exuberant, quirky woodwind sextet with which the composer celebrated his seventieth birthday, remembering adventures and pranks of his school days. The work is ebullient, irresistible—so tangy, bright, and suddenly romantic, so confident and unconventional in its procedures that anything on a bill with it tends to pale. Charles Neidich, the clarinet of the ensemble, moved to bass clarinet, and Alan Kay joined as guest clarinet. The others were Samuel Baron, flute, and Ronald Roseman, oboe. They're a dull-looking bunch: four sobersides, and only Mr. Baron with a smile for the music and a smile for the audience. The lighting they worked under was workaday, unromantic. But they played like angels. Magnetism began with the music. —ANDREW PORTER

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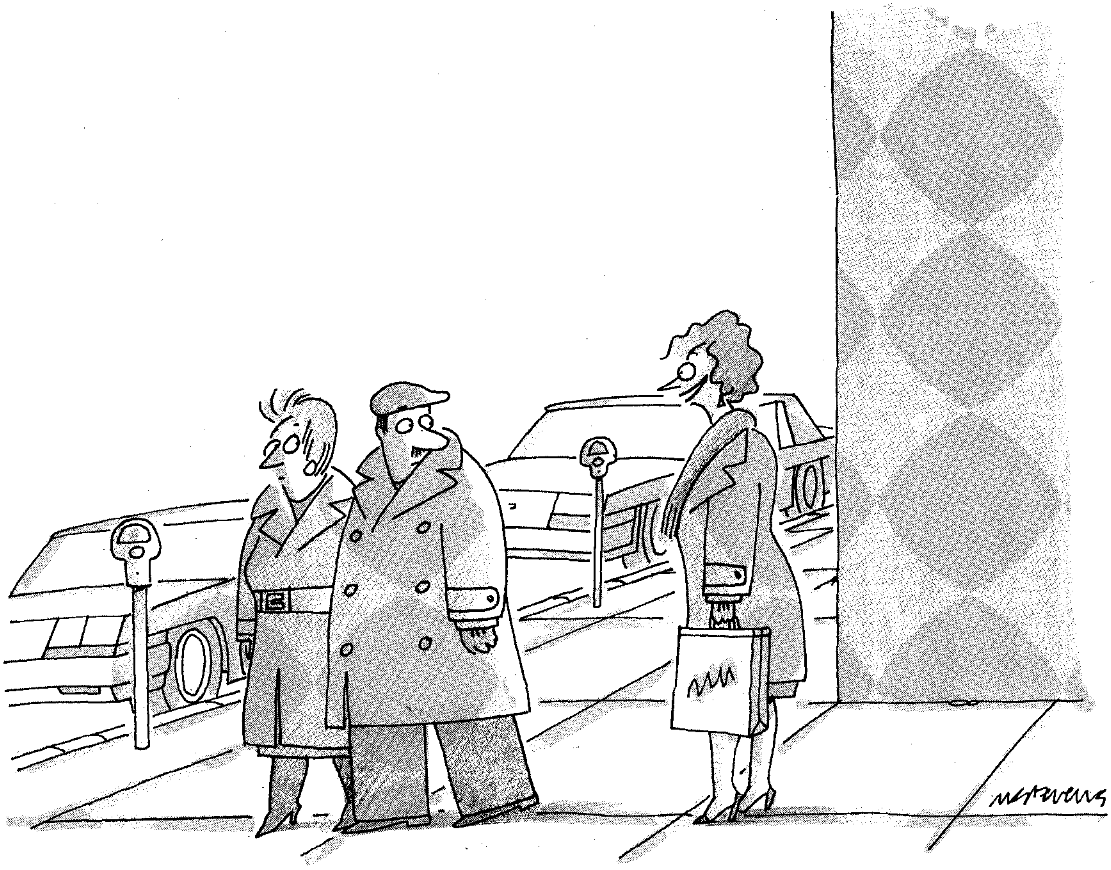
# LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, OCTOBER 2

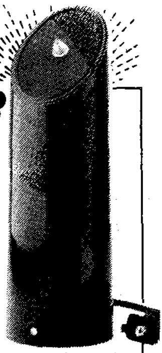
THE *rentrée* is always an instructive season. Through September, Parisians coming home from five weeks of obligatory leisure (known since the Popular Front as *le congé payé*) turn the city into a kind of street theatre, parading their Corsican tans and their sun-streaked hair and the gauzy pink and white and yellow clothes they bought for the Île de Ré or Saint-Tropez. There is something touching about Parisians on display. They try so hard, they trust so much in appearances, that their gaiety carries a sense of loss to enhance it, like a Christo fence, or a butterfly. This is what makes the *rentrée* instructive. It is a small, yearly exercise in the conviction Frenchmen share that with the proper earnestness and attention they can arrive at a perfectly illuminating moment, an exemplary image of themselves. The Klaus Barbie trial was meant to be one of those illuminating moments. After four years and twenty-three thousand pages of testimony and instruction, S.S. Hauptsturmführer Klaus Barbie, the butcher of Lyons, was convicted of crimes against humanity committed during the German occupation of that city, forty-three years ago. But, as one of my neighbors put it, "nobody is feeling better."

I was in Burgundy after the trial, and, in a small village near Meursault, I visited an old *vigneron* whose family library had been put together during the Enlightenment and, by the looks of it, never expanded by a single volume. I had come for the wine, but I stayed for the Encyclopédie. It was, astonishingly, the third set off the press, and it was printed to last forever—printed with such confidence in the truth of its definitions and distinctions that two hundred years later the vellum was white and supple and I could browse through the twenty-eight volumes with less worry about wear and tear than I would have felt approaching a shelf of airport paperbacks. My friend's *arrière-grands-pères* believed in the Encyclopédie, and in the massive textbooks they used to buy to cover every human "science," from Philosophy to Trigonometry to Justice. Understanding was their creature comfort. Their ideology of the rational man and the perfected mind was an act of faith as much as the miracle-counting Catholicism of the peasants who worked their vineyards, and it occurred to me, sitting in their fine library, that something of that same faith—that stubborn, fragile Enlightenment faith in the ability of a well-intentioned man to understand his way to truth, to *maîtriser* his history—had affected every day of the Barbie trial and was still affecting the people who thought about the trial and were not "feeling better." The French expected Justice in Lyons. They got justice instead.

When Barbie was arrested in Bolivia, in 1983, and turned over to the French police for extradition, he had already been tried twice in Lyons, in absentia, and sentenced to death twice, for war crimes. Since those trials, capital punishment had been abolished in France—it was abolished by François Mitterrand's first Justice Minister, Robert Badinter, a Jew whose father was deported to Auschwitz by Klaus Barbie in 1943, and died there—and the statute of limitations on carrying out those sentences had expired. It was hoped—at least by people like Beate and Serge Klarsfeld, who had tracked down Barbie and compiled the new evidence against him, and by politicians like Mitterrand and Badinter, who had bargained for his extradition—that this time Barbie would stand, in France, as what they called a "symbol of Nazism," that in the person of that one murderous S.S. Hauptsturmführer all of German National Socialism, state and system, would be tried and judged and condemned, and "history" would be served. On the other side, Barbie's lawyer, Jacques Vergès, whose father was a French colonial diplomat forced out of the Foreign Service for marrying a Vietnamese, seemed to expect, or pretended to seem to expect, that in Klaus Barbie's trial other crimes against humanity would be exposed. He meant, very specifically, the crimes of the French Army in Algeria and what he called "Zionist crimes"—as well as the "crimes" of treachery and betrayal within the French Resistance. Barbie in reality stood trial on five charges involving three hundred and



*"Why, Ed Phillips! I haven't seen you since our divorce!"*



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forty-one separate counts of crimes against humanity—accounting for the torture or deportation to death camps, or both, of seven hundred and thirty-seven Jews and resistants, including forty-four small Jewish children from a shelter in the village of Izieu—and in the end he was found guilty of those charges by a jury of nine Lyons men and women and sentenced to life imprisonment by a tribunal of three judges of the Lyons Cour d'Assises, which, like any criminal court under a democratic rule of law, is in business to try criminals, and not systems or symbols or honor or memory or history.

THERE has been a peculiar vogue for "history" lately. The American writer Mary Blume, who lives in Paris, thinks it is part of a turn-of-the-century mood, not so different from the mood in France at the turn of the last century—only starting earlier, as befits a speedy age full of speedy people not eager to be scooped by reality. Some of this has to do with the French preparing for the bicentennial of their Revolution, which, given the national passion for talk, will probably be less a matter of mock battles and costume villages and *son et lumière* at the Place de la Bastille (though there will certainly be some of those) than of solemn colloquiums about what the Revolution really meant and who the real heroes were and why Danton has more movie theatres and big streets named after him than Robespierre. But mainly, I think, this vogue (it is more of an obsession, actually) has to do with settling the history of France's most humiliating, if not inglorious, century—the four years of German Occupation, and then the lost colonial wars in Indo-China and Algeria. The statisticians of the Occupation say that ninety-eight per cent of the people who stayed in France during the Second World War were neither active collaborators nor active resistants, and one of the footnotes to the Barbie trial—*en marge des débats*, the French say—was about them. They are a subject Frenchmen usually avoid, but once the trial started and the survivors told their stories of other Lyonnais watching, fearful and silent, while they were herded into concentration-camp convoys, it seemed an important thing that these ordinary, uncourageous people should be restored to "history"—dusted off and polished and presented to their children and grandchildren if not as heroes then at

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least as patriots and, in their hearts, resistants.

The Resistance has been the sacred trust of postwar France, the point of honor around which Gaullists and Communists, right and left, close ranks and challenge the rest of the world to disabuse them. It is the healing symbol of a country that chooses to believe that it did not capitulate, that it was never in spirit occupied or broken, and the French are not prepared to give up that symbol now. It is a measure of their discomfort that Marcel Ophuls' brilliant movie about Occupied France, "The Sorrow and the Pity," was banned from television here for ten years (and shown only after Mitterrand's election, six years ago), and that Ophuls' name—he is without question the country's most important documentary filmmaker—is still missing from the Petit Robert, the French schoolboy's standard desk encyclopedia and biographical dictionary. That discomfort will probably never disappear. Four years ago, another director—a young Bulgarian immigrant who goes by the name Mosco—made a movie about some old Jewish tailors who had once been Communist *francs-tireurs*, hit men for the Paris Resistance, and his movie was also banned (though not for long), on the advice of an "honorary jury" of Resistance leaders. The jury felt that Mosco's old Jews, with their thick Yiddish accents, were not "French" enough to convey the proper, patriotic, Resistance spirit to the country's children, and that, whatever the arguments between Communists and Gaullists were now, the movie's vision of betrayal at the heart of the Resistance—two hundred of the *francs-tireurs* were betrayed by a comrade and denied safe passage out of Paris by the Party underground, and twenty-three of them were shot by a German firing squad—was not a vision for those children to contemplate. Or, rather, as old resistants, from the Communist Colonel Henri Rol-Tanguy to the Gaullist Jacques Chaban-Delmas, kept saying, it was not good for them.

History in France has always had a pedagogic function. It is "true" insofar as it is useful in serving an idea of France. This is why the French (to the despair of most of their best historians) have trouble working up much of an interest in the past for its own sake and its own lessons. They prefer a past that corroborates and confirms that idea of France, a kind of collective national identity. They pre-

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fer a history that binds them. History is their patrimony, and lately they have made a cult of it. They have meetings called "La Mémoire" and "L'Oubli," at which important scholars sit around talking about what remembering means and what forgetting means, and the most ambitious piece of scholarship all year was four long books of essays called "Les Lieux de Mémoire"—after a seminar at the École des Hautes Études on what the historian Pierre Nora, who taught the course and edited the collection, describes as "the rapid disappearance of our national memory." "Les Lieux de Mémoire" is a kind of catalogue—an explication of the symbols that constitute the collective memory of Frenchness. It is a fascinating catalogue, a little flashy in conception but wonderful in its details. It covers an enormous field—Verdun, the Panthéon, Reims, Versailles, Paris statues, lineage, landscape, the Code Napoléon, the patrimony, the republican calendar, "La Marseillaise," the *mairie*, the Fourteenth of July, Voltaire versus Rousseau, Victor Hugo's funeral, the Colonial Exposition of 1931, and fifty other *lieux de mémoire*—and a range of "histories" from art history to literary history to ethnographic history to the history of the Revolution. Sixty people have contributed, among them the historians Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie and Jacques Le Goff, and Françoise Cachin, the director of the Musée d'Orsay. Their essays already run twenty-six hundred pages, and more are on the way. I doubt if anyone took "Les Lieux de Mémoire" to the beach this summer; it is more likely to be taken out and displayed, like a *rentrée* tan, now that people are home.

The book that people took to the beach—the season's philosophy—was something called "La Défaite de la

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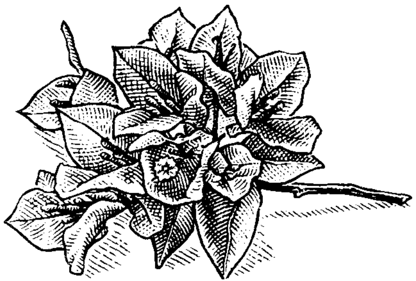

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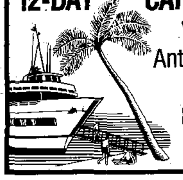

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Pensée," and it was appropriate to the summer of the Barbie trial, because it is really a book about France and Germany. It is about the battle between the Enlightenment (France) and Romanticism (Germany), and about how France lost its "reason" and its moral clarity, not to mention its intellectual authority, and Germany took over, with that dangerous and seductive cult of innerness which passes for thought across the Rhine. It was written by a reporter turned media *philosophe* named Alain Finkielkraut, who is usually referred to by his critics as Alain Finkielfrance.

Alain Finkielkraut is one of those enemies of relativism who have got so fashionable lately, like the Chicago professor Allan Bloom. They have fixed on relativism as the cause and symptom of a collapse of values—by which they mean their values—and they talk a great deal about "the fight for Western civilization." Finkielkraut confuses relativism with romanticism, while the Bishop of London calls it "subjectivism" (and blames Rousseau), but mainly these pundits have borrowed "relativism" from a discourse that actually could be said to have begun in France, with Montesquieu and the Enlightenment, and reached Germany only to produce Hegel and the idea of history they are so fond of. Relativism, of course, has very little to do with romanticism, which is about the absolute authority of the self. Nor does the argument here really involve romanticism. It is a reaction to the sort of historical revisionism that was also very much *en marge des débats* at the Barbie trial—and troubled a lot of Europeans, French and German, besides Finkielkraut. It had to do with a group of anti-Semitic historians and publishers busy "revising" the Holocaust into a piece of Zionist propaganda, or, at most, a "relative" unpleasantness in an unpleasant world.

As it happens, the original revisionists were Dreyfusards. The word was used for people like Émile Zola, who wanted to "revise" the judgment on Alfred Dreyfus after Captain Dreyfus was framed as a German spy and convicted of treason in a trial that itself is one of the most complicated and revealing *lieux de mémoire* in France's history (though it is not, interestingly enough, among the *lieux* in Pierre Nora's catalogue). There is an obvious and not very comforting irony in the fact that "revisionism" has been appropriated by French neo-Nazis who

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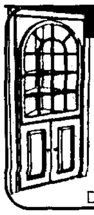

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maintain that the Holocaust never happened, that there were no camps or crematoriums, that six million dead Jews were a Jewish invention intended to weaken Europe with guilt and doubt—to perform what one revisionist has referred to as "the circumcision of Aryan man." There is nothing new about the lunatic fringe of the French right. Whatever people called it, its propaganda and its publications have been around for years. But by the time Klaus Barbie was arrested a historian named Robert Faurisson had submitted a doctoral thesis to the University of Lyons in which he claimed to prove that gassing six million Jews was technologically impossible in Germany in the nineteen-forties, and the thesis had been accepted, and his colleagues had complained—and then, for reasons it is hard to credit or explain, Faurisson was taken up by a group of fairly prominent academics on the left, among them the Swedish anthropologist Jan Myrdal (whose prominence came mainly from people confusing him with his famous father, Gunnar Myrdal) and the American linguist Noam Chomsky, a Jew, who contributed the preface to one of Faurisson's books, defending his academic freedom. Faurisson likes to say that his thesis was "simply a scientific denial of the existence of the gas chambers"—that he bore the Jews no ill-will or disrespect, and didn't even particularly approve of Nazism. He is a seeker after "historical truth," and in the interests of truth he is now devoting himself to a magazine called *Annales d'Histoire Revisionniste*, which went on sale all over France the day before the Barbie trial began (and was seized and banned by the government). The second issue of *Annales d'Histoire Revisionniste* appeared this fall. It is distributed through a right-wing Paris bookstore that turns out to have been financed by the chief political officer at the Iranian Embassy.

Revisionism was news during the Barbie trial. Revisionists gave press conferences and started writing to newspapers, and their letters were so offensive that one *Libération* editor lost his job for publishing a particularly nasty selection that included someone's calculations of how many man-hours and how much oven space an extermination of any "importance" would have taken at Auschwitz. The French revisionists were so obviously crazy that in one way they were less troubling than the revisionists writing and

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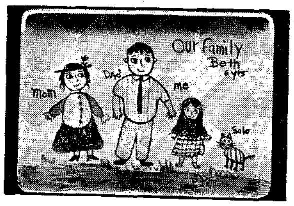

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teaching in Germany now—the "respectable revisionists," as they are called, who contest not the facts of Nazism but the common understanding of Nazism as something morally and historically unique, something that sets Germany apart and gives it special burdens of responsibility. The new German revisionists are well-known scholars, and most of them have reputations abroad, where they are acknowledged for the sincerity of their work, if not for the credibility of their conclusions. Actually, they do not have very much in common. The philosopher Ernst Nolte, for example, has a theory that Hitler killed Jews because he was frightened of Russia and Bolshevism and the Gulag, whereas the historian Michael Stürmer thinks that Germany has to "demythologize" the Holocaust, to put the war and the Holocaust into some kind of historical perspective that will provide the country with "directions to identity." But all of them have been taken up by a new German right, which makes a great deal of Goethe and Beethoven being just as German as Hitler (Hitler, of course, was Austrian), and talks about restoring the "real" fatherland to young Germans, as if Hitler could be slipped into the cracks of history, somewhere between Hölderlin and Günter Grass—a bad man, a terrible, shameful time, but not impossible to understand in light of the mess at home in 1932 and Stalin in the Kremlin. The sociologist Jürgen Habermas has spent a year answering these revisionists, in what quickly became a kind of national debate-by-newspaper. Habermas considers them romantic and irresponsible and, in the end, dangerous for Germany. He says that the only possible point of departure for a German identity is the moment postwar Germany was born and a constitution signed and a democracy established.

These arguments are important in Germany. Young Germans have had no history they could attach to with any pride, and there has been an almost expiatory fervor in their politics—the peace politics and the ecology politics and the immigration politics and all the other causes that suggest they are victims of some madness other than their own. In the past, this gave the young German left a great deal of moral authority. The right is trying to claim that authority now with its good news about the German soul and German history and giving Germany back to Goethe.

Jacques Vergès, who is neither a modest nor a noticeably sensitive man, says that there were only three people who "counted" in the Barbie trial: André Cerdini, the presiding judge of the Cour d'Assises; Pierre Truche, the public prosecutor; and Vergès himself. He does not include the witnesses, with their harrowing stories, and he does not include his client. Barbie was not in court after the third day. He refused to appear, on the ground that he was "not in France," having been "illegally" extradited, and after that Judge Cerdini ordered him back to court only three more times—twice for witnesses to identify, and at the end for the summation and sentencing. Absent, he seemed almost beside the point—except, of course, to those witnesses, who had come to the court in anguish to confront him, to try to describe what sort of man Klaus Barbie was, and who were mocked by his absence. A lot of the journalists in Lyons literally walked out with Barbie. Eight hundred journalists were accredited to the trial, and there were nearly four hundred press seats in the courtroom, but most journalists seem to have come for courtroom theatre, and once Barbie began his boycott they began drifting in and out of Lyons. Sometimes—it was mainly when the thirty-nine lawyers representing the various *parties civiles*, the Jewish groups and the Resistance groups and the families of survivors who had joined the trial as morally interested parties and were suing for a symbolic franc, made their depositions—there were only thirty or forty reporters in court.

In a way, the trial took place somewhere else—which was pretty much as everyone but Barbie's victims had intended. Jacques Chirac told teachers to devote a lesson to the Holocaust. They were provided with books and instructions for the occasion, and the result was that in May this year millions of French *lycéens* talked about Jews and concentration camps (and apparently some classroom revisionists argued that the extermination of Europe's Jews was a "relative" unpleasantness in a world where cowboys had exterminated Indians). Mitterrand, for his part, sent his wife, Danielle, to Lyons, and saw to it that Claude Lanzmann's movie about the camps, "Shoah," was shown on state television. Lyons financed a production of "The Investigation," Peter Weiss's play about a Frankfurt trial of twenty Auschwitz camp guards. There was an official pilgrimage to Izieu; and a Holocaust exhibit, "Mémorial de la Déportation," went up on the Place des Terreaux, in Lyons, just across from the *mairie* and down the street from the Palais de Justice. Two hundred thousand people saw the exhibit—many more than saw the trial or, apparently, wanted to.

Some of the people who did both said the exhibit was "more real" than the trial, with its thirty-nine squabbling lawyers and its defense counsel talking about Zionist crimes instead of Nazi crimes, and its absent S.S. Hauptsturmführer. Often, they said they wanted to forget the trial—that it was a show trial, a media spectacle for reporters who filed stories about restaurants when the spectacle bored them, and who were much more interested in the posturing of Maître Vergès than in the heartbreaking testimony of the survivors of Barbie's interrogation rooms at Fort Montluc. Suffering like theirs is not an easy story. It is not news, like revisionism, once it is repeated. It is impossible to match the horror of those repetitions in a column of newsprint, and this may be why a lot of the reporters who were there (I was not) said they felt like voyeurs in the Lyons courtroom, listening in on grief that was so deep and ultimately so private. They had expected a release, a kind of collective exorcism, from the Barbie trial, but Barbie himself had neither conscience nor remorse, nor even any particular attachment to the crimes he had committed. What they got instead was the obliviousness of an elderly psycho-

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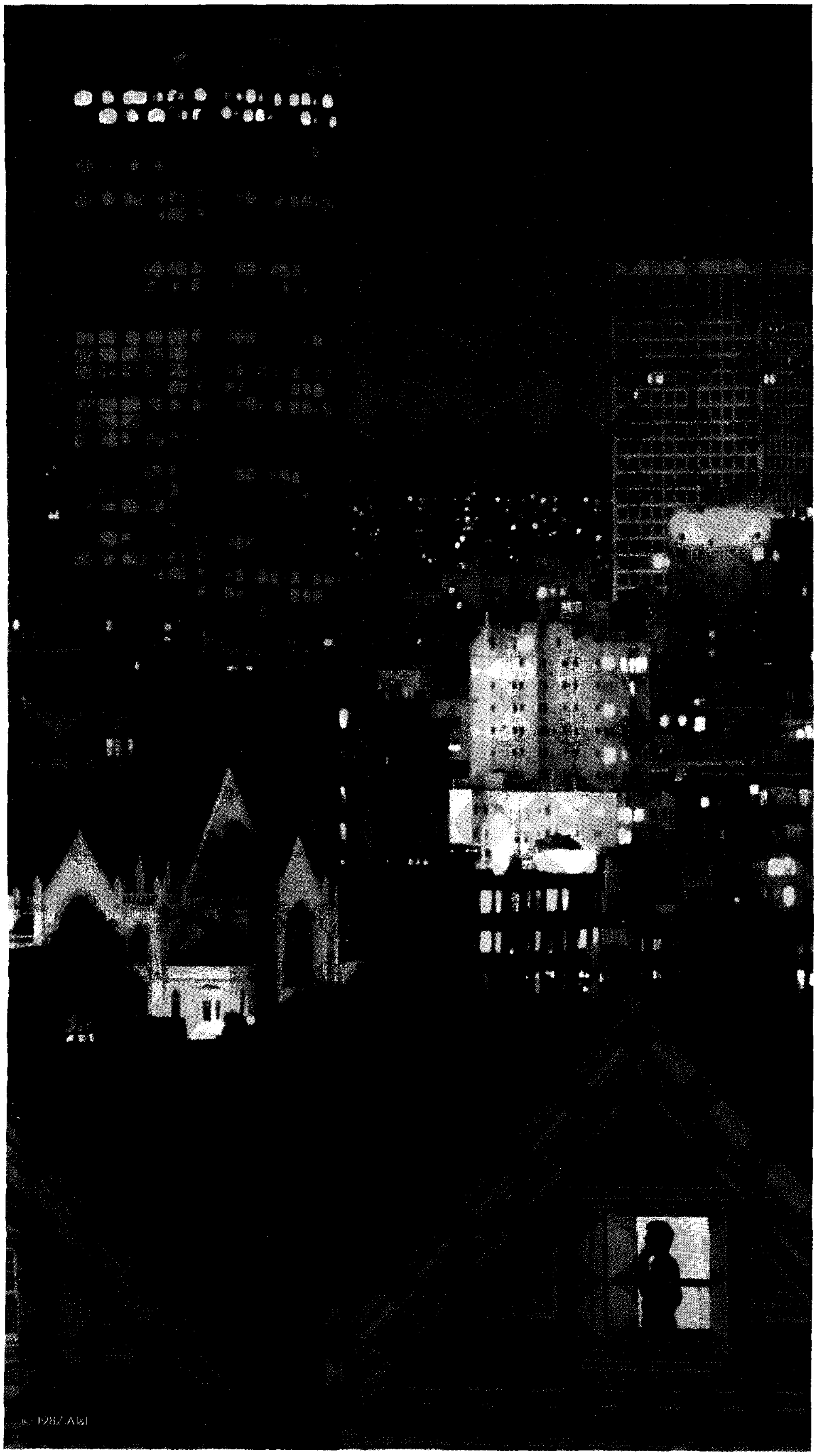

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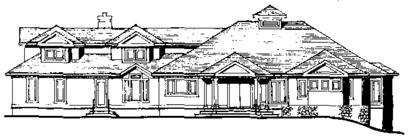

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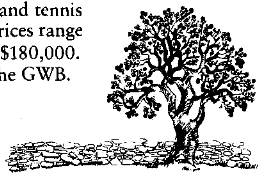

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path. Criminals rarely achieve the dimensions of their crimes, and Barbie was no exception. The fact that he was literally beneath contempt put him, in a sense, beyond retribution. It made the trial a gruesome entertainment, appropriate to the couple who said they had come downtown for a movie, discovered it was sold out, and wandered over to the Tribunal "so as not to waste the afternoon."

JACQUES VERGÈS was one of a group of young French lawyers who got together in the fifties and volunteered to represent Algerian revolutionaries on trial in French civilian and military courts. He made his reputation in that lawyers' coöperative. He had a strategy he called "*défense de rupture*." He did not plead innocence for his clients. He did not bargain with the prosecution. He did not claim extenuating circumstances or poverty or insanity or desperation or influence, or even coercion. He acknowledged whatever crimes his clients had committed. He said that his clients were proud of those crimes, because they were not crimes at all but acts of revolution by freedom fighters struggling to liberate their country. And for a time, to the extent that he was accurate—there was a war for independence in Algeria, and young Algerians working and studying here had brought that war to the Métropole and were joined by young French men and women who supported them—Jacques Vergès became a kind of minor hero. He was a hero to the French left, and to many ordinary people, of no particular politics (and even, occasionally, fairly conservative politics), who simply wanted to end their country's colonial adventure with a measure of dignity and responsibility and peace. They did not know very much about him, but they admired him as a man who stood up in French courts, ten years after Nuremberg, and accused the French of terrible war crimes in Algeria—accused them of the same sort of crimes that many of them had suffered under Germans.

Vergès was a child of colonialism and, psychologically, a creature of the colonial predicament. His Vietnamese mother died young and far from home, on a French island in the middle of the Indian Ocean. His French father stayed on, on the island—it was the Île de la Réunion—making what Vergès calls an "adventurous" exile, practicing medicine, organizing for the Communist Party, working on a novel about colonialism that people say was one of Ho Chi Minh's favorite books. Vergès himself left for London when he was seventeen. He fought the Germans with the Free French Forces, and ended up in Paris, studying law. He was right when he talked about how much he "counted" at the Barbie trial—though not, perhaps, for the reasons he imagined or the courtroom reporters claimed. Vergès counted because he was a "yellow" (his word) whose family had been shattered by racism, whose career had begun in racist military courts—and now he was representing Klaus Barbie. He counted because somehow, in the sordid story of why Jacques Vergès had come to defend Klaus Barbie, the "other" costs—the moral costs—of colonialism were grotesquely clarified.

Vergès never got what he wanted from France. He was successful, but never in the French way. He was never a *conseiller*. He was never called to the Élysée for a conversation. He was not quite accepted, not quite respectable—not quite French enough. He was, instead, a Frenchman who lived to expose the French, to humiliate them, to turn them against each other. Once, briefly, he was a Muslim. He married a revolutionary he had defended—an extraordinary Algerian named Djamila Bouhired, who had been tortured by French soldiers and was said to have laughed in court when she heard her sentence—and converted and took an Arab name. But he never handed in his French passport. He was always a provocateur. His ambition was to drive the state crazy. (He would say to "destabilize" it.) The genius of colonial France was to create in its subjects a great longing for the French, an identification that survived rejection and racism, and even revolution. Vergès has lived in Czechoslovakia as a Communist and in Algeria as a nationalist. He has spent a honeymoon in China, paying his respects to Mao Zedong. He has disappeared—or seemed to disappear, for nearly eight years, in the nineteen-seventies—and the rumor then was that he had moved to Cambodia to advise his old Paris school friend Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge on foreign policy. But he has always come home to Paris. He lives in a *hôtel particulier* on a pretty street between the Rue Blanche and the Square Berlioz, with a Louis XV desk in his office and a fine old Aubusson on the wall behind it. He receives visitors with immaculate French manners, and defends terror-

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ists—they are by now his enthusiasm and his specialty—with what seems like contempt for life and law. He is a man of good Paris friends and notorious connections, the most obviously notorious right now being a Swiss arms dealer and "political financier" named François Genoud, who considers himself a Nazi, and who in fact made his first fortune as literary executor for Hitler, Bormann, and Goebbels. Genoud has helped finance a magazine for Vergès—a glossy magazine that was called *Révolution Africaine* and then *Révolution*—and he has paid the legal fees and costs for several of Vergès's clients, among them two terrorists from the gang that people call "friends of Carlos" and now, supposedly, Klaus Barbie.

Vergès is usually described in the papers as a shadowy figure—"the mysterious Maître Vergès," an article will say—but there is nothing mysterious about him except, perhaps, his reputation. Georges Kiejman, who argued against him in the trial of the Lebanese terrorist George Ibrahim Abdallah, says that there is not much courtroom evidence to justify that reputation. Vergès's famous strategy of a *défense de rupture* is not meant for judges and juries; it is propaganda, addressed to people outside the court who will be moved and perhaps converted. It is based on the understanding (at least, on Vergès's understanding) that the client is going to be convicted anyway, and can thus be sacrificed to his particular cause. Vergès's own cause is always France. He wants, he says, to expose the hypocrisy here, to shatter the social and political equilibrium. When he took Barbie for a client (replacing an old Lyons lawyer who for all practical purposes had appointed himself), he called a press conference and announced, smiling, that he was going to tear France apart with "revelations" about collaborators in the Lyons Resistance. His strategy then, it seems, was less a *défense de rupture* than what Pierre Truche, the prosecutor, called a *défense de dérivation*—an argument that "in this world everyone is rotten." Vergès had already said that he had no particular interest in Klaus Barbie. (He calls the appeals he has filed on Barbie's behalf a *service après vente*.) He took the case, he claimed, to publicize French crimes against humanity during the Algerian War.

French law has a reputation for being cold, narrow, and oppressively literal, but that is in the writing down. French justice can be a free-for-all. (American lawyers following the Lyons trial often remarked on how little of the testimony would have been admissible in a court at home.) The bench here has tremendous discretionary powers. It can admit, and even solicit, the testimony of people known as *témoins historiques* or *témoins de moralité*—the Catholic writer André Frossard came to Lyons and told the story of a Jew before a firing squad who had to repeat the words "A Jew is a parasite who lives on the skin of Aryans, and must be exterminated," and Elie Wiesel said, "The man I am, the Jew I am, must speak out, in the name of memory, until the day the dead speak, and on that day the earth will tremble"—and it can admit defense lawyers who plead not for their client but for, say, Algeria or Palestine or Africa. Vergès took on two "colleagues" in the Barbie defense, and no one who knew his tactics was at all surprised that one colleague was Algerian and the other came from Congo-Brazzaville. The Algerian, Nabil Bouaïta, spoke once. He was there, he said, to accuse Israel of crimes against

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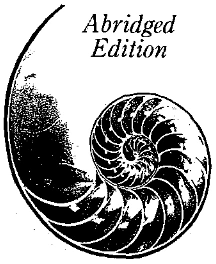

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umanity, and to talk about the masacres at the Palestinian refugee camps t Sabra and Shatila, in Lebanon, hich he compared to the German assacre of French villagers in radour-sur-Glane in 1944. He did ot mention that it was Lebanese hristian Phalangists who carried out e massacres at Sabra and Shatila, lthough he talked at length about 'slavery and the Enlightenment." ergès's other colleague did better. is name was Jean-Martin M'Bemba, nd *he* talked about why crimes of olonialism were also crimes against umanity. He told a story about the lack workers who had built the rench a railroad from the Congo to e sea. They were forced labor, and ey were sent to die in the jungle, he id, as surely as if they had been put n one of Barbie's concentration-camp onvoys. The lawyers on the other de saluted him.

THERE is, of course, no acceptable answer to the question of hat constitutes a crime against huanity. There are only legal distincons. France was the first—and is still e only—country in Europe to take e concept "crime against humanity," it was written into the Nuremberg atutes, and give it a binding legal efinition within its own penal code. his happened, in part, because the rench wanted to settle on a formula keep the dossiers on Nazis like laus Barbie open. In 1964, the Cour e Cassation—the court that defines nd interprets law here—determined at inasmuch as "humanity is an onoing concept," extending beyond articular people victimized at particur times in particular places, there ere no limitations on the prosecution crimes against humanity. Legally eaking, a crime against humanity as committed everywhere and forer. French justice could claim Klaus arbie in Bolivia because French jusce did not recognize a distinction etween Bolivia and France where arbie's crimes were concerned. And could claim him in 1983—or in 993, for that matter—because huanity did not die with Barbie's vicms. Legally speaking, humanity was lways there to represent them. This is hy, when Barbie was in fact extraited, hundreds of people filed claims gainst him with the *juge d'instruction* Lyons. Jewish groups filed. Huan-rights groups filed. Resistance roups filed, because from their point view Barbie's crimes against the

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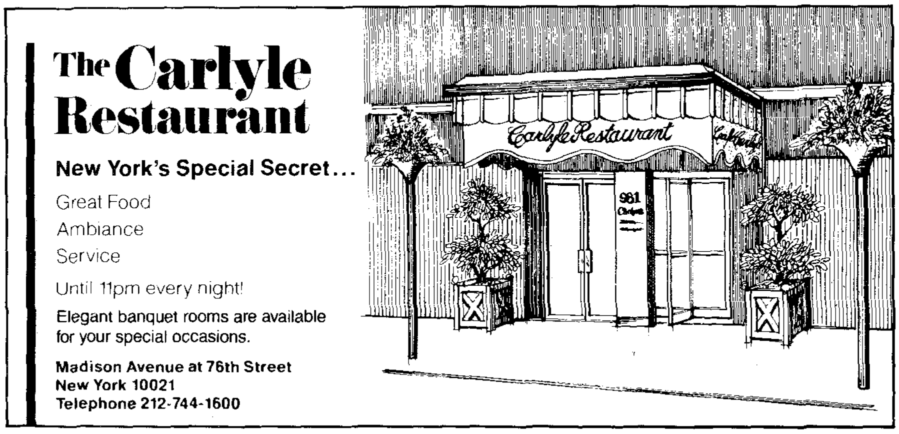
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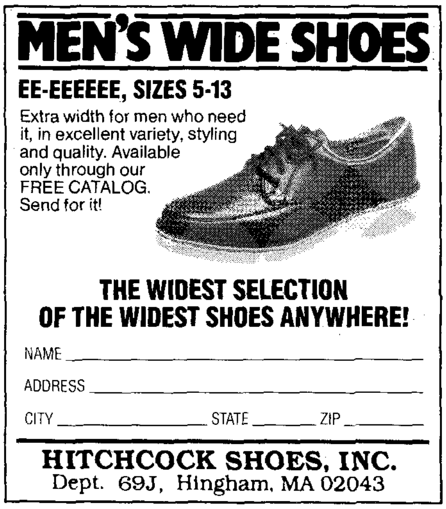
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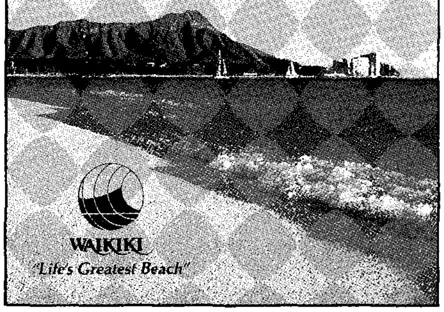
Lyons Resistance, including his torturing to death of the Resistance leader Jean Moulin, could also be counted as crimes against humanity, and not proscribed by any statute of limitations. Lawyers—not only Vergès but liberal jurists and legal philosophers—began to argue about "colonial" crimes in their journals, because to their minds the question of crimes committed by the French Army in Algeria was morally, if not legally, unresolved. That question had been complicated for them by an amnesty after the Algerian War, which made it libellous to talk about those crimes, and even to print the testimony of victims.

The Cour de Cassation had to sit three more times before Barbie could be brought to trial. The last time—in December of 1986—it resolved that crimes against humanity were "inhuman acts and . . . persecutions which, in the name of a state practicing a politics of ideological hegemony, have been committed systematically not only against people as members of a racial or religious group but also as opponents of that politics, whatever the form of their opposition." In other words, persecution institutionalized by official ideology. This meant that Klaus Barbie could be charged with crimes against resistants as well as crimes against Jews—something the French had not anticipated when they arrested Barbie, and Vergès threatened to "put the Resistance on trial." The prosecution added two cases involving resistants to its dossier; they were *fairly* simple cases and not likely to involve the Resistance in any scandals, and, in fact, Vergès could not come up with even one. (The *juge d'instruction* is considering a new trial, based on the testimony of two survivors of the famous meeting in Caluire at which Jean Moulin was betrayed to the Gestapo, and Vergès claims to be waiting for *that* trial.) On the other hand, the Cour de Cassation avoided the question of colonial crimes—or, indeed, of any crimes against humanity that France had committed, or might have committed, or might commit sometime in the future—because "a state practicing a politics of ideological hegemony" is another way of saying a totalitarian state, and this means that a democracy like France is by definition excluded.

AFTER the trial was over, Pierre Truche said that there was no jurisprudence in the world adequate to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the questions raised in Lyons. How could there be? Convicting Klaus Barbie does not settle the matter of six million Jewish deaths; it does not even stop old officers of the S.S. from holding their yearly reunions. There is no way to say that Stalin's terrible purges were not crimes against humanity, or that Pol Pot's massacre of two million Cambodians was not genocide simply because the Khmer Rouge happened to be Cambodian, too. The raid on Shatila was no less inhuman because, legally speaking, it was a war crime, or because the Phalangists who carried it out participate in free elections. The crimes of the French officers who were secret-army terrorists in Algeria—the O.A.S.—are no less crimes for having been amnestied by a French President under threat of an Army coup d'état at home.

Mourad Oussedik, who founded the Algerian lawyers' coöperative, is an old man now, but he still practices law in Paris and is a kind of paterfamilias to the aging idealists of Algerian independence. Oussedik did not really approve of Vergès's performance in Lyons, though he is too discreet to say so publicly. He says, instead, that it was never up to the French to accuse themselves of crimes in Algeria—to put themselves on trial and condemn themselves and send themselves to jail. It was up to the Algerians to try colonial crimes in Algerian courts, the way the French had tried Klaus Barbie—in absentia. Oussedik says that until they do the French will still own Algeria. He says that the French do not need any soldiers to police a country that even now—twenty-five years after independence—considers it awkward or impractical or impolitic or unprofitable to risk offending them by condemning the crimes of the O.A.S. with so much as a watch list on visitors. It was not Algeria or Brazzaville that sent Bouaita and M'Bemba to Lyons to raise colonial ghosts. It was Jacques Vergès who hired them and a Swiss Nazi who paid.

In the end, there could be no satisfaction in Lyons. The Holocaust remains the Holocaust, and at the same time—and perhaps because of this—it is the emblem of a thousand other atrocities, committed in the name of a thousand other systems. Vengeance in the name of memory—even clean, clear, necessary judicial vengeance—diminishes memory as much as it restores or dignifies or enshrines it. There was never any question of Barbie's guilt, whatever the charges

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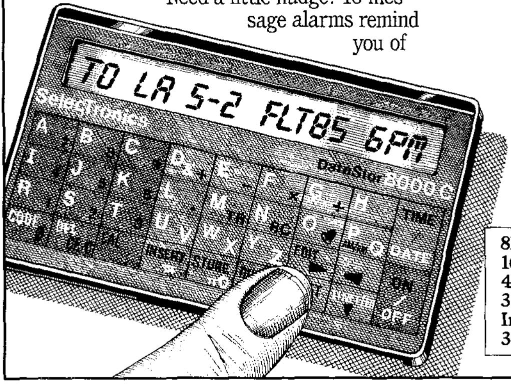

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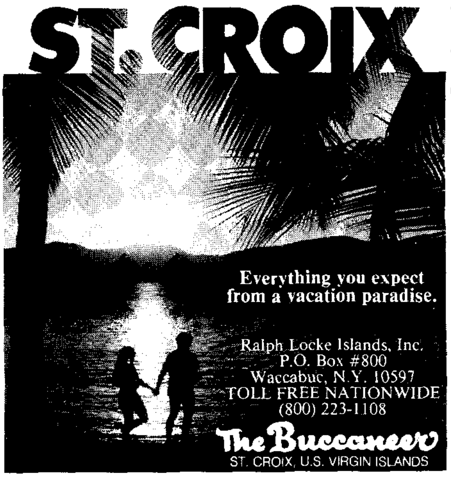
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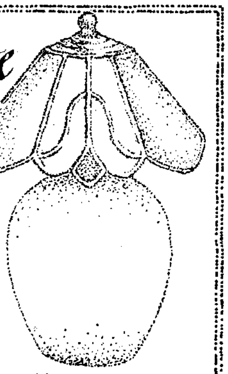
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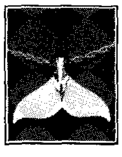
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were against him this time. His guilt was determined years before he was extradited. He talked about his war all the time in Peru and Bolivia. He advised a succession of junta policemen on how to torture. It was probably impossible to give him what we would call a fair trial—only a correct one. In the end, it was appropriate that he was absent. It was a measure of his depravity that the trial was so unsatisfying. And maybe, too, it was a measure of how little is ever really learned from history. Before the trial was over, a teen-age gang was spraying swastika graffiti on the shopwindows of a Jewish merchant on my Paris street. A month later, kids in Germany were laying roses on Rudolf Hess's grave. Jean-Marie Le Pen, who is running for President here on a platform of deporting foreigners, controls fifteen per cent of the French vote. His party, the Front National, is in city halls all over the country, in coalitions with the respectable conservative parties of Jacques Chirac and Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. While Barbie was on trial, Le Pen was busy campaigning on the beaches. He decided this summer that foreigners were responsible for AIDS—foreigners carried AIDS to France and then mosquitoes spread the disease to pure French men and women—and he said that when he was President of France he was going to put those foreigners into camps until they were deported or died. Le Pen was a paratrooper in Algeria during the revolution. He has sued—under the amnesty laws—every newspaper that printed evidence to the effect that he tortured prisoners there, although, like Barbie, he often brags about his war. Two months after Barbie was sentenced, Le Pen went on the radio and said that Hitler's gas chambers were a "minor detail" in the history of the Second World War. He wanted to know why people kept harassing him about gas chambers when historians, right now, were debating the existence of gas chambers. He did not think gas chambers were "a revealed truth that everybody has to believe in."

—JANE KRAMER

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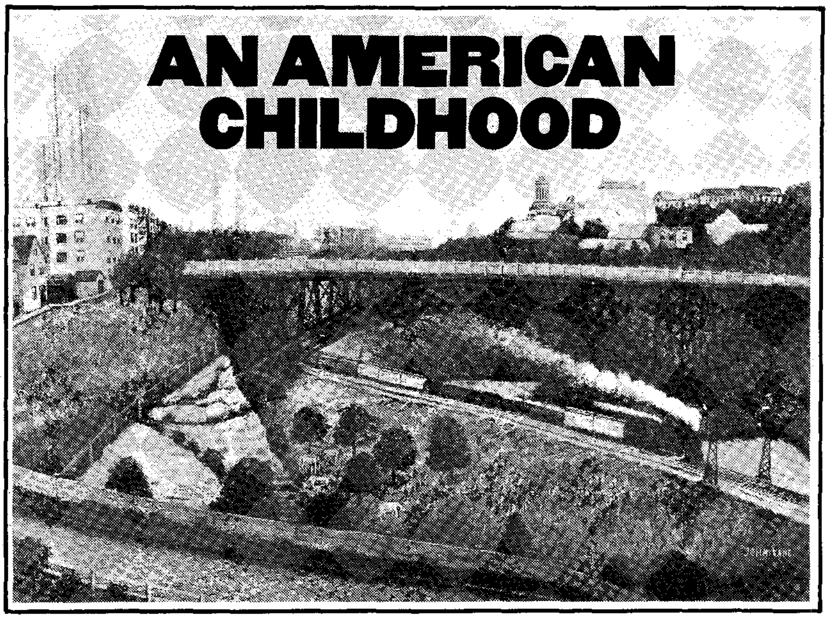

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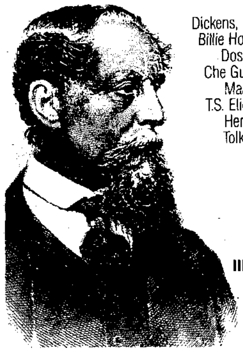

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# BOOKS

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

DREAMS OF THE KALAHARI, by Carolyn Slaughter (Scribners; $19.95). A striking five-part study of personal evolution and political revolution. In Part I, the setting is Bechuanaland, and the heroine, Emily, is eleven and feeling patricidal. In Part V, Bechuanaland has become Botswana, and Emily, having found both religious faith and romantic passion wanting, discovers peace of mind in a dangerous place. Carolyn Slaughter seems to have loosely patterned Emily's life (including a stint in England) on her own. She is especially good at nocturnal scenes that explain Emily's abhorrence of most things English and all things colonial, and her love of the African bush, from its vast, dazzling night skies to the easy laughter of its people.

OUTLAWS, by George V. Higgins (Holt; $18.95). This must be Mr. Higgins' longest and most convoluted novel, and it is also one of his best. The story centers, roughly, on a series of successful armored-car robberies in the Boston area by a gang that the police eventually identify as leftover sixties upper-middle-class revolutionaries. The leading character—an agreeably strong but unheroic hero—is a Special Assistant Attorney General (with a shrewish wife and, in time, a far from spotless mistress) who brings the gang to trial. Mr. Higgins has surrounded him with a more or less supporting cast of hundreds, none of them expendable, none of them less than alive and prancing. It is also a pleasure to report that certain of Mr. Higgins' faults have been transformed into virtues. The endless and often rambling monologues that he encourages in his people are here to the point, and his preference for offstage action, recalled in leisurely fashion, gives his narrative a surprising drive and bite and depth.

FAMILY LIFE, by Mary Elsie Robertson (Atheneum; $18.95). A lushly detailed, moving novel, the author's fourth, about the breakup of a family in the course of a Nantucket summer. The father, Philip Sloan, is a methodical and analytical anthropologist who has fallen in love with Jane, a woman younger than his wife, Estella. Estella is an artist, whose warmth, earthiness, and disorganization have both repelled and attracted Philip over the years. The eldest child, Liddy, just back from a year of study abroad, is self-assured, and impatient with messiness in human affairs. Her younger, more emotional sister, Chrissy, is more muddled in her comprehension of what's happening. All dote on Jaspar, the golden-haired seven-year-old, through whose eyes we first see the structural breakdown of the family, when he accidentally encounters his father and Jane together and is invited to share a banana split: "If he had to sit at the same table with them he would, but it wasn't going to be the three of them together. There were the two of them and there was him. That's the way it was, and he saw that even if his father didn't."

NOTE: "Forty Stories," by Donald Barthelme, has been published by Putnam ($17.95). Nearly all the stories in this collection originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

### GENERAL

FREEDOM SONG: A PERSONAL STORY OF THE 1960s CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT, by Mary King (Morrow; $22.95). Although the author claims that this memoir is no more than a record of what she did, saw, and felt between 1962 and 1965, when she worked in the South for S.N.C.C. (Student Nonviolent Coördinating Committee), it offers a portrait of a benighted America and a vision of a new, unbureaucratic and unhierarchical style of organization by consent. It also commemorates the courage of young people who risked—or lost—their lives in the cause of conscience. Ms. King was raised in the North, but she comes from a family with Southern roots. Her father was a Methodist minister, and a Christian view of persons as equally valuable in the eyes of God underlay her commitment to desegregation. Her underpaid and overworked years at S.N.C.C. were infused with an exaltation that seemed to abolish all barriers—race, sex, age, education—to trust and under-

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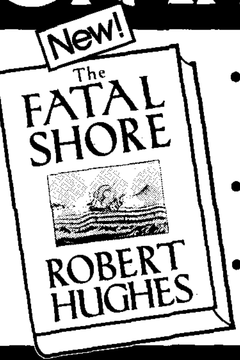

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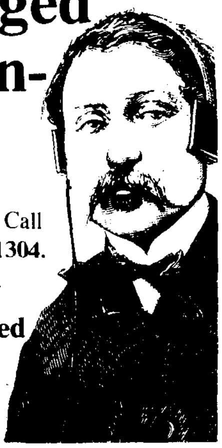

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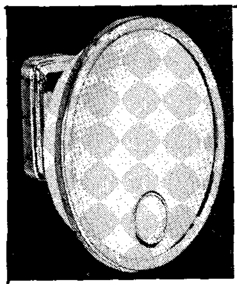

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LAST LETTERS: PRISONS AND PRISONERS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, 1793-1794, by Olivier Blanc, translated from the French by Alan Sheridan (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $22.50). A selection of farewell letters written, mostly to relatives, by victims of the Terror just hours before they were guillotined. M. Blanc, a historian, describes the Paris prisons where the accused were held, which sometimes offered comfort, or even luxury, to those who could pay but also harbored informers and spies, who concocted stories of plots in order to save their own lives at the expense of their fellow-prisoners'. During these years, judicial proceedings were steadily abbreviated, to the detriment of the defense, so that imprisonment became tantamount to condemnation. A few of the prisoners actually had conspired against the Revolution, but others were poor people who had merely rioted, and still others were politicians on the losing side. The letters were discovered by M. Blanc in the National Archives; they had never been delivered.

## MYSTERY AND CRIME

A FINE RED RAIN, by Stuart M. Kaminsky (Scribners; $14.95). Inspector Porfiry Rostnikov, of the Soviet police, has annoyed the K.G.B. and, consequently, been assigned to the most innocuous, low-level work available. Nevertheless, in Soviet Russia virtually every case has political implications. What seems like straightforward murder and suicide soon drags the Inspector into a confrontation with the intelligence service, while his colleague Inspector Sasha Tkach finds that *his* current preoccupation, a pair of profiteers in video equipment, leads him into complications that would be unusual for an American cop. Only Rostnikov's other sidekick, the saturnine Inspector Emil Karpo, is engaged on a case that could easily have a precise parallel in this country—a good old-fashioned serial killer.

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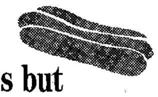

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